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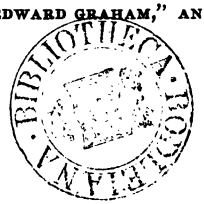
COLLECTED

BY CATHERINE SINCLAIR,

AUTHOR OF

"LORD AND LADY HARCOURT," "MODERN ACCOMPLISHMENTS"

"JANE BOUVERIE," "SIR EDWARD GRAHAM," AND "HOLIDAY HOUSE."



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DEDICATED

TO

THE HON. GEORGE FREDERICK BOYLE.

To the nephew for whose sake, in his early years, I first became an Author; whose friendship now is one of my chief enjoyments in life, and in whose memory, when life is over, it shall be my latest earthly wish long to survive, these "jottings for all nations"

Are inscribed by

CATHERINE SINCLAIR.

9, CHESHAM PLACE,
LONDON.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE

OF

ANECDOTES AND APHORISMS.

Learned he is, and can take note,
Transcribe, collect, translate and quote.

WHY are not more gems from our great authors scattered over the country? Great books are not in everybody's reach; and though it is better to know them thoroughly, than to know them only here and there, yet it is a good work to give a little to those who have neither time nor means to get more. Let every book-worm, when in any fragrant scarce old tome, he discovers a sentence, a story, an illustration, that does his heart good, hasten to give it.—*Coleridge.*

I hold myself indebted to any one, from whose enlightened understanding another ray of knowledge communicates to mine. Really to inform the mind is to correct and to enlarge the heart.—*Junius.*

Many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled still remains—
Deep vers'd in books, and shallow in himself.—*Milton.*

Even shavings of gold are carefully to be kept.—*Fuller.*

Let me indulge in the hope, that, among the illustrious youths whom this ancient kingdom, famed alike for its nobility and its learning, has produced, to continue her fame through after ages: possibly among those I now address, there may be found some one—I ask no more—willing to give a bright example to other nations in a path yet untrodden, by taking the lead of his fellow-citizens—not in frivolous amusements, nor in the degrading pursuits of the ambitious vulgar—but in the truly noble task of enlightening the mass of his countrymen, and of leaving his own name no longer encircled, as heretofore, with barbaric splendour, or attached to courtly gewgaws, but illustrated by the honours most worthy of our rational nature, coupled with the diffusion of knowledge, and gratefully pronounced through all ages, by millions whom his wise beneficence has rescued from ignorance and vice. This is the true mark for the aim of all who either prize the enjoyment of true happiness, or set a right value upon a high and unsullied renown; and if the benefactors of mankind, when they rest from their pious labours, shall be permitted to enjoy hereafter the privilege of looking down upon the blessings with which their toils and sufferings have clothed the scene of their former existence, do not vainly imagine that, in a state of exalted purity and wisdom, the founders of mighty

dynasties, the conquerors of new empires, or the more vulgar crowd of evil doers, who have sacrificed to their own aggrandisement the good of their fellow-creatures, will be gratified by contemplating the monuments of their inglorious fame! Their's will be the delight—their's the triumph—who can trace the remote effects of their enlightened benevolence in the improved condition of their species, and exult in the reflection that the prodigious change they now survey, with eyes that age and sorrow can make dim no more—of knowledge become power—virtue sharing in the dominion—superstition trampled under foot—tyranny driven from the world—are the fruits, precious, though costly, and though late reaped, yet long enduring, of all the hardships and all the hazards they encountered here below!—*From Lord Brougham's Inaugural Discourse as Lord Rector of Glasgow University,* 1825.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Dean Nowell having obtained from a foreigner several fine cuts and pictures representing the stories and passions of the saints and martyrs, placed them against the epistles and gospels of their festivals in a Common Prayer-book. This book he caused to be richly bound, and laid on the cushion intended for the Queen's use, in the place where she commonly sat, intending it for a New Year's Gift to her Majesty, and thinking to have pleased her fancy therewith, but it had not that effect, but the contrary. When she came to her place, and saw the pictures, she frowned, and then shut it. Calling the verger, she bade him bring her the old book, wherein she was formerly wont to read. After service, whereas she was wont to get

immediately on horseback, or into her chariot, she went straight to the vestry, and applying herself to the Dean, thus she spoke to him :

Queen. "Mr. Dean, how came it to pass that a new Service-book was placed on my cushion ?"

Dean. "May it please your Majesty, I caused it to be placed there."

Queen. "Wherefore did you so ?"

Dean. "To present your Majesty with a New Year's Gift."

Queen. "You could never present me with a worse."

Dean. "Why so, Madam ?"

Queen. "You know I have an aversion to idolatry, to images and pictures of this kind."—*Strype's Annals.*

The stern virtue of an ancient Roman, could not have surpassed the heroism recorded of those Indians taken in battle near the Cordilleras. They were remarkably fine men, very fine, above six feet high, and all under thirty years of age. They were believed to possess very valuable information, and to extort this they were placed in a line. The two first being questioned would give no intelligence, and were instantly shot. The third also refused to betray his tribe, and said : "Fire, I am a man, and can die!"—*Darwin's Voyage of H.M.S. 'Beagle,'* p. 120.

When Dr. Adam Clarke was under examination for orders as a Dissenting clergyman, the usual preliminary question was asked him : "Are you in debt ?" At that moment he remembered having in the morning borrowed a halfpenny from a friend to give to a beggar, so his con-

science forbid him to give a positive negative, while he felt it would make him ridiculous to name so trifling a sum. After a moment's hesitation he replied: "Not a penny."

John Wesley was so intent on his followers being "a peculiar people," that he once said: "God forbid that we should not be the laughing-stock of all mankind!"

When Lady **** was suddenly taken ill, and found out that she was dying, she became almost frantic with horror at the idea of dying alone, and threw her arms round the neck of her maid, exclaiming in accents of entreaty: "Die with me! oh, die with me!"

Lines on observing a sunbeam glittering on a mass of snow:

> Mark! in yon beam the world's destructive guile,
> It melts us into ruin with a smile.

"When I went," says Mr. Collins, R.A., "to bid Sir David Wilkie farewell, a day or two before he left home for his last journey, I found him in high spirits, enlarging with all his early enthusiasm on the immense advantage he might derive from painting upon Holy Land on the very ground on which the event he was to embody had actually occurred. To make a study at Bethlehem from some young female and child, seemed to me one great incentive to his journey. I asked him if he had any guide-book, he said: 'Yes, and the very best;' then unlocking his travelling bag, he showed me a pocket-Bible.

I never saw him again; but the Bible throughout Judea was, I am assured, his best and only hand-book."—*Life of Sir David Wilkie.*

Goethe, when young, having heard that he was considered as very inexperienced, applied to an old officer who had exactly the opposite reputation for his experience. "All that I could gather," says Goethe, "was nearly this, that we learn by experience: that it is a folly to hope for the accomplishment of our wishes, our dearest projects, our best ideas; and that whoever suffers himself to be caught by such baits, and warmly expresses his hopes, is considered as singularly inexperienced."

When Fénélon was informed that his valuable library had taken fire, he exclaimed: "God be praised that it is not the habitation of some poor man."

A lady applied once to the late benevolent Mr. Reynolds of Bristol, on behalf of an orphan. After he had given liberally, she said:

"When he is old enough, I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor."

"Stop!" said the good man, "you are mistaken! We do nt thank the clouds for the rain; teach him to look higher, and thank Him who giveth both the clouds and the rain."

Lord Ashley before he charged, at the battle of Edge-Hill, made this short prayer: "O, Lord, Thou knowest

how busy I must be this day, if I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me!"

Bishop Latimer says in allusion to Popery: "Where the devil is resident, and hath his plough going, then away with books, and up with candles; away with Bibles, and up with beads; away with the light of the gospel, and up with the light of candles, yea, at noon-day."

The monks had a saint for every disease; to touch the keys of St. Peter, or to handle a relic of St. Hubert, was deemed an effectual mode of curing madness; St. Clare cured sore eyes, St. Sebastian the plague, and St. Apollonia the toothache. He who suffered under such evils sought eagerly for some relic of the saint; they became inestimable in value; and the monks, somehow or other, generally managed to find the article in request. The teeth of St. Apollonia were about as numerous, as the complaint she took under her charge was common. It is said that Henry VI., disgusted at the excess of this superstition, ordered all who possessed teeth of that illustrious saint to deliver them to an officer appointed to receive them. Obedient crowds came to display their saintly treasures; and lo! a ton of the veritable teeth of St. Apollonia were thus collected together! "Were her stomach," says Fuller, the witty church historian, "proportionate to her teeth, a country would scarce afford her a meal."—*Glimmerings in the Dark, p.* 163.

Sidney Smith's definition of the Popish Ritual:
Posture and imposture, flections and genuflections,

bowing to the right, curtseying to the left, and an immense amount of man-millinery.

Fontenelle, describing the position of a friend who had involved himself in a very serious scrape, thus relates the method of his extrication:

"Il s'en tira en homme habile. Savez vous ce qu'il fit? Il mourut!"

A gentleman dining at Marshal Soult's once, admired two pictures on the wall. "Ah!" exclaimed the old warrior, smiling; "I have a great regard for those paintings, as they saved the lives of two very worthy men."

The Marshal being at this moment called out of the room, one of his guests added: "Yes, I remember after the taking of a town in Italy, the two owners of those pictures were brought before the Marshal with ropes round their necks, and told that they should instantly be hanged if they did not sign a paper which was placed before them, making a gift of those beautiful paintings to the Marshal."

Calonne, the ex-Minister of Louis XVI., was, by the clemency of Bonaparte and the remembrance of old friendship in Talleyrand, allowed to return to Paris, and immediately on his arrival he died of a pleurisy and a bad physician, to whom, when he could speak no longer, he wrote in pencil these remarkable words:

"Tu m'as assassiné, et si tu es honnête homme, tu renonceras à la médicine pour jamais."—*Lord Holland's Reminiscences.*

General Castaños had grown old in a court, and was more adapted for it than for a camp. Hot weather, the plunder and baggage with which the French had encumbered themselves, and the self-sufficiency of their commander, gained for him the victory of Baylen. He had the good sense and modesty to ascribe his success to those circumstances. The French General, Dupont, had the bad taste to preserve his vanity even in his chagrin. When he delivered his sword to Castaños, he said:

"You may well, General, be proud of this day. It is remarkable that I have never lost a pitched battle till now—I, who have been in more than twenty, and gained them all!"

"It is the more remarkable," replied drily the sarcastic Spaniard, "because I never was in one before in my life."
—*Lord Holland's Reminiscences.*

No one can fear death less than I do, neither am I much attached to life; but I have never known the feeling of an anxious longing for death; and although it be a nobler one than that of an absolute weariness of existence, it is nevertheless blameable. Life must first, for as long a period as Providence wills it, be enjoyed, or suffered—in one word, gone through—and that with a full submission, without murmuring, lamenting, or repining. There is one important law of nature which we should never lose sight of: I mean that of the ripening for death. Death is not a break in existence; it is but an intermediate circumstance, a transition from one form of our finite existence to another. The moment of maturity for death, cannot be decided by any human wisdom or inward

feeling, and to attempt to do so would be nothing better than the vain rashness of human pride. That decision can only be made by Him, who can at once look back through our whole course, and both reason and duty require that we should leave the hour to Him, and never rebel against his decrees by a single impatient wish. The first and most important thing is, to learn to master ourselves, and to throw ourselves with peaceful confidence on Him who never changes, looking on every situation, whether pleasant or otherwise, as a source from which our interior existence and individual character may draw increasing strength; and hence springs that entire submission which few attain to, although all fancy they feel it. True resignation, which always brings with it the confidence that unchangeable goodness will make even the disappointment of our hopes and the contradictions of life conducive to some benefit, casts a grave but tranquil light over the prospect of even a toilsome and troubled life.—*Von Humboldt's Thoughts of a Statesman, p.* 139.

When the Rev. Mr. **** heard an infidel jestingly say once, "I always spend the Sunday in settling my accounts," that venerable minister turned round and said, in an accent of deep solemnity, "You may find, Sir, that the day of judgment is to be spent in exactly the same manner."

Catherine de Medicis, being told of an author who had written a violent philippic against her, exclaimed with momentary regret: "Ah! if he did but know of me all that I know against myself!"

George IV., wishing to take the sacrament shortly before his death, sent for the Bishop of Winchester. The royal messenger having loitered on his way, a considerable time elapsed before the Bishop's arrival; and his Majesty, on learning the cause of so unusual a delay, rebuked his servant sharply, and having peremptorily dismissed him from his service, turned to the Bishop, and said he was now ready for the sacred offices. His Lordship then, with dignified calmness, remarked that while any irritation remained towards a fellow-creature, he must decline to administer the ordinances; and the King, suddenly recollecting himself, sent for the offending party, and cordially pardoned him, saying to the Bishop: "My Lord, you are right!"

Sir John Germain was so ignorant, that he left a legacy to Sir Matthew Decker, as the author of St. Matthew's Gospel!

Some persons having written to Frederick the Great an admonitory letter on his infidel principles, which he received on his death-bed, he merely said, with very unusual gentleness: "They should be answered kindly, for they mean well!"

St. Francis de Sales being consulted by a lady on the lawfulness of wearing rouge, replied: "Some persons may object to it, and others may see no harm in it, but I shall take a middle course, by allowing you to rouge on *one* cheek."

When the persecuting Papists boasted much of their moderation, it was observed in the House of Commons: "They should rather boast of their *murder*-ation!"

Bradford, the martyr, said in prison, immediately before his execution: "I have no request to make. If Queen Mary gives me life, I will thank her; if she banish me, I will thank her; if she burn me, I will thank her; if she condemn me to perpetual imprisonment, I will thank her."

Louis XII. was naturally inclined to economy: this was once made a topic of ridicule in his presence, to which he replied: "I had rather see my courtiers laugh at my avarice, than my people weep at my extravagance."

When Madame de Staël visited Port Royal, she said it was a place "tout propre à inspirer le désir de faire son salut."

John Bunyan had a great dread of spiritual pride; and once, after he had preached a very fine sermon, and his friends crowded round to shake him by the hand, while they expressed the utmost admiration of his eloquence, he interrupted them, saying: "Ay! you need not remind me of that, for the devil told me of it before I was out of the pulpit!"—*Southey.*

It has long been proverbial that colleagues in a church seldom agree; but the assistant to the learned and worthy

Dr. Macknight, having once complimented him on the rare achievement of their living together on terms of mutual good-will, added that he thought there was in many respects a great resemblance between them.

"Yes," replied Dr. Macknight, who was rather a dry preacher; "in one respect our union is an advantage: that while together we have one empty church, but if we had a separate charge, there would be two empty."

Lady Huntington, when dying, said: "I shall go to my Father this night!"

The Presbyterians told Queen Mary that "her life was the death of the Church, as her death would be its life."

A gentleman once said to Rowland Hill: "It is sixty-five years since I first heard you preach, and the sermon was well worth remembering. You remarked that some people are very squeamish about the manner of a clergyman in preaching, but you then added: 'Suppose one were attending to hear a will read, expecting to receive a legacy, would you employ the time in criticizing the lawyer's manner while reading it? No; you would give all your interest to ascertain if anything were left to yourself, and how much. Let that, then, be the way in which you listen to the Gospel.'"

When the infidel Hume asked Bishop Horne why religious people looked always melancholy, the learned prelate replied: "The sight of you, Mr. Hume, would make any Christian melancholy!"

How men would mock at Pleasure's shows,
Her golden promise, if they knew
What weary work she is to those
Who have no better work to do.

To look back upon a life not uselessly spent, is what will give peace at the last. Idleness is the Dead Sea that swallows all virtues and the self-made sepulchre of a living man. The great secret of happiness is, to have some object constantly in pursuit of which the heart and conscience can approve, and to be continually advancing with active diligence to its attainment. A mind occupied by useful business has no room for useless regrets, do not therefore look on the dark side of life, and always be thankful to those who turn the bright side of the lantern towards yourself.

Avoiding evil is but one half of our work; we must also do good. One act of beneficence, one act of real usefulness, is worth all the abstract sentiment in the world, and that humanity is despicable which can be contented to pity where it might assuage.

A Letter from Lady Pomfret to the Duchess Dowager of Somerset, 1738:

Write me word what is doing where I do no more. Safe in harbour, I see the main covered with floating vessels, some sailing with auspicious gales, some struggling with adverse winds, some cruising, some sinking. I am not out of humour with the world, though retired from it, and therefore should take as much pleasure in seeing how it goes, as in seeing a new play; where, though I am no actor, I am as attentive to the opening, progress, and catastrophe of the plot.

Were the seconds in a duel as averse to shed blood as the principals, duels would be less fatal. A distinguished officer, General Fitz-Patrick, was second at the duel between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Tiernay; after the exchange of shots, Mr. Pitt having refused to make any apology, the principals were preparing to fire again, when General Fitz-Patrick stepped forward saying, "Gentlemen, I think ample satisfaction has been given, and if more be demanded you must find another second."

Of all the pleasures and luxuries which the blessings of modern peace have brought in their train, none are more universally desired, pursued, attained, and abused, than those of travelling. Of all the varying motives which impel the actions of mankind, at this, or any time, none are so multifarious, so relative, so contradictory, and so specious, as those of travelling. The young and ardent, borne on the wings of hope; the listless and vapid, pushed forward on the mere dancing-wire of fashion; the restless and disappointed, urged onward by the perpetual spur of excitement—all bring a different worship to the same idol. If there be good angels watching our movements from above, gazing, as the deaf, on the busy dance of life, and insensible to the jarring tones which impel it, how utterly incomprehensible must those inducements appear to them which drive tens of thousands annually from their native shores, to seek enjoyments which at home they would not have extended a hand to grasp, to encounter discomforts which at home would have been shunned as positive misfortunes, to withhold their substance where it ill can be spared, to spend it where it were better away, which lead individuals voluntarily to forsake all they can

best love and trust, to follow a phantom, to double the chances of misfortune, or at best but to create to themselves a new home to leave it again, in sorrow and heaviness of heart, like the old one. Such is human nature, seldom enjoying a good but in anticipation, seldom prizing happiness until it is gone; and such the reflections, inconsistent if true, of one who, self-condemned, is following in the motley herd of these emigrants.—*Letters from the Baltic.*

A favourite form of benediction in the East is, in these words: "May you die among your kindred!" That blessing was more probable formerly than now, when so many both live and die far aloof from their natural homes and relatives.

Those who are freed from cares and anxieties, who are surrounded by all the means of enjoyment, and whose pleasures present themselves without being sought for, are often unhappy in the midst of all, merely because that activity of mind, in the proper exercise of which our happiness consists, has in them no object on which it must be employed. But when the heart is sincerely and affectionately interested for the good of others, a new scene of action is continually open; every moment may be employed in some pleasing and useful pursuits. New opportunities of doing good are continually presenting themselves, new schemes are formed and ardently pursued, and even when they do not succeed, though the disappointment may give pain, yet the pleasure of self-approbation will remain, and the pursuit will be remembered with satisfaction. The next opportunity which offers itself will be readily embraced, and will furnish a fresh supply of pleasures; such pleasures

as are secure from that weariness and disgust, which sooner or later, are the consequences of all such enjoyments as tend merely to gratify the selfish passions and inclinations, and which always attend on an inactive state of mind; from whatever cause it may proceed, whether it be the effect of satiety or disappointment, of prosperity or despair.—*Bowdler.*

It is a pernicious complaisance to conceal from our friends mortifying and afflicting truths, when it is expedient they should know them.

We observe an exotic in a garden, blown about by every gale and strongly affected by every variation of wind, rain, or sunshine. A gardener puts a glass over it, and it then becomes protected in all vicissitudes. Thus religion shields the soul of man amidst all worldly changes, and gives stability, safety and comfort alike in prosperity or adversity. "It is a belief in the Bible," says Göethe, "the fruits of deep meditation, which has served me as the guide of my moral and literary life. I have found it a capital safely invested, and richly productive of interest."

When Socrates was asked what a man gains by telling lies, he answered: "not to be believed when he speaks the truth."

In exalting the faculties of the soul, we annihilate in a great degree the delusion of the senses.—*Aimé Martin.*

From Lord Lindsay's sketch of Alexander, Earl of Balcarres, who died aged forty-one, 1660:

He was tender to his wife, affectionate to his friends, compassionately forgetting his enemies, kind to all his relations. He had his times of devotion three times a-day, except some extraordinary business hindered him; in the morning, from the time he was dressed until eleven o'clock, he read upon the Bible and divinity books, and prayed, and meditated; then at half an hour past —— till near seven; then at ten o'clock till eleven. The last year of his life his thoughts were but little upon the world; neither the joys nor griefs thereof did move him. He saw it was but his inferior part was subject to its changes; no kind of affliction could bereave him of the courage and vigour of mind God enriched him with, which showed so great strength to govern his soul, that, though he saw evils great and present, yet he mitigated them so with rectified reason, and with the serious consideration of the goodness and wisdom of Him that had appointed all for him, that he, with the greatest ease, by the assistance of his blessed Lord and Redeemer, overcame all; thus wisdom, grace, and virtue, in this well-ordered mind did produce the greatest tranquillity imaginable, so that grace and glory was what he was wholly taken up with the last eight days of his life.

When death seemed to be near, all time was spent either in prayer or praising his blessed Lord, for His free love to mankind, and to him in particular, and in comforting his family, and in instructing and advising his friends to live holily. He was so taken up with Heaven, that the way he took to comfort his nearest and dearest relation was to tell her "she ought to rejoice, because he might say, as his blessed Saviour did when He was to depart



from his disciples, 'Let not your hearts be troubled, for I go to my heavenly Father; I go from persecution and calumny to the company of angels and spirits of just men made perfect.' How sweet is rest to a wearied soul, and such a rest as this is that I am going to. Oh! blessed rest! where we shall rest from sinning, but not from praising!"

One Master Patrick Forbes, afterwards Bishop of Caithness, asked him, "My lord, do you forgive all your enemies that have so maliciously persecuted you?" "Ay, ay, Mr. Forbes," said he, "long ago,—I bless God that is not to do." After some little struggling with death, he called to his wife, who was always by him, and said, "My dear, I follow a good guide, who will never quit me, and I will never quit Him." Often during that afternoon, he said, "Come, Lord Jesus, thou tarriest long!" Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.

When the rich miser, Elwes, who left about a million of money to be divided between his two sons, was advised to give them some education, his answer was: "Putting things into people's heads, is taking money out of their pockets."

It is rare to see in any one a graceful laughter: it is generally better to smile than laugh out, especially to contract a habit of laughing at small jokes, or no jokes. Sometimes it would be affectation, or worse; mere moroseness not to laugh heartily, when the truly-ridiculous circumstances of an incident, or the true pleasantry and wit of a thing, call for and justify it; but the trick of

laughing frivolously is by all means to be avoided. As to politeness, many have attempted definitions of it: I would venture to call it benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves, in little daily, hourly occurrences in the commerce of life. A better place, a more commodious seat, priority in being helped at table, &c., what is it but sacrificing ourselves in such trifles to the convenience and pleasure of others? And this constitutes true politeness. It is a perpetual attention—by habit, it grows easy and natural to us—to the little wants of those we are with, by which we either prevent or remove them. Bowing, ceremonious formal compliments, stiff civilities, will never be politeness; that must be easy, natural, unstudied, manly, noble. And what will give this, but a mind benevolent, and perpetually attentive to exert that amiable disposition in trifles towards all you converse and live with? Benevolence in greater matters takes a higher name, and is the queen of virtues.—*Lord Chatham's Letters to his Nephew.*

Every desire bears its death in its very gratification. Curiosity languishes under repeated stimulants, and novelties cease to excite surprise, until at length we cannot wonder even at a miracle.—*Bracebridge Hall.*

It is not the height to which men are advanced that makes them giddy; it is the looking down with contempt upon those beneath.—*Conversations of Lord Byron.*

I could spend whole days, and moonlight nights, in feeding upon a lovely prospect! My eyes drink the rivers

as they flow. If every human being upon earth could think for one quarter of an hour, as I have done for many years, there might, perhaps, be many miserable men among them; but not an unawakened one could be found, from the arctic to the antarctic circle. I delight in baubles, and know them to be so; for, rested in, and viewed without a reference to their Author, what is the earth, what are the planets, what is the sun itself, but a bauble? Better for a man never to have seen them, or to see them with the eyes of a brute, stupid and unconscious of what he beholds, than not to be able to say: "The Maker of all these wonders is my friend!" Their eyes have never been opened, to see that they are trifles; mine have been, and will be, till they are closed for ever. They think a fine estate, a large conservatory, a hot-house rich as a West Indian garden, things of consequence; visit them with pleasure, and muse upon them with ten times more. I am pleased with a frame of four lights, doubtful whether the few panes it contains will ever be worth a farthing; amuse myself with a green-house, which Lord Bute's gardener could take upon his back, and walk away with; and when I have paid it the accustomed visit, and watered it, and given it air, I say to myself: "This is not mine; 'tis a plaything lent me for the present; I must leave it soon."—*Cowper's Letters.*

In maiden speeches, the most fatal symptoms are—well-set and well-prepared sentences and periods, certain moral truisms, and frequent references to the Greeks and Romans.—*North American Review.*

Many people court, in the publicity of worldly distinc-

tion, a praise which, if all were known, might often prove the bitterest satire on their neglect of domestic claims, ten times more important and binding on them.—*Capt. Hall.*

Lord Byron, after his mother's death, was found sitting up during the night, in the dark, beside her bed. To the waiting-woman, on her representing the weakness of thus giving way to grief, he exclaimed, bursting into tears: "Oh, Mrs. By, I had but one friend in the world, and she is gone!"

While his real thoughts were thus confided to silence and darkness, there was in other parts of his conduct, more open to observation, a degree of eccentricity and indecorum, which, with superficial observers, might well bring the sensibility of his nature into question. On the morning of the funeral, having declined following the remains himself, he stood looking from the Abbey door at the procession, till the whole had moved off; then turning to young Rushton, who was the only person left besides himself, he desired him to fetch the sparring-gloves, and proceeded to his usual exercise with the boy. He was silent and abstracted all the time; and, as if from an effort to get the better of his feelings, threw more violence, Rushton thought, into his blows than was his habit; but at last (the struggle seeming too much for him) he flung away the gloves, and retired to his room. —*Moore's Life of Byron*, vol. i, p. 272.

The excellent Oberlin, having received warning that some uncivilized and brutal persons in his parish had formed a plan for waylaying and inflicting upon him

"a severe castigation," took for his text in church, on the Sunday when he had been told the outrage was to be perpetrated, these words of our Saviour: "But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also;" and proceeded, from these words, to speak of the Christian patience with which we should suffer injuries, and submit to false surmises and ill-usage. After the service, the malcontents met at the house of one of the party to amuse themselves in conjecturing what their pastor would do, when he should find himself compelled to put in practice the principles he had so readily explained. What, then, must have been their astonishment, when the door opened, and Oberlin himself stood before them! "Here I am, my friends," said he, with that calm dignity of manner which inspires even the most violent with respect; "I am acquainted with your design. You have wished to chastise me, because you consider me culpable. If I have indeed violated the rules which I have laid down for you, punish me for it. It is better that I should deliver myself into your hands, than that you should be guilty of the meanness of an ambuscade." These simple words produced their intended effect. The peasants, ashamed of their scheme, sincerely begged his forgiveness, and promised never again to entertain a doubt of the sincerity of the motives by which he was actuated, and of his affectionate desire to promote their welfare.—*Life of Oberlin.*

Praise is, to an old man, an empty sound. He has neither mother to be delighted with the reputation of her son, nor wife to partake the honours of her husband.

He has outlived his friends and his rivals. Nothing is now of much importance, for he cannot extend his interest beyond himself. Youth is delighted with applause, because it is considered the earnest of some future good, and because the prospect of life is far extended; but to one declining into decrepitude, there is little to be feared from the malevolence of men, and yet less to be hoped from their affection or esteem. He should expect with humility, that hour which nature cannot long delay; and hope to possess in a better state that happiness which here he cannot find, and that virtue which here he has not attained.

Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
For Faith, that panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.—*Johnson.*

Harley was of a happy disposition: pleased, but not elated with success, when he obtained it; and never soured nor dispirited by failure. When at last worn out as an author, he said: "If I have lost my popularity, it is the more incumbent on me to show my friends that the cheerfulness of my spirit is built on a much nobler foundation than the precarious breath of popular applause."

Scaliger said: "There is no book so worthless, that I cannot collect something from it."

At one of the evening parties at Streatham, Mr. Coxe

was discoursing, perhaps not very considerately, on the happiness of retiring from the world, when Dr. Johnson cautioned him against indulging such fancies, saying: "Exert your talents and distinguish yourself, and don't think of retiring from the world until the world will be sorry that you retire." Johnson said once, when some one complained of the neglect shown to Markland: "Remember, he would run from the world, and it is not the world's business to run after him. I hate a fellow whom pride, or cowardice, or laziness drives into a corner, and who does nothing when he is there but sit and growl. Let him come out as I do, and bark."

Three days before Lord Chatham expired, he came into the House of Lords, leaning upon two friends, wrapped up in flannel, pale and emaciated. Within his large wig little more was to be seen than his aquiline nose, and his penetrating eye. He looked like a dying man; yet never was seen a figure of more dignity; he appeared like a being of a superior species. He rose from his seat with slowness and difficulty, leaning on his crutches, and supported under each arm by his two friends. He took one hand from his crutch and raised it, casting his eyes towards heaven, and said: "I thank God that I have been enabled to come here this day—to perform my duty, and to speak on a subject which has so deeply impressed my mind. I am old and infirm—have one foot, more than one foot, in the grave—I am risen from my bed to stand up in the cause of my country—perhaps never again to speak in this House." The reverence—the attention—the stillness of the House was most affecting; if any one had dropped a handkerchief the noise would have been

heard. At first he spoke in a very low and feeble tone; but as he grew warm his voice rose, and was as harmonious as ever; oratorical and affecting, perhaps more than at any former period, both from his own situation, and from the importance of the subject on which he spoke. Before leaving the House he was seized with convulsions, and three days afterwards terminated a glorious life by a death, it may be said, in the service of his country, and on the very field of battle.—*Life of Chatham.*

It is not every calamity that is a curse, and *early* adversity especially is often a blessing. Perhaps Madame de Maintenon would never have mounted a throne had not her cradle been rocked in a prison. The austerities of our northern climate are thought to be the cause of our abundant comforts; as our wintry nights and our stormy seas have given us a race of seamen, perhaps unequalled, and certainly not surpassed, by any in the world. There are few difficulties that hold out against real attacks, they fly like the visible horizon before those who advance. A passionate desire and an unwearied will can perform impossibilities, or what seem to be such to the cold and the feeble. If we do but go on, some unseen path will open among the hills. We must not allow ourselves to be discouraged by the apparent disproportion between the result of single efforts and the magnitude of the obstacles to be encountered. Nothing good or great is to be obtained without courage and industry; but courage and industry must have sunk in despair, and the world must have remained unornamented and unimproved, if men had nicely compared the effect of a single stroke of the chisel with the pyramid to be raised, or of a single impression of the

spade with the mountain to be levelled. All exertion too is in itself delightful, and active amusements seldom tire us. Helvetius owns that he could hardly listen to a concert for two hours, though he could play on an instrument all day long. Not only fame and fortune, but pleasure is to be earned. We should never do nothing.—*Sharp's Essays.*

Burton concludes his anatomy of melancholy with these words: "Be not solitary, be not idle." And Dr. Reid considers the *close* air of the metropolis, with its excitements, better than the *pure* air of the country with its dullness, saying: "The lamp of life burns to waste in the sepulchre of solitude."

Sir Francis Delaval possessed abilities of a high order, together with every advantageous accompaniment of fortune and station. Delaval was distinguished for all the convivialities of the table, and every kind of absurd extravagance, whilst the course of his life was one of exaggerated humour and exhausted resources. When Mr. Edgeworth visited him, a little before his decease, he thus expressed himself: "Let my example warn you of a fatal error into which I have fallen. I have pursued amusement, or rather frolic, instead of turning my ingenuity and talents to useful purposes. I am sensible that my mind was fit for greater things than any of which I am now, or of which I was ever supposed to be capable.—If I had employed half the time and half the pains in cultivating serious knowledge, that I have wasted in exerting my powers upon trifles, instead of merely making myself a conspicuous figure at public places of amusement, instead

of dissipating my fortune and tarnishing my character; should have become a useful member of society, and a honour to my family! Remember my advice, young mai Pursue what is useful to mankind—you will satisfy then and, what is better, you will satisfy yourself."—*La Hours.*

Webb, the celebrated walker, who was remarkable fo vigour both of body and mind, drank nothing but water He was one day recommending his regimen to a friend who loved wine, and urged him with great earnestness to quit a course of luxury, by which his health and his intellects would be equally destroyed. The gentleman appeared to be convinced, and told him that he would conform to his counsel, though he thought he could not change his course of life at once, but would leave off strong liquors by degrees. "By degrees!" exclaimed the other with indignation; "if you should unhappily fall into the fire, would you caution your servants to pull you out by degrees?"

Vivacity seldom fails to give some pain; the hearers either strain their faculties to accompany its towerings, or are left behind in envy and despair. Good-humour boasts no faculties which every one does not believe in his own power, and pleases, principally by not offending. It is imagined by many that whenever they aspire to please, they are required to be merry, and to show the gladness of their souls, by flights of pleasantry and bursts of laughter. But though these men may be for a time heard with applause and admiration, they seldom delight us long. We enjoy them a little, and then retire to easiness

and good-humour, as the eye gazes awhile on eminences glittering with the sun, but soon turns aching away to verdure and to flowers.

There is no unmixed good in human affairs: the best principles, if pushed to excess, degenerate into fatal vices. Generosity is nearly allied to extravagance—charity itself may lead to ruin—the sternness of justice is but one step removed from the severity of oppression. It is the same in the political world: the tranquillity of despotism resembles the stagnation of the Dead Sea; the fever of innovation, the tempests of the ocean. It would seem as if, at particular periods, from causes inscrutable to human wisdom, an universal frenzy seizes mankind, reason, experience, prudence, are alike blinded; and the very classes who are to perish in the storm, are the first to raise its fury.—*Alison.*

Books only known to antiquaries and collectors of books are bought because they are scarce, and would not have been scarce had they been esteemed.—*Johnson.*

Thomas Scott, the commentator, under the accumulated burdens of sixty-seven years of sickness, and of poverty, investigated his accounts, and ascertained that £199,900 had been "paid in his lifetime across the counter" for his theological publications—that he had derived from them an income of a little more than £47 per annum—that they had involved him in a debt of about £1,200—and that all his worldly wealth consisted of a warehouse-full of unsaleable theology. Agitated, alarmed, and distressed,

but never desponding, he at length, for the first time invokes the aid of his friends and fellow-labourers, among whom the large-souled Charles Simeon first answers the appeal with affectionate greetings, with numerous orders for his books, and with a remittance of £560 for his relief. Others rapidly follow this good example, and within two months the warehouse is emptied of its contents, and the great commentator finds himself possessed of more than £2,000. With his debts paid, his cares dispersed, his heart warmed to his brethren, and his trust in God justified, the curtain falls on the brave old man applying himself to a new edition of his work, and toiling with all the vigour of youth to compile a new concordance, by which he hopes to emulate, and to supersede the vast compilation of Cruden. Scott might have challenged the world to produce a more unfortunate or a more enviable man.—*Sir J. Stephen.*

An affectionate regard for the memory of our forefathers is natural to the heart; it is an emotion totally distinct from pride: an ideal love free from that consciousness of requited affection and reciprocal esteem which constitutes so much of the satisfaction we derive from the love of the living. They are denied, it is true, to our personal acquaintance, but the light they shed during their lives survives within their tombs, and will reward our search if we explore them. If the virtues of strangers be so attractive to us, how infinitely more so should be those of our own kindred, and with what additional energy should the precepts of our parents influence us, when we trace the transmission of those precepts from father to son through successive generations, each bearing the testi-

mony of a virtuous, useful, and honourable life to their truth and influence; and all uniting in a kind and earnest exhortation to their descendants so to live on earth that (followers of Him through Whose grace alone we have power to obey Him) we may at last be re-united with those who have been before, and those who shall come after us.

> No wanderer lost—
> A family in heaven.—*Lord Lindsay.*

Satirical writers and talkers are not half so clever as they think themselves, nor as they are thought to be. They do winnow the corn, 'tis true, but 'tis to feed upon the chaff. It is much easier for an ill-natured than for a good-natured man to be witty, but the most gifted men that I have known have been the least addicted to depreciate either friends or foes. Dr. Johnson, Burke and Fox, were always more inclined to over-rate them. Your shrewd, sly, wit-speaking fellow is generally a shallow personage, and frequently he is as venomous and as false when he flatters, as when he reviles—he seldom praises John but to vex Thomas. Do not, pray do not, "sit in the seat of the scorner." Are these poor heartless creatures to be envied? Can you think that the Duc de Richelieu was a happier man than Fenelon? or Dean Swift than Bishop Berkeley?—*Sharp's Essays*, p. 53.

To swearers: Is there a God to swear by, and is there none in whom to believe, none to whom to pray?

Bishop Butler observes that virtue itself became more

beautiful from Fenelon's manner of being virtuo Virtue is not to be considered in the light of m innocence, or abstaining from harm, but as the exerti of our faculties in doing good; as Titus, when he h let a day slip undistinguished by some act of virtı cried out, "I have lost a day!" If we regard our tir in this light, how many days shall we look back upon irretrievably lost?

Sidney Smith said of Sir James Mackintosh: Ti subdued by age and illness, his conversation was moı brilliant and instructive than that of any human being ever had the good fortune to be acquainted with. Hi *memory*—vast and prodigious as it was—he so manage as to make it a source of pleasure and instruction, rathe than that *dreadful engine of colloquial oppression* int which it is sometimes erected.

Men almost invariably estimate most what they acquire with difficulty, and therefore no persons are more apt to be undervalued than those in whom is apparent an obvious and extreme desire to please. People who are inaccessible at first, men become proud of at length conciliating; but when the victory is gained at once, all the suspense and effort are over; therefore a man looks about, as it were, for new worlds to conquer. As men always over-estimate the advantages of whatever they have not, but see only the disadvantages of what they already possess, so the good-will or intimacy of those who are gained at once ceases to be duly appreciated; and as a man finds less excitement in the intercourse of his own family, of whose affection he is sure, than in associating with

strangers, with whom it is an enterprise to gain an intimacy, so those strangers of whom he feels at once secure are like a city without a garrison, which there is neither glory nor interest in gaining, which has capitulated at once, and which has neither the habitual comfort of a home, nor the value of having been acquired with effort and kept by exertion.

Madame de Pompadour became before her death a victim of *ennui* and disgust at the world. The objects for which she had sacrificed honour and virtue in the Court of Louis XV. of France had lost their charms, and one of her last letters describes her abject wretchedness. "What a situation is that of the great!" she says. "They only live in the future, and are only happy in hope. There is no peace in ambition. I am always gloomy, and often so unreasonably. The kindness of the King, the regards of courtiers, the attachment of my domestics, and the fidelity of a large number of friends—motives like these, which ought to make me happy, affect me no longer. I have no longer inclination for all which once pleased me. I have caused my house at Paris to be magnificently furnished; well! that pleased me for two days. My residence at Bellevue is charming, and I alone cannot endure it. Benevolent people relate to me all the news and adventures of Paris; they think I listen, but when they have done I ask them what they said. In a word, I do not live: I am dead before my time. I have no interest in the world. Everything conspires to embitter my life. My life is a continued death!" Oppressed by such feelings, Madame de Pompadour died probably of a broken heart; and so indifferent had the King become to her,

that on the day of her funeral he was walking on terrace at Versailles, and thinking, as he took out watch, that it was the moment for the interment of whom he had once professed to love, he said with g unconcern, "The Countess will have a fine day !"—*L Last Hours.*

Robert Hall, hearing some worldly-minded pers object to family prayer, as "taking up too much time," s that "what may seem a loss, will be more than comp sated by that spirit of order and regularity which stated observance of this duty tends to produce. It ser as an edge and border, to preserve the web of life fr unravelling."

True hope is based on energy of character. A stro mind always hopes, because it knows the mutability human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may chan the whole course of events. Such a spirit, too, rests up itself; it is not confined to partial views, or one particul object. The world is divided into two classes—those th hope the best, and those that fear the worst. The form is the wiser, the nobler, and the most pious principl Never meet fear half way.—*Swift.*

John Newton was a copious writer of letters. The were pious, wise and affectionate, and flowed freely ou from the depths which much self-knowledge and muc study had opened in his mind. But the language o Newton's heart became, in his own lifetime, one of th embellishments of the windows of Paternoster Row

Romance and poetry have beautifully said and fondly sung much of friendship, the balm of life. It is, however, a balm which loses much of its virtue if rubbed in with a rough hand. However unquestionable a blessing in itself, it may, by such management, be rendered a no less unequivocal discipline. Such, probably, was the judgment of Newton's correspondents, when they found his letters to them advertised in the newspapers! Such, also, was apparently the judgment of the most illustrious of his friends, William Cowper.—*Sir J. Stephen.*

Fifty years ago, the Captain of an East Indiaman—a keen, shrewd Scotchman—when any of his passengers related something bordering on the marvellous, was in the habit of stopping the narrator short, exclaiming: "Show me the book! I won't believe it unless I see it in print!" If being in "the book" were the test of truth now-a-days, even the old Captain would have quite enough to believe.—*Quarterly Review.*

Robert Hall was easy and playful in his conversation with such persons as had the privilege of his friendship, affecting amongst them no extraordinary gravity; and became on one occasion rebuked by a fellow-preacher of some charity-sermons for the vivacity of his remarks, who said:

"Brother Hall! I am surprised at you, so frivolous, after delivering so serious a discourse!"

"Brother ——!" was the retort, "I keep my nonsense for the fireside, while you publish yours from the pulpit!"

The experience of all history has shown that the gratification arising from the exercise of the purely intellectual faculties is especially apt to be postponed to almost every other, and in its higher degrees to have been as unappreciated by the many, as it has been rarely enjoyed by the few who are susceptible of them. The mass of mankind, too happy in a respite from severe toil and bitter contention, are well content with easy pleasures, which cost them little exertion to procure and none to enjoy. To the poor and over-wrought, a mere oblivion of care and pain; to the rich and refined, luxurious ease and pleasing objects and emotions, presented in rapid succession, and received and enjoyed without effort—offer a paradise beyond which their wishes hardly care to roam. The most robust and vigorous constitutions only, whether of mind or body, find a charm in the ardour of pursuit, and feel that inward prompting which excites them to follow out great or distant objects in defiance of difficulties. Even these, for the most part, require the stimulus of external sympathy and applause to cheer them on in their career; and great indeed, and nobly self-dependent, must that mind be which, unrepressed by difficulty, unbroken by labour, and unexcited by applause, can find in the working out of a useful purpose, or in the prosecution of an arduous research, attractions which will lead him to face, endure, and overcome the one, and to dispense with or despise the other. The sympathies of mankind, however, have rarely been accorded to purely intellectual struggles. Men seldom applaud what they do not in some considerable degree comprehend. The deductions of reason require for the most part no small contention of mind to be understood when first propounded, and if their objects lie remote from vulgar apprehension, and their

bearing on immediate interests be but slender, the probability is equally so that they will experience any other reception than neglect. And thus it has happened that, in so many cases, the impulse of intellectual activity, even when given, has failed of propagation. The ball has not been caught up at the rebound, and urged forward by emulous hands. The march of progress, in place of quickening to a race, has halted in tardy and intermitted steps, and soon ceased altogether.—*Quarterly Review.*

The Hindoos say of a bad government, that it is like a man attempting to walk on his head and think with his feet.

Epitaph by Canning on his son, who died aged nineteen; inscribed in the parish church of Kensington:

Tho' short thy span, God's unimpeach'd decrees,
Which made that shortened span one long disease,
Yet, merciful in chastening, gave thee scope
For mild redeeming virtues, faith and hope,
Meek resignation, pious charity;——
And since this world was not the world for thee,
Far from thy path removed, with partial care,
Strife, glory, gain, and pleasure's flowery snare,
Bade earth's temptations pass thee harmless by,
And fixed on heaven thine unreverted eye.
O! marked from birth, and nurtured for the skies,
In youth with more than learning's wisdom wise,
As sainted martyrs, patient to endure,
Simple as unweaned infancy, and pure;
Pure from all stain, save that of human clay,
Which Christ's atoning blood hath wash'd away.
By mortal sufferings now no more oppress'd,
Mount, sinless spirit, to thy destined rest;
While I, reversed our nature's kindlier doom,
Pour forth a father's sorrows on thy tomb.

Dr. Johnson made three dying requests to his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds. First: That he would forgive him thirty pounds which he owed him. Second: That he would read the Bible, and Thirdly: That he would never paint on a Sunday.

If ever philanthropy burned in the human heart with a pure and intense flame, embracing the whole family of man in the spirit of universal charity, it was in the heart of George Whitfield. He loved the world that hated him. He had no preferences but in favour of the ignorant, the miserable, and the poor. In their cause he shrunk from no privation, and declined neither insult nor hostility. To such wrongs he opposed the weapons of an all-enduring meekness, and a love which would not be repulsed. The springs of his benevolence were inexhaustible, and could not choose but flow. His exertions, if not attested by irrefragable proofs, might appear incredible and fabulous. In the compass of a single week, and that for years, he spoke in general forty hours, and in very many sixty, and that to thousands; and after his labours, instead of taking any rest, he was engaged in offering up prayers and intercessions, with hymns and spiritual songs, as his manner was in every house to which he was invited. Never was mortal man gifted with such an incapacity of fatiguing or of being fatigued. He fascinated the attention of hearers of every rank of life, and of every variety of understanding. Not only were the loom, the forge, the plough, the collieries, and the workshops deserted at his approach, but the spell was acknowledged by Hume and Franklin—by Pulteney, Bolingbroke, and Chesterfield—by maids of honour, and lords of the bedchamber. Such indeed was its force, that

when the scandal could be concealed behind a well-adjusted curtain, "e'en mitred auditors" would nod the head. His own ardent and sincere exclamation, however was, "Let the name of George Whitfield perish, if God be glorified." His thirty or forty thousand sermons were but so many variations on two key-notes. Man is guilty, and may obtain forgiveness; he is immortal, and must ripen here for endless weal or woe hereafter. Let who would invoke poetry to embellish the Christian system, or philosophy to penetrate its depths, from his lips it was delivered as an awful and urgent summons to repent, to believe, and to obey.—*Sir J. Stephen's Ecclesiastical Biography.*

To act with common sense, according to the moment, is the best wisdom I know; and the best philosophy, to do one's duties, take the world as it comes, submit respectfully to one's lot, bless the goodness that has given us so much happiness with it, whatever it is, and despise affectation.—*Horace Walpole.*

A Christian may on a fine day, and amidst the glorious scenery of nature, often elevate his hopes respecting the enjoyments of a future state by thinking—If this beautiful world be our prison, what shall our home be?

He who diffuses the most happiness, and mitigates the most distress within his own circle, is undoubtedly the best friend to his country and to the world, since nothing more is necessary than for all men to imitate his conduct, to make the greatest part of the misery of the world cease in

a moment. While the passion then of some is to shine, of some to govern, and of others to accumulate, let one great passion alone inflame our breasts, the passion which reason ratifies, which conscience approves, which heaven inspires—that of being and of doing good.—*Robert Hall.*

Those whose fortune it is to possess land and rank in this country, cannot be too often, or too earnestly reminded of the fact, that the possession of such advantages constitutes, in every case whatever, a retaining fee on the part of the nation. Neither God, nor nature, nor society, contemplates the existence of an idler, as that which ought to be. The country gentleman, the peer, and the prince, have their professions fixed on them—let them surrender the fee if they mean to shrink from the work—let the sinecure be a sine-salary. The mighty majority must, in all times and places, earn their living literally by the sweat of their brow, and the only principle on which any are exempted from the literal application of the great primary condition of our human existence is, that there are services essential to the intellectual, moral, political, and religious well-being and advancement of the whole, as a whole, which could not be effectually secured for them, were not some so exempted. The question is not whether a great man could afford services of plate, and regiments of footmen, but whether any man is entitled to consume the produce of the English soil, without discharging the duties which his station imposes on him to the English people. The Emperor Alexander said once: "The man within whose reach Heaven has placed the greatest materials for making life happy, is an English country gentleman."

He who is unwilling to receive as well as to give, has learned but the half of friendship.

Whatever strengthens our local attachments is favourable both to individual and national character. Our home —our birthplace—our native land, think, for a while, what the virtues are which arise out of the feelings connected with these words, and if you have any intellectual eyes, you will then perceive the connexion between topography and patriotism. Show me a man who cares no more for one place than another, and I will show you in that same person one who loves nothing but himself. Beware of those who are homeless by choice! You have no hold on a human being whose affections are without a tap-root. The laws recognise this truth in the privileges which they confer upon freeholders; and public opinion acknowledges it also, in the confidence which it reposes upon those who have, what is called, a stake in the country. Vagabond and rogue are convertible terms, and with how much propriety any one may understand, who knows what are the habits of the wandering classes, such as gipsies, tinkers, and potters.—*The Doctor*, vol. ii, p. 17.

Hannah More said to Horace Walpole: "If I wanted to punish an enemy, it should be by fastening on him the trouble of constantly hating somebody."

The difference between desultory reading and a course of study may be aptly illustrated by comparing the former to a number of mirrors set in a straight line, so that every one reflects a different object; and the latter to the

same mirrors so skilfully arranged, as to perpetu set of objects in an endless series of reflections.—*G at Truth.*

The appearance of religion only on Sundays,] that it is only an appearance.—*J. Adam.*

It is not by the rapture of feelings, and by the riance of thought, and by the warmth of those d which descriptions of heaven may stir up withir that I can prove myself predestined to a glorious heritance. If I would find out what is hidden, I follow what is revealed. The way to heaven is closed; am I walking in that way? It would be a proof that I were on my voyage to India; that glowing eloquence and thrilling poetry, I could disco on the palm-groves and spice-isles of the East. Am I the waters? Is the sail hoisted to the wind? and d the land of my birth look blue and faint in the distan The doctrine of election may have done harm to ma but only because they have fancied themselves elected the end, and have forgotten that those whom Script calls elected are elected to the means. The Bible nev speaks of men as elected to be saved from the shipwrec but only as elected to tighten the ropes, and hoist t sails, and stand to the rudder. Let a man search faitl fully; let him see that when Scripture describes Christia as elected, it is as elected to faith, as elected so sanctifica tion, as elected to obedience; and the doctrine of electio will be nothing but a stimulus to effort. It cannot act a a soporific. I shall cut away the boat, and let drive al human devices, and gird myself, amid the fierceness o

the tempest, to steer the shattered vessel into port.—*Rev. H. Melvill.*

A father inquires whether his boy can construe Homer, f he understands Horace, and can taste Virgil; but how seldom does he ask, or examine, or think, whether he can restrain his passions; whether he is grateful, generous, humane, compassionate, just, and benevolent. — *Lady Hervey's Letters.*

The respectability of good health! It is seldom sufficiently considered how much approbation is due to any man who continues to an advanced age in the enjoyment of that health which others so recklessly squander in vicious or sensual indulgence. No one who attains to old age in a sound state of body and mind, can have gone into the same vicious dissipation by which we see that others, in the very entrance to life, have shipwrecked their constitutions. No rules are without exception; but though many from nature, or by inheritance, have feeble constitutions and early sufferings, yet among those who attain to a vigorous maturity and a green old age, probably none have been habitually addicted to any excesses.

Used with due abstinence, Hope acts as a healthful tonic; intemperately indulged, as an enervating opiate. The visions of future triumph, which at first animate exertion, if dwelt upon too intently, will usurp the place of the stern reality; and noble objects will be contemplated, not for their own inherent worth, but on account

of the day-dreams they engender. Thus Hope, aid Imagination, makes one man a hero, another a som bulist, and a third a lunatic; while it renders the enthusiasts.—*Sir J. Stephen.*

It is a deplorable righteousness that cannot bear others, because it finds them wicked, and which th only of seeking the solitude of the desert, instea doing them good by long-suffering, prayer, and exan If thou art the lily and the rose of Christ, know that dwelling-place is among thorns; only take care lest, thy impatience, by thy rash judgments, and thy se pride, thou dost not thyself become a thorn. Ch reigns in the midst of His enemies. If He had des to live only among the good, and to die for those c who loved Him, for whom, I pray, would He have d and among whom would He have lived?—*Luther.*

Man is excelled by many animals in strength and sw ness, and he is not endowed, like most of them, with a weapon of defence; yet reason is that gift of God whi enabled him to hold dominion over every living creatu and how carefully should that distinction be prized a cultivated! Man must, at the Creation, have been ma an adult at once; for if he had been an infant, he mu have helplessly perished.

A curious specimen of cotemporary criticism is foun in the Letters of the celebrated Waller, who speaks thu of the first appearance of "Paradise Lost:" "The ol blind schoolmaster, John Milton, hath published a tediou

poem on the Fall of Man. If its length be not considered as merit, it has no other!" Johnson also says, in his "Lives of the Poets:" "Thomson has lately published a poem, called the 'Castle of Indolence,' in which there are some good stanzas!" Why do not men of superior talents strive, for the honour of the arts which they love, to conceal their ignoble jealousies from the malignity of those whom incapacity and mortified pride have leagued together as the covenanted foes of worth and genius? What a triumph has been furnished to the writers who delight in levelling all the proud distinctions of humanity! and what a stain has been left on some of the fairest pages of our literary history by the irritable passions and petty hostilities of Pope and of Addison! —*Dugald Stewart's Essays*, p. 495.

A view into a square, or into the Parks, may be cheerful and beautiful, but it wants *appropriation;* it wants that charm which only belongs to ownership; the exclusive right of enjoyment, with the power of refusing that others should share our pleasure; and however painful the reflection, this propensity is part of human nature. It is so prevalent, that in my various intercourse with proprietors of land, I have rarely met with those who agreed with me in preferring the sight of mankind to that of herds of cattle; or the moving objects in a public road to the dull monotony of lawns and woods. The most romantic spot, the most picturesque situations, and the most delightful assemblage of nature's choicest materials, will not long engage our interest, without some *appropriation*—something we can call our own; and if not our own property, at least it may be endeared to us by call-

ing it our own home.—*Repton on Landscape Garc* p. 235.

The perfection of Christ's example it is easier to u stand than to imitate; and yet it is not to be unde without serious and deep meditation on the particul His history. Pure and disinterested in its motives love of Christ has solely for its end the happiness of who were the objects of it. An equal sharer wit Almighty Father in the happiness and glory of the head, the Redeemer had no proper interest in the fa fallen man. Infinite in its comprehension, His love braced His enemies; intense in its energy, it incited to assume a frail and mortal nature, to undergo cont and death; constant in its operations, in the paro of an agony, the sharpest the human mind was ever kn to sustain, it maintained its vigour unimpaired. In whole business of man's redemption, wonderful in al parts—in its beginning, its progress, and its completio the most wonderful part of all is the character of Ch This character, in which piety and benevolence, on occasions, and in all circumstances, overpowered all inferior passions, is more incomprehensible to the natu reason of carnal man, than the deepest mysteries, m improbable than the greatest miracles; of all the parti lars of the Gospel history, the most trying to the evil he of unbelief; the very last thing, I am persuaded, tha ripened faith receives; but of all things the most i portant, and the most necessary to be well understo and firmly believed: the most efficacious for the softeni of the sinner's heart, for quelling the pride of hum wisdom, and for bringing every thought and imaginatic

of the soul into subjection to the righteousness of God.—*Bishop Horsley's Sermons*, vol. i, p. 270.

It has been said that a wise man miserable, is more miserable than a fool; miserable, because he understands his misery. So our Saviour's pangs were aggravated by the fulness of His knowledge. He saw our everlasting destruction, if He suffered not; He saw the horrors which He must suffer to ransom us. Hence those groans, tears, and cries; yet His love conquered all. By nature, He could willingly have avoided this cup; but, for love's sake to us, He took it in a willing hand. So had He purposed, and so hath He performed; and all to testify His love.—*Adams.*

He was justly accounted a skilful poisoner who destroyed his victims by bouquets of lovely and fragrant flowers. The art has not been lost; nay, it is practised every day by the world.—*Bishop Latimer.*

The style of Dr. Chalmers' writing partakes of the character of his mind. It is copious and overflowing; cumbrous, perhaps, at times, for the more minute detail of a subject; but the phraseology (though occasionally somewhat eccentric) is often powerful and beautiful in the highest degree. It is impossible to illustrate these peculiarities without examples. I shall only select a few. Thus, to express the quick passage of time: "Time, with its mighty strides, will soon reach a future generation, and leave the present in death and in forgetfulness behind it." To express that the world occupies our thoughts: "Its cares and its interests are plying us every hour with their

urgency." A man of shallow views in religion is a "man whose threadbare orthodoxy is made up of meagre and unfruitful positions." The external marks of piety: "a beauty of holiness, which effloresces on the countenance, and the manner, and the outward path." To say that the repentance of a sinner interests the angels, is thus worded: "His repentance would, at this moment, send forth a wave of delighted sensibility throughout the mighty throng of their innumerable legions." Persons who take their opinions from a *partial* adoption of Scripture truth, are persons who "retiring within the entrenchment of a few verses of the Bible, will defy all the truth, and all the thunder of its warning denunciation."—*Dean Ramsay's Biographical Notice of the late Dr. Chalmers; read before the Royal Society, Edinburgh.*

When Bishop Hough visited Archbishop Sancroft after his retirement to Suffolk, he was discovered working in his garden, and immediately said to his visitor: "Almost all you see is the work of my own hands, though I am bordering upon eighty years of age. My old woman does the weeding, and John mows the turf and digs for me; but all the nicer work—the sowing, grafting, budding, transplanting, and the like—I trust to no other hand but my own—so long at least as my health will allow me to enjoy so pleasing an occupation; and in good sooth, the fruits here taste more sweet, and the flowers have a richer perfume than they had at Lambeth."

Of all actions of a man's life, his marriage does *least* concern other people, yet of all actions of his life it is most meddled with by other people.—*Selden.*

Perhaps Dr. Johnson never composed anything so truly excellent as his prayer against inquisitive and perplexing thoughts. Boswell has justly said: "It is so wise and energetic, so philosophical and so pious, that I doubt not of its affording consolation to many a sincere Christian, when in a state of mind to which, I believe, the best are sometimes liable." We insert it here, in the sure expectation, that it will reach some heart which needs it.

"O Lord, my Maker and Protector, who hast graciously sent me into this world to work out my salvation, enable me to drive from me all such unquiet and perplexing thoughts as may mislead or hinder me in the practice of those duties which Thou hast required. When I behold the works of thy hands, give me grace always to remember that thy thoughts are not my thoughts, nor thy ways my ways. And while it shall please Thee to continue me in this world, where much is to be done and little to be known, teach me by thy Holy Spirit, to withdraw my mind from unprofitable and dangerous inquiries; from difficulties vainly curious: and doubts impossible to be solved. Let me rejoice in the light which Thou hast imparted; let me serve Thee with active zeal and humble confidence; and wait with patient expectation for the time in which the soul, which Thou receivest, shall be satisfied with knowledge. Grant this, O Lord, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

Youth is not the age of pleasure, we then expect too much, and we are therefore exposed to daily disappointments and mortifications. When we are a little older, and have brought down our wishes to our experience, then we become calm and begin to enjoy ourselves.—*Lord Liverpool.*

When Hannah More visited Mrs. Garrick on the d
of her husband and expressed some surprise at the affl
widow's composure, she answered: "Groans and c
plaints are very well for those who are to mourn
a little while, but a sorrow that is to last for life, will
be violent and romantic."

Even before Shenstone had involved his affairs, and
dun came to his door, he was an unhappy man. "I h
lost my road to happiness," we find him saying ere
had completed his thirty-fourth birthday. Nay, we f
him quite aware of the turning at which he had g
wrong. "Instead of pursuing the way to the fine lav
and venerable oaks which distinguish the regions
happiness, I am got into the pitiful parterre-garden
amusement and view the noble scenes at a distance.
think I can see the road, too, that leads the better w
and can show it to others; but I have got many miles
measure back before I get into it myself, and no kind
resolution to take a single step. . . . Every little unea
ness is sufficient to introduce a whole train of melancho
considerations, and to make me utterly dissatisfied wi
the life I now lead, and the life which I foresee I sh
lead. I am angry, and envious, and dejected, and franti
and disregard all present things, just as becomes a ma
man to do. I am infinitely pleased, though it is
gloomy joy, with the application of Dr. Swift's complain
'that he is forced to die in a rage, like a poisoned rat i
a hole.' Amusement becomes not very amusin
when rendered the exclusive business of one's life. A
that seems necessary to render fallen Adams thoroughl
miserable, is just to place them in Paradises, and, de

barring them serious occupation, to give them full permission to make themselves as happy as they can." Well would it have been for poor Shenstone had the angel of stern necessity driven him early in the day out of his Paradise, and sent him into the work-day world beyond, to eat bread in the sweat of his brow! I quitted the Leasowes, in no degree saddened by the consideration that I had been a hard-working man all my life, from boyhood till now, and that the future, in this respect, held out to me no brighter prospect. — *Miller's Impressions of England*, p. 171.

Robert Hall has given a good definition of fanaticism, as being such an overwhelming impression of the ideas relating to the future world as disqualifies for the duties of life.

The observance of hospitality, even towards an enemy, is inculcated by a Hindu author, with great elegance. "The sandal tree imparts its fragrance even to the axe that hews it!"

Few politicians, with all their schemes, are half so useful members of a commonwealth as an honest farmer, who, by skilfully draining, fencing, manuring, and planting, has increased the intrinsic value of a piece of land, and thereby done a perpetual service to his country.— *Swift.*

Erskine's sensitiveness in debate was so morbidly acute, that the least mark of indifference to his oratory put him

completely out, and it is alleged in Westminster that a decided advantage was obtained over him b antagonist, who caused an attorney, famous for yawn to be placed between the advocate and the jury-box. a perfect pantomime in debate, Pitt managed comple to disconcert Erskine during his *début* in Parliam On Erskine rising to address the House, Pitt pla himself in a listening attitude, and took up his pen a with the intention of taking notes; but as the spe proceeded, he gradually assumed a look of the most co plete indifference, and at length—at the very mom when Erskine was personally appealing to him, and th eyes met—he leant forward with a marked gesture impatience, and flung the pen contemptuously asi Erskine was seen to falter, and huddled up the conclusi of his speech. Pitt followed, and completed his discom ture by disposing of the entire oration in a parenthesi "I rise to reply to the Right Honourable Member (M Fox) who opened this discussion. As to the gentlema who spoke last, he really has done no more than regularl repeat what fell from the gentleman who preceded hin and as regularly weakened what he repeated!"

Sidney Smith said there were three things which ever man fancied he could do—farm a small property, drive a gig, and write an article for a review.

Leyden having had a quarrel with the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," once said to Sir Walter Scott:

"You may tell Campbell that I hate him, but that he has written the best poetry that has been written for fifty years."

Scott conveyed the message with fidelity, and Campbell replied:

"Tell Leyden that I detest him, but know the value of his critical approbation."

The road to home happiness lies over small stepping-stones. Slight circumstances are the stumbling-blocks of families. The prick of a pin, says the proverb, is enough to make an empire insipid. The tenderer the feelings, the painfuller the wound. A cold, unkind word checks and withers the blossom of the dearest love, as the most delicate rings of the vine are troubled by the faintest breeze. The misery of a life is born of a chance observation. If the true history of quarrels, public and private, were honestly written, it would be silenced with an uproar of derision. The retainers of a Norman monastery fought and hated one another, during a hundred and forty years, for the right of hunting rabbits.—*Summer Time in the Country.*

The late Dr. Cheyne, Physician-General to the Forces in Ireland, when he died in 1836, left some very interesting directions for his interment, of which the following is a curious extract:

"Let not my family mourn for one whose trust is in Jesus. By respectful and tender care of their mother, by mutual affection, and by irreproachable conduct, my children will best show their regard for my memory."

The following inscription, to be engraven about seven or eight feet high, of hard, undecomposing stone, as a monument for the benefit of the living, and not in honour of the dead:

"Reader! the name, profession, and age of him w body lies beneath are of little importance; but it ma of great importance to you to know that, by the grac God, he was led to look to the Lord Jesus as the Saviour of sinners, and that this "looking unto Jes gave peace to his soul.

"Reader! pray to God that you may be instructe the Gospel; and be assured that God will give his H Spirit, the only teacher of true wisdom, to them that him."

The initials only were added—J. C.

Ignatius said, in the immediate prospect of his o dreadful martyrdom, "I would rather die for Jesus Chri than rule to the utmost ends of the earth."

Exactly four years before he died, the American auth Brockden Brown, says of himself: "There is nothing disturb my felicity but the sense of the uncertainty ar instability that clings to everything human. I cannot l happier than I am. Every change, therefore, must l for the worse; and, in short, as to my personal situatio I have nothing to wish but that it may last!"

How seldom do we accurately weigh what we have t sacrifice against what we have to gain.

It is related by Franklin, that being anxious to ascertain his own character, he wrote down a list of all the virtues and graces in which a good man should excel.

These he resolved to examine every morning, in order to mark down daily, which he had observed or failed in himself; but after a week or two he threw the volume aside in disgust, saying that the more he examined, the worse he discovered himself to be.

Gauthier de Brienne, one of the early Crusaders, having been taken prisoner at the battle of Gaza, was exhibited by his enemies before the walls of Jaffa, where he was threatened with immediate death, if the city were not instantly delivered. With noble devotion to the cause of Christianity, the spirited knight called at the full pitch of his voice to his friends: "It is your duty to defend a Christian city; it is mine to die for you and for Jesus Christ."

Dr. Chalmers declared that, during his latter years, he continually felt "a desirousness after God, as one who has knocked at a door which is not yet opened."

Rousseau, the most sentimental of writers, sent all his own five children, as soon as they were born, to be dropped at the Foundling Hospital, where he took every precaution never to be discovered as their father.

When some one remarked in company that through the instrumentality of the poet Pope, Warburton had been made a bishop, Dr. Johnson replied: "But Warburton did much more for Pope—he made him a Christian!"

Letter from Frederick the Great to Voltaire:

Of satires I think as Epictetes did: "If evil be sa thee, and if it be true, correct thyself; if it be a lie, l at it!" By dint of time and experience I have lea to be a good post-horse; I go through my appoi daily stage, and I care not for the curs who bark at along the road.

Must not the conduct of a parent seem very unaccou able to a child when its inclinations are thwarted; w it is put to learn letters; when it is obliged to swal bitter physic; to part with what it likes, and to suf and do, and see many things done, contrary to its o judgment? Will it not, therefore, follow from hence, a parity of reason, that the little child *Man*, when it tal upon itself to judge of parental providence—a thing yesterday, to criticise the economy of the *ancient of da* —will it not follow, I say, that such a judge, of such ma ters, must be apt to make very erroneous judgmen esteeming those things, in themselves unaccountabl which he cannot account for; and concluding of son things, from an appearance of arbitrary carriage towar him, which is suited to his infancy and ignorance; tha they are in themselves capricious or absurd, and cannc proceed from a wise, just, and benevolent God.— *Berkeley.*

In this common-place world every one is said to be romantic who either admires a fine thing, or does one.— *Pope.*

Lord Chesterfield's Letter on the Duke of Newcastle's

death: "My old kinsman and cotemporary is at last dead, and for the first time quiet. He had the start of me at his birth by one year and two months, and I think we shall observe the same distance at our burial. I own I feel for his death, not because it will be my turn next, but because I knew him to be very good-natured, and his hands to be extremely clean, and even too clean, if that were possible; for, after all the great offices which he had held for fifty years, he died three hundred thousand pounds poorer than he was when he first came into them. A very unministerial proceeding!"—*Chesterfield's Works*, vol. ii, p. 564.

Some people seem born with a head, in which the thin partition that divides great wit from folly is wanting.—*The Doctor.*

Sensibility appears to me to be neither good nor evil in itself, but in its application. Under the influence of Christian principle it makes saints and martyrs; ill-directed, or uncontrolled it is a snare, and the source of every temptation; besides as people cannot get it if it is not given them, to descant on it seems to me as idle as to recommend people to have black eyes, or fair complexions. —*Hannah More.*

Sir James Mackintosh thinking on the way in which the friendships, even of good people, die away without quarrel, remarks that a very useful sermon might be written on the causes and remedies of the decay of friendship. "Thine own friend and thy father's friend *forget*

not. The grand cause is too clear and strong a per tion of the faults of others. The zeal for reforming t faults makes the matter worse, because it is almost of being disappointed, and the disappointment exagger the old faults, and discovers new ones. The refor becomes disagreeable by ungrateful admonitions, begins to dislike those who will not listen to his coun Thus friendship is insensibly dissolved, without any ap rent cause, and it is well if, in the state of alienation wh succeeds, each party does not seek some occasion quarrel, to deliver himself from the reproach of inc stancy, and from the constraint of keeping up appearanc The remedy is to set out with a large stock of toleratio and the danger of this remedy is, that the toleration m degenerate into indifference. Men of mild virtue mu cherish the affections which happily blind them to t defects of those whom they love; men of a severer m rality must cultivate a high sense of the becomingnes and dignity of constancy.—*Memoirs of Sir J. Mackintosh* vol. ii, p. 10.

Franklin used to relate an amusing anecdote to illustrate the sufferings of an author who consults his many friends about his compositions. "When I was a young man," he said, "a friend of mine, who was about to set up in business for himself as a hatter, consulted all his acquaintances on the important subject of his sign. The one he had proposed to himself was this: 'John Thomson, hatter, makes and sells hats for ready money,' with the sign of a hat. The first friend whose advice he asked, suggested that the word 'hatter' was entirely superfluous, to which he readily agreeing, it was struck out. The

next remarked, that it was unnecessary to mention that he required 'ready money' for his hats; few persons wishing credit for an article of no more cost than a hat, or if they did, he might sometimes find it advisable to give it. These words were accordingly struck out, and the sign then stood: 'John Thomson, makes and sells hats.' A third friend who was consulted observed, that when a man looked to buy a hat, he did not care who *made* it; on which two more words were struck out. On showing to another the sign thus abridged to 'John Thomson, sells hats,' he exclaimed: 'Why! who will expect you to give them away?' On which cogent criticism two more words were expunged, and nothing of the original sign was left but 'John Thomson,' with the sign of the hat."

The more we are destitute of opportunities for indulging our feelings, as is the case when we live in uncongenial society, the more we are apt to crisp and harden our outward manner to save our real feelings from exposure. Thus I believe that some of the most delicate-minded men get to appear actually coarse, from their unsuccessful efforts to mask their real nature; and I have known men disagreeably forward from their shyness; but I doubt whether a man does not suffer from a habit of self-constraint, and whether his feelings do not become really, as well as apparently chilled. It is an immense blessing to be perfectly callous to ridicule, or, which comes to the same thing, to be conscious, thoroughly, that what we have in us of noble and delicate, is not ridiculous to any but fools, and that if fools will laugh, wise men will do well to let them.—*Dr. Arnold.*

Sidney Smith said of Horner, that he liked to see in him a person who took a lively interest "in the *daily* happiness of his friends." Whatever mitigates the woes or increases the happiness of others, is a just criterion of goodness; and whatever injures society at large, or any individual in it, is a criterion of iniquity. One should not quarrel with a dog without a reason sufficient to vindicate one through all the courts of morality.—*Goldsmith.*

It is in vain for you to expect, it is impudent for you to ask, of God forgiveness, on your own behalf, if you refuse to exercise this forgiving temper with respect to others.—*Hoadley.*

The publication of private journals too often fosters, in those who read them, a rank undergrowth of hypocrisy. For one man who will honestly endeavour to lay bare on paper the course of his life and the state of his heart, one hundred will make the same attempt dishonestly, having the fear or the hope of the biographer before their eyes. How fluent the acknowledgment of those faults which the reader will certainly regard as venial, while he admires the sagacity which has detected, the humility which has condemned, and the integrity which has acknowledged them. Such disclosures, whether made to the confessor or to the world at large, are at best an illusion. No man has such an insight into his own circumstances, motives and actions, or such leisure for describing them, or such powers of description, as to be able to afford to others the means of estimating with any approach to accuracy, the exact merit or demerit of any one of his steps (and countless are the

millions of these steps), in his whole moral and religious course.—*Sir J. Stephen.*

It is a pretty general opinion that no society can be so bad as that of a small country town; and certain it is that such towns offer little or no choice. You must take what they have, and make the best of it. But there are not many persons to whom circumstances allow much latitude of choice anywhere except in those public places, as they are called, where the idle and the dissipated, like birds of a feather, flock together. In any settled place of residence, men are circumscribed by station and opportunities, and just as much in the capital as in a provincial town. No one will be disposed to regret this, if he observes, where men have most power of choosing their society, how little benefit is derived from it; or in other words, with how little wisdom it is used.

After all, the common varieties of human character will be found distributed in much the same proportion everywhere; and in most places there will be a sprinkling of the uncommon ones. Everywhere you may find the selfish and the sensual, the carking and the careful, the cunning and the credulous, the worldling and the reckless. But kind hearts are also everywhere to be found—right intentions, sober minds, and private virtues—for the sake of which let us hope that God may continue to spare this hitherto highly-favoured nation, notwithstanding the fearful amount of our public and manifold offences.—*The Doctor,* vol. ii, p. 244.

Religious services are the means not the end—the road to London is not London.—*Hare.*

When Howard the philanthropist found himself dying, he said: "Death has no terrors for me; it is an event I always look to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure: and be assured the subject is more grateful to me than any other. There is a spot near the village of Dauphiney where I should like to be buried. Suffer no pomp to be used at my funeral, no monument to mark the spot where I am laid; but put me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten."

During the Duke of Wellington's campaign in India, his library consisted of only two volumes, "The Bible," and "Cæsar's Commentaries." How appropriately selected for a hero and a Christian.

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement: we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which could have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.—*Essays in the Intervals of Business.*

One's age should be tranquil, as one's childhood should be playful: hard work, at either extremity of human existence, seems to me out of place; the morning and the evening should be alike cool and peaceful; at mid-day the sun may burn, and men may labour under it. (Dr. Arnold.) Probably the happiest period in life most frequently is in middle age, when the eager passions of youth are cooled and the infirmities of age not yet begun, as we see that the shadows which are at morning and evening so large, almost entirely disappear at mid-day.

Sir James Mackintosh talking of the relative ability of Burke and Gibbon, said: "Gibbon might have been cut out of a corner of Burke's mind without his missing it."

To all new truths, or renovation of old truths, it must be as in the ark between the destroyed and the about-to-be-renovated world. The raven must be sent out before the dove, and ominous controversy must precede peace and the olive-wreath—"first pure, then peaceable."—*Coleridge.*

Some people use books like lords, knowing only their titles, they brag of them as intimate acquaintances.

Voltaire's definition of a physician is: "An unfortunate gentleman, expected every day to perform a miracle —namely, to reconcile health with intemperance."

When we look back upon our forefathers, we seem to look back upon the people of another nation, almost upon creatures of another species. Their vast rambling mansions, spacious halls and painted casements, the Gothic porch smothered with honeysuckles, their little gardens and high walls, their box edgings, balls of holly and yew-tree statues are become so entirely unfashionable now, that we can hardly believe it possible that a people who resembled us so little in their taste, should resemble us in anything else. But in everything else, I suppose they were our counterparts exactly, and time, that has sewed up the slashed sleeve and reduced the large trunk-hose to a neat pair of silk stockings, has left human nature just

where it found us. The inside of the man at least has undergone no change. His passions, appetites and aims are just what they ever were. They wear perhaps a handsomer disguise than they did in days of yore, for philosophy and literature will have their effect upon the exterior, but in every other respect a modern is only an ancient in a different dress."—*Cowper's Letters.*

The impression we feel from the scenery of autumn is accompanied with much exercise of thought; the leaves then begin to drop from the trees; the flowers and shrubs, with which the fields were adorned in the summer months, decay; the woods and groves are silent; the sun himself seems gradually to withdraw his light, or to become enfeebled in his power. Who is there, who, at this season, does not feel his mind impressed with a sentiment of melancholy? or who is able to resist that current of thought, which, from such appearances of decay, so naturally leads him to the solemn imagination of that inevitable fate, which is to bring on alike the decay of life, of empire and of nature itself.—*Alison, on Taste.*

Let your hearts take their last farewell of false felicities, wherewith they have been all of them more or less detained, and kept from their true rest. O! be strong in resolution! and bid them all farewell; for what have your souls to do any longer among these gross, thick and bodily things here below, that you should set your love upon them, or seek happiness in them? Your souls are of a higher and purer nature: and, therefore, their



well-being must be sought in something that is higher and purer than they, even in God himself.

The last words of a good old man, Mr. Grimshaw, on his death-bed were these: "Here goes an unprofitable servant!"

Sir James Mackintosh, speaking of what the French call *caractère*, expressed his inability to distinguish that particular quality of mind, which confers the superiority over others, which is always the result of *caractère*. *Caractère* does not seem necessarily to involve a superiority of understanding, neither is it absolutely courage. Men have been known to possess it who were not personally brave. Whatever it is, or whatever confers it, it raises the man who is gifted with it by an irresistible necessity to dominion and sovereignty over those who have it not. We see its effects on all assemblies of men. It designates a man for command with almost as much certainty as birth in some countries. All feel its dominion; all, however unwillingly, pay homage to it. Equals meet, but the equality lasts no longer than till the man *de caractère* makes his appearance.—*Memoir*, vol. i, p. 174.

John Valdesso was a Spaniard, and was for his learning and virtue much valued and loved by the great Emperor Charles V., whom Valdesso had followed as a cavalier, all the time of his long and dangerous wars. And, when Valdesso grew old, and grew weary both of war and the world, he took his fair opportunity to declare to the

Emperor, that his resolution was to decline his Majesty's service, and betake himself to a quiet and contemplative life; "because," said he, "there ought to be a vacancy of time betwixt fighting and dying."—*Wordsworth's Eccl. Biog.*, iv, 547.

As anciently, God fed his servant Elias, sometimes by an angel, sometimes by a woman, sometimes by ravens, so doth he make all persons, whether good, bad, or indifferent, supply his people with that instruction, which is the aliment of virtue, and of souls; and makes them, and their examples, contribute to the verification of that passage of St. Paul, where he says, that all things co-operate for good, to them that love God.—*Robert Boyle.*

When Vespasian asked Apollonius to what he could attribute the fall of Nero, his answer was, "Nero could touch and tune the harp well; but in government, sometimes he used to wind the pins too high; sometimes to let them down too low; and certain it is, that nothing destroys authority so much, as the unequal and untimely interchange of power, pressed too far, and relaxed too much."—*Bacon, Essay* XIX.

"John Selden was," says Lord Clarendon, "a person whom no character can flatter, or transmit in any expressions equal to his merit. He was of such stupendous learning, a man would have thought he had been entirely conversant among books, and had never spent an hour but in reading and writing, yet his courtesy was such, that he would have been thought to have been bred in the best

of courts. Towards the close of life, he began to see the emptiness of mere human learning; and owned that, out of the numberless volumes which he had read and digested, nothing stuck so close to his heart, or gave him such solid satisfaction, as a single passage out of St. Paul's Epistle to Titus, chap. 2, v. 11, 14.

Sergeant Glanvil's father, indignant at the vices of his eldest son, bequeathed the family estate to the second; but the young man becoming convinced that subsequently to that will being made, the rightful heir had reformed, he called him, with many of his friends together to a feast, and after other dishes had been served up to the dinner, Sergeant Glanvil ordered one that was covered to be set before his brother, and desired him to uncover it, which he doing, the company was surprised to find it full of writings. So he said, "I am now to do what I am sure my father would have done, if he had lived to see that happy change, which you now all see in my brother, and therefore, I freely restore to him the whole estate."—*Bishop Burnet.*

Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of England was universally valued and admired by men of all sides and persuasions. During six-and-thirty years, he never once failed in going to church on the Lord's day, and he thus records his opinion respecting the Sabbath: "I have, by long and sound experience found, that the due observance of this day, and of the duties of it, has been of great advantage to me, as God Almighty is the Lord of our time, and lends it to us; and as it is but just we should consecrate this part of that time to Him, so I have found

by a strict and diligent observation, that a due observance of this day, hath ever had joined to it, a blessing upon the rest of my time; and the week that hath been so begun, hath been blessed and prosperous to me. And on the other side, when I have been negligent of this day, the rest of the week has been unhappy, and unsuccessful to my own secular employments; so that I could easily make an estimate of my successes, in my own secular employments of the week following, by the manner of my passing this day. And this I do not write lightly or inconsiderately, but upon a long, and sound observation and experience."—*Sir M. Hale's Works*, vol. i, p. 196.

The person who is in continual pursuit of opportunities for exercising the benevolent affections, either by conferring or acknowledging kindness, will overlook a thousand trifling causes of offence, which might have awakened resentment in the breast of another; while those in whom the selfish passions prevail will be equally insensible to numberless instances of kindness, which would have filled the hearts of others with gratitude and joy; just as a person who is eager in the chase will disregard the beauties of the prospect which surrounds him, and know no more of the country through which he passed, than if he had never seen it.—*Bowdler*.

Washington Irving says, "I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, seem to call forth the energies of the gentler sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that, at times, it approaches

to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who has been all weakness and dependance, and alive to every trivial roughness while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising into mental force, to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity; winding herself into the recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up his broken heart.

Luther said one day to his wife, "If I were going to make love again, I would carve an obedient woman out of marble, in despair of finding one in any other way." As age advanced, he abandoned these playful sallies for the following graver and more affectionate style. "To the gracious Lady Catherine Luther, my dear wife, who vexes herself over much, grace and peace in the Lord! Dear Catherine! you should read St. John, and what is said in the catechism of the confidence to be reposed in God. Indeed you torment yourself as if He were not Almighty, and could not produce new Doctors Martin by the score, if the old Doctor should drown himself in the Saal. Here is one who watches over me more effectually than thou canst, or than all the angels. He sits at the right hand of the Father Almighty. Therefore be calm."—*Sir J. Stephen.*

Through every stage and revolution of life, the miser remains invariably the same; or if any difference, it is only this, that as he advances into the shade of a long evening, he clings closer and closer to the object of his idolatry; and while every other passion lies dead and

blasted in his heart, his desire for more pelf increases with renewed eagerness, and he holds by a sinking world with an agonizing grasp, till he drops into the earth with the increased curses of wretchedness on his head, without the tribute of a tear from child or parent, or any inscription on his memory, but that he lived to counteract the distributive justice of Providence, and died without hope or title to a blessed immortality.—*Dean Kirwan's Sermons*, p. 8.

An old oriental story relates, that one day, Moolla Museerodeen in a mosque ascended the desk and thus addressed his audience. "Oh! children of the Faithful, do ye know what I am going to say?" They answered, "No!" "Well, then," replied he, "It is of no use for me to waste my time on so stupid a set of people!" And saying this, he came down and dismissed them. Next day he again mounted the desk and asked: "Oh! true Mussulmen, do ye know what I am going to say?" "We do," said they. "Then," replied he, "there is no need for me to tell you." And again he let them go. The third time his audience thought they should catch him, and on his putting the usual question, they answered, "Some of us do, and some of us do not." "Well, then!" replied he, "let those who know tell those who do not."—*Rev. Wm. Sinclair's Lecture.*

Cowley considered that man the happiest, who had not only quitted the metropolis, but abstained from visiting the next market-town of his county—but we owe a debt to our brethren; and however fierce the beasts may be in the wilderness, we are not to surround ourselves with

a wall of fire, and go to sleep in the centre.—*Willmott's Summer Time in the Country.*

Death was terrible to Cicero, delightful to Cato, indifferent to Socrates.

Swift, says Dr. Johnson, was disposed to do his servants good on important occasions, but benefactions can be only rare while tyrannic peevishness is perpetual, therefore be guarded against giving or receiving little provocations.

Opportunities of conferring large benefits, like bank-bills for a thousand pounds, rarely come into use; but little attentions, friendly participations and kindnesses, are wanted daily, and like small change, are necessary to carry on the business of life and happiness. Saadi, the Persian poet, says that, "wisdom, is to enjoy, and goodness, to make others enjoy."

In our early years, or more mature age, the power of employing ourselves, in the retirement of our closet, with any useful or agreeable occupation, banishes the dread of solitude. When soured by disappointment, we must endeavour to pursue some fixed and pleasing course of study, that there may be no blank leaf in our book of life. We never read without profit, if, with the pen or pencil in our hand, we mark such ideas as strike us by their novelty, or correct those we already possess. Reading soon becomes fatiguing, unless undertaken with an eye to our own advantage, or that of others, and when it does

not enrich the mind with new ideas; but this habit is easily acquired by exercise, and then books afford the surest relief in the most melancholy moments. Painful and disagreeable ideas vanish from the mind that can fix its attention upon any subject. The sight of a noble and interesting object, the study of a useful science, the varied pictures of the different revolutions exhibited in the history of mankind, the improvements in any art, are capable of arresting the attention, and charming every care; and it is thus that man becomes sociable with himself; it is thus that he finds his best friend within his own bosom.—*Zimmerman.*

But then from study will no comforts rise?
Yes! such as studious minds alone can prize;
Comforts!—yea, joys ineffable they find,
Who seek the prouder pleasures of the mind;
The soul collected in those happy hours,
Then makes her efforts, then enjoys her powers;
And in those seasons feels herself repaid
For labours past and honours long delay'd.

As we grow older, we should accept good-will instead of perfection, and grow more indulgent to the faults of others: thus few faults are there seen by us which we have not ourselves committed. "A friend should bear a friend's infirmities."

Hardouin, a Jesuit priest, declared that the Odes of Horace were written in some Benedictine monastery, and that Lalage herself was nothing more than a monkish poetical symbol of the Christian faith. Boileau's remark on the subject was: "I have no great fancy for monks,

yet I should be glad to have known Brother Horace and Dom Virgil."—*Sir J. Stephen.*

Dr. Chalmers described once what happened at Manchester, when he consented to preach a sermon for some public object, at a large chapel in that town. He had not been thinking about the matter, after he had given his consent to preach; but his eye was attracted by seeing his own name in a printed paper, like an immense play-bill, posted on all the walls about the town. This was the *programme* of the ceremonial for the day. There were to be "Prayers, anthems, choruses from Handel's Oratorios, and a Sermon by the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, of Edinburgh!" Excessively annoyed at all this display, he refused to take any part, or to preach on the occasion. The directors expostulated, and represented what would be the effects of his withdrawal, and of the disappointment of the public. The matter was compromised; and Dr. Chalmers was to sit in the vestry till the proper time for him to come out and preach his sermon. But his troubles then only began; for unfortunately an anthem, with full instrumental accompaniments, was appointed to follow the sermon. The orchestra, being placed immediately behind the pulpit, and more occupied with anticipations of their own performance than with anything else, the musicians annoyed and disturbed the preacher through the whole sermon by their preparations and preliminaries for the grand chorus. "Actually," as the Doctor exclaimed, "tuning their very trombones at my ear before I had finished."—*Dean Ramsay on the Life and Writings of Chalmers.*

A lady, who greatly admired Dr. Chalmers' preaching, and was much addicted to pursuing popular orators, sent him her compliments one Sunday morning, and begged to know if he intended to preach that day at St. George's. The worthy Doctor answered: "Tell Lady —— that there certainly is to be Divine Service in St. George's church to-day."

When Plutarch was asked why he remained in his native city, after it had become so obscure and so little, he said: "I stay lest it should grow less."

Grotius said, as his last words, when dying: "I have lost my life in laboriously doing nothing."

Buonaparte said once: "Clergymen consider this world only as a diligence, in which they can travel to another."

In the cards of advertisement which a fashionable teacher in Paris distributed to the public, after a statement of the several languages and accomplishments which should be communicated to the pupils, a postscript was added, thus: "Any religion shall be taught which the parents may prefer."

Fuller says of some Christians who were reproached for not having courage enough to endure the flames:

"Oh! there is much more required to make a man valiant, than only to call another a coward."

Sir Henry Moncrieff's expiring words: "I delight to preach, but I shall never preach there any more; I shall never speak a word to that people again. I could go over the whole earth, to preach the doctrine of salvation by the Cross of Christ."

David Hume never failed, in the midst of any controversy, to give its due praise to everything tolerable that was either said or written against him. One day, that he visited Lord Charlemont in London, Hume came into his friend's room laughing, and apparently well pleased.

"What has put you in this good humour, Hume?" said Lord Charlemont.

"Why, man," replied he, "I have just now had the best thing said to me I ever heard. I was complaining, in a company where I spent the morning, that I was very ill-treated by the world, and that the censures put upon me were hard and unreasonable; that I had written many volumes, throughout the whole of which there were but a few pages that contained any reprehensible matter, and yet that for these few pages, I was abused and torn to pieces. 'You put me in mind,' said an honest fellow in the company, whose name I did not know, 'of an acquaintance of mine, a notary public, who, having been condemned to be hanged for forgery, lamented the hardship of his case; that, after having written many thousand

inoffensive sheets, he should be hanged for one line.' "—*Hardy's Memoirs of Lord Charlemont.*

When Dr. Paley dined out, for the first time, after being promoted in the Church, he was in a state of good-humoured jocularity on his accession of dignity, and called out during dinner to one of the servants: "Shut down the window behind my chair, and open another behind one of the curates."

Rutherford, on his death-bed, made this observation to his friends around: "Oh! that all my brethren did know what a Master I have served, and what peace I have this day! I shall sleep in Christ; and when I awake, I shall be satisfied with His likeness." (1661.)

Cæsar Borgia, Duke of Romania, said in his last hours: "I had provided, in the course of my life, for everything except death!"

There were two ancient Christian hermits once, who dwelt together, and never quarrelled. At last one said to the other, simply:

"Let us have a quarrel, as other men have."

And the other answering that he did not know how to quarrel, the first replied:

"Look here: I will place this stone in the midst between you and me; I will say it is mine, and do you say that is not true, but that it is yours; and in this manner we will make a quarrel."

And, placing a stone in the midst, he said: "This stone is mine."

And the other said: "No; it is mine."

And the first said: "It is not yours, I say; but mine."

And the other said: "It is yours; then take it."

And, in short, they could by no means contrive to quarrel, being so much accustomed to peace."—*Christian Mythology; Lord Lindsay.*

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

A Persian fable: A gourd wound itself round a lofty palm, and in a few weeks climbed to its very top.

"How old mayest thou be?" asked the new comer.

"About a hundred years," was the answer.

"A hundred years, and no taller! Only look; I have grown as tall as you in fewer days than you can count years."

"I know that well," replied the palm. "Every summer of my life a gourd has climbed up round me, as proud as thou art, and as short-lived as thou wilt be."

The nation that does not tax itself for the religious instruction of its poor, must be taxed many-fold for the punishment and repression of their crimes.

The best criterion of an enlarged mind, next to the performance of a great action, is its comprehension.

Pope always wrote his first thoughts in his first words, and afterwards gradually amplified, decorated, rectified, and refined them. Invent first, and then embellish. When you have matter, it will easily be formed. It is said that first impressions and second thoughts are always best.

Dr. Hutchinson, who collected above £3,000 for repairing a church in Derby, was so indefatigable, that once, when "the Waits" fiddled at his door for a Christmas-box, he invited them to enter his house, treated them to ale, and *over*-persuaded them to subscribe a guinea.

In the great majority of things, habit is a greater plague than ever afflicted Egypt; in religious character it is a grand felicity.—*Foster.*

Bishop Hough always kept £1,000 in his house for unexpected calls on his benevolence. One day the collectors of a public charity stated their case so strongly that he desired his steward to give them £500. The agent, thinking that too much, hesitated; but the benevolent prelate added: "I have not contributed enough; let it be a thousand."

Every one bred in the Highlands is nurtured in the

very bosom of national poetry, and fed with music and legendary lore from his infancy. This gives language to the mountain echoes, forms to the mountain mists, and casts a rich and glowing colouring over the heaths and frowning mountains, that wear to the traveller the aspect of desolation. These are the ties, powerful though invisible, that bind us with such close adhesion to "Caledonia stern and wild," and this is the talisman that draws us with such powerful attraction to return from happier lands to meet our native muses in their wonted haunts. —*Mrs. Grant*, vol. i, p. 268.

Latimer says: "When a man but half forgives his enemy, it is like leaving a bag of rusty nails to interpose between them.

Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton to his nephew, when disappointed of a scholarship at Trinity:

"This mortification is a test that will try your character. If that character be feeble, the disappointment will weigh upon your spirits, you will relax your exertions, and begin to despond and be idle. That is the general character of men: they can do very well when the breeze is in their favour, but they are cowed by the storm. If your character is vigorous and masculine, you will gather strength from this defeat, and encouragement from this disappointment. If Fortune will not give you her favours, you will tear them from her by force; and I would rather you should have failed, and then exhibited this determination, than that everything should have gone smoothly. An unconquerable spirit is worth all the Latin, Greek, and logarithms in the world, and all the prizes which were

ever given. If you are sick at heart, and can't sleep, and laugh, and defy malicious fortune, then you make a very decent banker, but there is an end of you. If you can summon up courage for the occasion, and pluck from this failure the materials for future success, then the loss of the scholarship may be a gain for life."—p. 143.

There are some men whose faculties appear to leave them on taking up a pen; others to become half inspired. Even in a case so similar as a conversation and a letter, there is no telling beforehand. Fox used to make Dr. Lawrence put on paper what he wanted to tell him, saying: "I love to read your writing; I hate to hear you talk." Wilkes said of Lord Chatham: "He is the best orator and the worst letter-writer of his age."—*Quarterly Review.*

That happy state of mind so rarely possessed, in which we can say, "I have enough," is the highest attainment of philosophy. Happiness consists not in possessing much, but in being content with what we possess. He who wants little, always has enough.—*Zimmerman.*

Whence comes it to pass, that we have so much patience with those who are maimed in body, and so little with those who are defective in mind? It is because the cripple acknowledges that we have the use of our legs; whereas the fool obstinately maintains that we are the persons who halt in understanding. Without this dif-

ference in the case, neither object would move our resentment, but both our compassion.—*Pascal.*

By examining the tongue of a patient, physicians find out the diseases of the body, and philosophers the diseases of the mind.—*Justin.*

The age of a cultivated mind is even more complacent, and even more luxurious than the youth. It is the reward of the due use of the endowments bestowed by nature; while they who in youth have made no provision for age, are left like an unsheltered tree, stripped of its leaves and its branches, shaking and withering before the cold blasts of winter. In truth, nothing is so happy to itself, and so attractive to others, as a genuine and refined imagination, that knows its own powers, and throws forth its treasures with frankness and fearlessness. Our thoughts, our reminiscences, our intellectual acquirements, die with us to this world; but to this world only. If they are what they ought to be, they are treasures which we lay up for Heaven. That which is of the earth, earthly, perishes with rank, honours, authority, and other earthly and perishable things; but nothing that is worth retaining can be lost. Affections, well-placed and dutifully cherished; friendships, happily formed and faithfully maintained; knowledge, acquired with worthy intent; and intellectual powers, that have been diligently improved, as the talents which our Lord and Master has committed to our keeping; these will accompany us into another state of existence, as surely as the soul in that state retains its identity and its consciousness.—*The Doctor,* vol. ii, p. 50.

Religion consists not in knowledge, but in a holy life. —*Bishop Taylor.*

Pope says of Swift: "My sincere love for this valuable, indeed, incomparable man, will accompany him through life, and pursue his memory, were I to live a hundred lives." With all his gifts of wit and talent, however, which required, as Pope added, "as good and true a taste as his own to be equally valued," his was a cheerless, because an irreligious old age.

To his friend, Pope, he writes in 1715: "I live in the corner of a vast unfurnished house. My family consists of a steward, a groom, a helper in the stable, a footman, and an old maid, who are all at board-wages; and when I do not dine abroad, or make an entertainment (which last is very rare), I eat a mutton-pie, and drink half-a-pint of wine. My amusements are, defending my small dominions against the Archbishop, and endeavouring to reduce my rebellious choir. They to whom I would give the first places in my friendship, are not in the way. I am condemned to another scene, and therefore I distribute it in pennyworths to those about me, and who displease me least; and should do the same to my fellow-prisoners, if I were condemned to jail. I can likewise tolerate knaves much better than fools, because their knavery does me no hurt in the commerce I have with them. I choose my companions among those of least consequence, and most compliance. I read the most trifling books I can find; and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects; but riding, walking, and sleeping, take up eighteen of the twenty-four hours. The chief end I propose to myself, in all my labours, is

to vex the world, rather than divert it. Drown the world! I am not content with despising it, but I would anger it, if I could with safety."

Another letter to Pope: "I have nobody now left but you. Pray be so kind as to outlive me, and then die as soon as you please, but without pain.

"I want only to be rich, for I am hard to be pleased; and for want of riches, people grow every day less solicitous to please me: therefore, I keep humble company, who are happy to come where they can get a bottle of wine without paying for it. I give my vicar a supper, and his wife a shilling, to play with me an hour at backgammon, once a fortnight."

George II. being informed that an impudent printer was to be punished for having published a spurious King's Speech, replied: "I hope the man's punishment will be of the mildest sort, because I have read both; and, as far as I understand either of them, I like the spurious Speech better than my own."—*Lord Waldegrave's Memoirs*, p. 88.

The much-admired and celebrated Duchess de Longueville—beautiful, talented, and every way distinguished—made this confession to the Prioress of the Carmelites: "My life seems to have been given me but to prove how bitter and how oppressive are the sorrows of this mortal existence! My attachments to it are broken, or rather crushed. Write to me often, and confirm the loathing I feel for this sublunary state."

Gainsay it who will, the spirit of man is the not unfrequent, though the hidden scene of revolutions, as real as that which, from the seed corrupting in the soil beneath us, draws forth the petals, diffusing on every side their fragrance, and reflecting, in every varied hue, the light of Heaven.—*Sir J. Stephen.*

Bishop Hacket's motto: "Serve God, and be cheerful."

When the Church of England was first disturbed by keen controversies, grounded on the Oxford Tracts, Archbishop Howley, always conciliatory and prudent, gave a public breakfast at Lambeth, where his clergy of all parties had no sooner taken their seats, than a very young divine, by way of beginning the conversation, said, across the table:

"Pray, what does your Grace think of the Oxford Tracts?"

The Archbishop, with his usual suavity, replied:

"Pray, Sir, do you take tea or coffee?"

Madame de Maintenon, in the full tide of all her most unexpected prosperity and splendour, made this remark: "In every life, without exception, there is a fearful void!"

Charles V. of France, exclaimed, with his dying breath: "I find that kings are happy, but in this—that they have the power of doing good."

An eastern sage being desired to inscribe on the ring of his Sultan a motto, equally applicable to prosperity or adversity, returned it with these words engraved upon the surface: "And this, too, shall pass away!"

Henry IV. having spoken severely to one of his generals, suddenly rode up and made an apology to him, before a battle commenced, when the brave Schomberg replied:

"It is true, Sire, that your Majesty wounded me yesterday; but to-day you kill me; for the honour you confer obliges me, on this occasion, to die in your service."

He then plunged into the thickest of the fight, and was killed.

Barthe, a writer of French comedies, hearing that his intimate friend Colardeau was on the point of death, instantly fled to the sick man's chamber, and finding him still in a condition to listen, addressed him thus:

"My dear friend, I am in despair at seeing you in this extremity, but I have still one favour to ask of you; it is that you will hear me read my 'Homme Personnel.'"

"Consider," replied the dying man, "that I have only a few hours to live."

"Alas! yes; and this is the very reason that makes me so desirous of knowing what you think of my play."

His unhappy friend heard him to the end without saying a word, and then in a faint voice observed, that there was yet one very striking feature wanted to complete the character which he had been designing.

"You must make him force a friend who is dying to listen to a comedy in five acts.

A Roman prince, more notorious for his pretensions to virtue, than his liberality to artists, sauntering one day in Salvator Rosa's gallery, paused before one of his landscapes, and after a long contemplation of its merits, exclaimed:

"I am strangely tempted to purchase this picture; tell me at once the lowest price?"

"Two hundred scudi," replied Salvator carelessly.

"Two hundred scudi! That is a price! but we'll talk of it another time."

The illustrissimo took his leave; but, bent upon having the picture, he shortly returned, and again inquired "the lowest price."

"Three hundred scudi," was the sullen reply,

"You are joking!" cried the astonished prince. "I see I must e'en wait on your better humour, and so adieu, Signor Rosa."

The next day brought back the Prince to the painter's gallery, who on entering saluted Salvator with a jocose air, and added:

"Well, Signor Amico, how goes the market to-day? have prices fallen?"

"Four hundred scudi is the price to-day," replied Salvator, with affected calmness; when suddenly giving way to his natural impetuosity, and no longer stifling his indignation, he burst forth. "The fact is, your excellency would not now obtain the picture from me at any price; and yet so little value do I put on its merits, that I deem it worthy of no better fate than *this*," and snatching the pannel on which it was painted from the wall, he flung it to the ground, and with his foot broke it into a hundred pieces.—*Life of Salvator Rosa.*

There is no sadder spot on the earth than the little cemetery of St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower. Death is not there consecrated as in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration, and with imperishable renown, not as in our humblest churches and church-yards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities, but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame. Thither have been carried through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts. Thither was borne before the window where Jane Grey was praying, the mangled corpse of Guildford Dudley. Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset and Protector of the Realm, reposes there beside the brother whom he murdered. There has mouldered away the headless trunk of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Cardinal of St. Vitalis, a man worthy to have lived in a better age, and to have died in a better cause. There are laid John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral, and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Lord High Treasurer. There too is another Essex, on whom nature and fortune had lavished all their bounties in vain, and whom valour, grace, genius, royal favour and popular applause, conducted to an early and ignominious doom. Not far off sleep two chiefs of the great house of Howard, Thomas, fourth Duke of Northumberland, and Philip, eleventh Earl of Arundel. Here and there among the thick graves of unquiet and aspiring statesmen, lie

more delicate sufferers: Margaret of Salisbury, the best of the proud name of Plantagenet, and those two fair queens, who perished by the jealous rage of Henry. Such was the dust with which the dust of Monmouth mingled! —*Macaulay's History of England,* vol. i, p. 628.

Boswell's praise of Wilberforce, when he first heard that great and good man speak in public, is characteristic of both speaker and critic: "I saw what seemed a mere shrimp mount the platform, but as I listened, he grew and grew until the shrimp became a whale."

What had the woman who touched the hem of our Lord's garment heard? Nothing of His kindness towards herself, but towards others, and upon this she believed: so a rope is but cast down in the sea, to a multitude of drowning men, and all are bidden for their life to lay hold on the rope that they may be saved; it were unreasonable and foolish curiosity for any of these poor men, now upon death and life commanded to hold fast the rope, to dispute whether did the man who cast down the rope intend and purpose to save me, or not, and while my mind is perplexed on that point, I will not put out one finger to touch the rope. Fool! dispute not, but lay hold on the remedy. —*Rutherford.*

All the letters addressed to Madame du Deffand by the distinguished persons who frequented her society, and courted her correspondence, prove how much both the one and the other are sought, by those from whom such a distinction would be the most flattering; and all her own

letters prove how unavailing the applause of friends, the flattering of wits, and the homage of the world, to the real comfort and happiness of life. Courted as she was, to the last moment of a protracted life, by all the great, gay, and the distinguished, both of her own country and those of every other, whom business or pleasure led to Paris, she might naturally be supposed to enjoy the most agreeable existence that her age, sex, and infirmity could admit; yet, we see Madame du Deffand devoured by that *ennui* which she considers as the most insupportable ill of the human mind; and which her whole life seems to have been consumed in an ineffectual effort to avoid. We see her repeatedly complaining of existence as an irremediable evil, and yet owning her repugnance to quit it. We see her by turns dissatisfied with all her friends, and for ever doubting the reality of friendship; though eagerly seeking its support, exacting its attentions, and indeed, on her own part, fulfilling its duties. We see her yet more constantly discontented with herself than others. "If I think little of others, I think less of myself! I have more difficulty in trying to endure myself, than I have to endure others!"—*Letters of Madame du Deffand.*

The celebrated and excellent Charles Simeon, of Cambridge, being, after a long life of singularly good health and useful activity, laid on his death-bed, at the age of seventy-eight, was asked if he felt supported by divine consolations, and replied: "I lie waiting for the issue without a fear, without a doubt, and without a wish."

On a question being asked, what had lately been passing in his mind, and of what he was at that time more parti-

cularly thinking, he replied in the most animated manner: "I do not *think* now; I am enjoying."

He also described his entire acquiescence in the will of God, saying with energy: "He cannot do anything against my will." And on another occasion: "Whether I am to have a little less suffering, or a little more, it matters not one farthing."

At one period, when there was a larger number of persons than usual gathered round his bed, Mr. Simeon, mistaking the circumstance, said: "You are all on a wrong scent, and are all in a wrong spirit. You want to see what is called a dying scene. That I abhor from my inmost soul. I wish to be alone with my God, and to lie before him as a poor, wretched, hell-deserving sinner; but I would also look to him as my all-forgiving God."

He deprecated any laudatory remark respecting him, saying: "Satan himself could not be a greater curse to me than the person who would dare to breathe a word commendatory of me, or of anything I have ever done. They would be a curse to me, whoever they are. Persons so acting are doing the devil's work, and it is frightful to me. I feel, if I could be pleased with it, that it would be damnation to me."

As his end drew near, he exclaimed: "It is said, 'O Death! where is thy sting?'" Then looking at his friends as they stood round his bed, he asked, in his own peculiarly expressive manner: "Do you see any sting here?"

They answered: "No, indeed, it is all taken away."

He then added: "Does not this prove that my principles are not grounded on fancies or enthusiasm, but that there is power in them, and I find them sufficient for my support."

Thus departed that laborious servant of Christ, entering into rest at the very moment that the bell of St. Mary's was tolling for the university sermon which he himself was to have preached.

I have just time to make the observation that time is short; and by the time I have made the observation, time is gone. I have wondered in former days at the patience of the antediluvian world; that they could endure a life almost millenary, with so little variety as seems to have fallen to their share. It is probable that they had much fewer employments than we. Their affairs lay in a narrower compass; their libraries were indifferently furnished; philosophical researches were carried on with much less industry and acuteness of penetration: and fiddles, perhaps, were not even invented. How, then, could seven or eight hundred years of life be supportable? I have asked this question formerly, and been at a loss to resolve it; but I think I can answer it now. I will suppose myself born a thousand years before Noah was born or thought of. I rise with the sun; I worship; I prepare my breakfast; I swallow a bucket of goat's-milk, and a dozen good sizeable cakes. I fasten a new string to my bow; and my youngest boy, a lad of about thirty years of age, having played with my arrows till he has stripped off all the feathers, I find myself obliged to repair them. The morning is thus spent in preparing for the chase, and it is become necessary that I should dine. I dig up my roots; I wash them; I boil them; I find them not done enough; I boil them again; my wife is angry; we dispute; we settle the point: but in the mean time the fire goes out, and must be kindled

again. All this is very amusing. I hunt; I bring home the prey; with the skin of it I mend an old coat, or I make a new one. By this time the day is far spent; I feel myself fatigued, and retire to rest. Thus, what with tilling the ground, and eating the fruit of it, hunting, and walking, and running, and mending old clothes, and sleeping and rising again, I can suppose an inhabitant of the primæval world so much occupied as to sigh over the shortness of life, and to find at the end of many centuries that they had all slipped through his fingers, and were passed away like a shadow. What wonder then that I, who live in a day of so much greater refinement, when there is so much more to be wanted, and wished, and to be enjoyed, should feel myself now and then pinched in point of opportunity, and at some loss for leisure.—*Cowper.*

Mankind often seek society, not with a view to be useful and pleasing to others, or even with any great expectation of being pleased themselves, but merely because they know not how to amuse themselves when alone. But those who associate with others, because they are weary with themselves, are not very likely to contribute to the pleasure or advantage of society.

You should be very cautious not to encourage expectations in those who make any request which you have not a certainty of fulfilling; for Hope, an architect above rules, can build, in reverse, a pyramid upon a point. From a very little origin there often arises a wildness of expectation which quite astounds you. Like the fisherman in the Arabian Nights, when you see "a genii thrice

as high as the greatest of giants," you may well wonder how he could have come out of so small a vessel; but in your case, there will be no chance of persuading the monster to ensconce himself again, for the purpose of convincing you that such a feat is not impossible. In addition, also, to the natural delusions of hope, there is sometimes the artifice of pretending to take your words for more than they are well known to mean.

A weak mind is well compared by Lord Chesterfield to a microscope, which magnifies trifling things, but cannot receive great ones.

An anxious, restless temper, that runs to meet care on its way, that regrets lost opportunities too much, and that is over-painstaking in contrivances for happiness, is foolish, and should not be indulged. "On doit être heureux sans trop penser à l'être." If you cannot be happy in one way, be happy in another; and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good-humour are almost the whole affair. Many run after felicity, like an absent man hunting for his hat, while it is on his head or in his hand. Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict great pain, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.—*Sharpe's Essays*, p. 48.

In all the professions, high stations seem to come down to us, rather than that we have got up to them.—*Ibid*, p. 49.

Edmund Burke's ready and generous patronage of Crabbe will form a bright page in that great man's history, long after his political exertions have become comparatively insignificant. In great extremity the poet sent to the statesman some copies of verses, and a rough draught of "The Village," accompanied by a letter, of which this is an extract:

"Can you, Sir, in any degree, aid me with propriety? Will you ask any demonstrations of my veracity? I have imposed upon myself, but I have been guilty of no other imposition. Let me, if possible, interest your compassion. I know those of rank and fortune are teased with frequent petitions, and are compelled to refuse the requests even of those whom they know to be in distress; it is therefore with a distant hope I have ventured to solicit such a favour; but you will forgive me, Sir, if you do not think proper to relieve."

The verses satisfied Burke that his petitioner was "a true poet." Crabbe, after leaving his packet in Charles Street, St. James's Square, had felt himself so agitated that he could not retire to rest. He spent the whole night in walking backwards and forwards on Westminster Bridge —the morning sun found him there. When Crabbe called in the morning for his answer: he was told that Burke desired to converse with him. He went into the statesman's room—a poor young adventurer, spurned by the opulent, and rejected by the publishers, his last shilling gone, and all but his last hope with it; he came out virtually secure of almost all the good fortune that, by successive steps, afterwards fell to his lot—his genius acknowledged by one whose verdict could not be questioned—his character and manners appreciated and approved by a noble and capacious heart, whose benevolence

knew no limits but its power—that of a giant in intellect, who was in feeling an unsophisticated child—a bright example of the close affinity between superlative talents and the warmth of the generous affections. Mr. Crabbe had afterwards many other friends, kind, liberal, and powerful, who assisted him in his professional career, but it was one hand alone that rescued him from *sinking*.

Charles II., after his restoration, neglected, according to custom, his most faithful adherent, Lord St. Albans, who nevertheless frequented the Court. One day, when a gentleman had requested an interview of his Majesty to ask for a valuable office then vacant, the King in jest desired the Earl of St. Albans to personate him, which he did, before the whole Court; but after hearing the stranger's petition with an air of dignified authority, he said that the office was by no means too great for so deserving a subject. "But," added the Earl, gravely, "I have already conferred it on my faithful adherent, Lord St. Albans, who constantly followed my father's fortunes and my own, having never before received any reward." The King was so amused by this ready jest, that he instantly confirmed the gift to his clever representative.

James V. of Scotland, when dying of a broken heart for the untimely loss of his two sons and the misfortunes of his kingdom, being told that his Queen had given birth to a daughter, afterwards the unfortunate Mary Stuart, exclaimed, in reference to the daughter of Bruce having brought his ancestor the crown of Scotland for

a dowry: "It came by a girl, and it will go with a girl!"

It is recorded of Sir Robert Walpole, when Prime Minister, that whenever a batch of letters reached him, the one from his gamekeeper was always the first that he perused.

Frederick the Great commanded that one of his valets, convicted of embezzling money, should be enlisted as a drummer. The unhappy man, on hearing his sentence, put a pistol to his head and fell a corpse in the King's own ante-chamber. The King, startled at the noise, asked what had occurred, and on being told, he merely remaked: "I did not think that the fellow had so much courage!"

When the Duke of Courland came to see Frederick the Great a short time before his death, the King said: "Do you stand in need of a good watchman? for if so, allow me to offer myself, being well qualified for such a post by my sleeplessness at nights."

Salvator Rosa, with a thirst for praise, which scarcely any applause could satisfy, united a quickness of perception that rendered him suspicious of pleasing, even at the moment he was most successful. A gaping mouth, a closing lid, a languid look, or an impatient hem! threw him into utter confusion, and deprived him of all presence of mind, of all power of concealing his mortification.

When he perceived that some witty sally had fallen lifeless, that some epigrammatic point had escaped the notice of his auditors, he was wont to exclaim to his particular friends, when the strangers were departed: "What folly to lose my time and talent in reading before those beasts of burden, who feel nothing, and have no intellect beyond what is necessary to understand the street-ballads of the *blind band!*" Such is the power which an insatiable love of glory may hold, even over the most elevated intellect.

Between Don Mario Ghigi and Salvator, there existed much intimacy, and the Prince's fondness for the painter's conversation was such, that during a long illness, he induced Salvator to bring his easel to his bed-side, and to work in his chamber at some small piece he was then painting for the Prince. It happened that while Rosa was sketching and chatting by the Prince's couch, one of the most fashionable physicians of Rome entered the apartment. He appears to have been one of those professional coxcombs, whose pretensions, founded on unmerited vogue, throw a ridicule on the gravest calling. After some trite remarks upon the art, the Doctor requested Don Mario to give him a picture of Salvator as a remuneration for his attendance. The Prince willingly agreed, and the doctor, debating on the subject he should choose, turned to Salvator, and desired that he would not lay pencil to canvas until he, the Signor Dottore, should find leisure to dictate to him the idea and conception of his picture. Salvator bowed a modest acquiescence, and went on with his sketch. The Doctor having made his professional inquiries with his wonted pomposity, rose to write his prescription; when as he sat before the table with up-turned eyes and pen suspended over the paper,

Salvator on tiptoe approached him, and grasping the pen, said: "Stop, Doctor, you must not lay pen to paper till I have leisure to dictate the idea and the conception of what I may think proper for his Excellency." "You!" cried the amazed physician, "you dictate a prescription! why I am the Prince's physician, not you." "And I," said Salvator, "am a painter, and not you. I leave it to the Prince whether I could not prove myself a better physician than you are a painter, and write a better prescription than you paint a picture."—*Lady Morgan.*

Charles II. loved what may be called "fun" as much as the youngest of his courtiers. On one of his birthdays an impudent rascal of a pickpocket had obtained admission to the drawing-room, in the garb of a gentleman. He had succeeded in extracting a gold snuff-box from a nobleman's pocket, and was quietly transferring it to his own, when, looking up, he suddenly caught the King's eye, and discovered that he had been perceived by his Majesty. The fellow aware, in all probability, of the King's humorous character, had the impudence to put his finger to his nose, and wink knowingly at Charles to hold his tongue. Shortly afterwards, the King was much amused by perceiving the nobleman feeling one pocket after another in search of his treasure. At last he could resist no longer, and looking about him, probably to make certain that the thief had escaped, he called out to the injured person: "You need not, my Lord, give yourself any more trouble about it: your box is gone, and I own myself an accomplice. I could not help it. I was made a confidant!"

Not many years since, in a similar spirit, some young men invited a party to dine with them, and engaged a celebrated pickpocket to wait at table, desiring him to exert his utmost professional skill in abstracting the purses, watches and trinkets of the company, which were all to be afterwards honestly returned, and a per centage paid to the thief, according to the value of what he could secrete. The display of his dexterity was such, that scarcely a watch or a purse remained among the party, after the dinner was concluded.

A man of fashion, travelling in Spain, was shown the Escurial, and the stupendous convent of St. Jerome. The prior told him that this building was erected in consequence of a vow, made by Philip, at the battle of St. Quintra, in case he became victorious. "What an immense edifice!" exclaimed the traveller, "the King must have been in a great fright!"

Horace Walpole says: "I was glad to hear the brave Admiral Sir Charles Wager say, that, in his whole life, he never killed a fly." R——, who was equally humane, hearing a lady confess that the only sport she indulged in was occasionally killing a wasp, exclaimed: "Then you have spoiled the balance of nature, and I could not imagine till now, why I was tormented all day yesterday with flies alighting on my bald head. These were the flies that ought to have been killed by the last wasp you massacred!" Saadi, the Persian poet, says: "Scorn to trample upon a worm, or sneak to an emperor."

An historian should feel himself giving evidence upon oath, but Byron remarks that one who is perfectly impartial must be good for nothing.

People imagine that they should be happy in circumstances which they would find insupportably burthensome in less than a week. A man that has been clothed in fine linen and fared sumptuously every day, envies the peasant under a thatched hovel; who in return envies him as much his palace and his pleasure-ground. Could they change situations, the fine gentleman would find his ceilings were too low, and that his casements admitted too much wind; that he had no cellar for his wine, and no wine to put in his cellar. These, with a thousand other mortifying deficiencies, would shatter his romantic project into innumerable fragments in a moment. The clown, at the same time, would find the accession of so much unwieldy treasure an incumbrance quite incompatible with an hour's ease. His choice would be puzzled by variety. He would drink to excess, because he would foresee no end to his abundance; and he would eat himself sick for the same reason. He would have no idea of any other happiness than sensual gratification; would make himself a beast, and die of his good fortune.—*Cowper.*

Dr. Johnson writing to Mrs. Thrale upon Captain Burney's promotion, says: "I am willing to hear that there is happiness in the world, and delight to think on the pleasure diffused among the Burneys. I question if any ship upon the ocean goes out attended with more good wishes than that which carries the fate of Burney.

I love all of that breed, whom I can be said to know; and one or two whom I hardly know, I love upon credit, and love them because they love each other."

Admiral ——, when about to engage a Spanish ship, wound up his men to the highest pitch of courage by this address: "My good fellows! never let it be said, that we, who live on good beef and mutton, are beaten by those who have nothing to eat but oranges and lemons."

When Quintana told Ferdinand that Louis XII. complained that he had deceived him *twice*, the answer was, "He lies, the drunkard, I have imposed upon him more than ten times."

Letter from the Duchess of Somerset, 1744:

There are some subjects on which my tears and my pen know not how to stop when they begin to flow. Were I not convinced that a wise and merciful Being chasteneth for our profit, I must long since have sunk under the burden of sorrow, with which God saw fit to wean my foolish heart from this vain world, and show me how little all the grandeur and riches of it avail to happiness. He gave me a son (Lord Beauchamp), an honour to his family, an ornament to his country; with a heart early attached to all the duties of religion and society, joined to a form which, when he came into Italy, made him known by the name of "The English Angel." This justly beloved son was snatched from us before we could hear of his illness; that fatal disease, the small-pox, seized him at

Bologna, and carried him off the evening of his nineteenth birthday. Two posts before, I had a letter from him, written with all the life and innocent cheerfulness inherent in his nature; the next but one came from his afflicted governor to acquaint his unhappy father, that he had lost the most dutiful and best of sons, the pride and hope of his declining age.

In 1726, Lady Palmerston bequeathed to her husband, "as a remembrance of death and also of the fondest and faithfullest friend he ever had," two gold chocolate cups made out of mourning rings, and used by her daily as a memorial of her departed friends and of eternity.

Madame du Deffand said of her cat: "I love her exceedingly, because she is the most amiable creature in the world, but I trouble myself very little about the degree of affection she has for me. I should be sorry to lose her, because I feel that I manage and perpetuate my pleasures, by employing my care to perpetuate her existence."

Many endure, from an anxious fear of contingent mischiefs, that never befall them, more torment than the apprehended mischiefs themselves, though really suffered, would inflict.—*Boyle.*

The best course when we are low-spirited and distressed with anxieties, is to set ourselves to action in doing good to others; not to be satisfied with not being unkind, but to try to be positively kind to every one.—*Wilberforce.*

God loves from whole to parts—but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next, all human race.

It was said of the late Lord Teignmouth that he lived a patriarch's life, that he died a patriarch's death. In his death there were no transports; it was the maturity of a character which had been long ripening. In his last hours he said to his old and faithful servants, "It is my duty to be as thankful for my sufferings as for my other mercies."

Fox said, "If a speech reads well, depend upon it, that is not a good speech!"

"A patriot is easily made," said Walpole. "It is but refusing an unreasonable demand, and up starts a patriot."

The use of learning is, to render a man more wise and virtuous, not merely to make him more learned. Go on by this golden rule and you cannot fail to become everything your generous heart prompts you to wish to be, and that mine most affectionately wishes for you. If you do not rise early, you never can make any progress worth talking of, and another rule is, if you do not set apart your hours of reading, and never suffer yourself or any one else to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands unprofitably and frivolously; unpraised by all you wish to please, and really unenjoyable to yourself. Be

assured whatever you take from pleasure, amusements, or indolence, for these first few years of your life, will repay you a hundred-fold, in the pleasures, honors, and advantages of all the remainder of your days.—*Lord Chatham's Letters to his Nephew.*

Some men partake too largely of intoxicating liquor, from a false honour which prevents them from refusing to incur an equal risk with their companions in the common assault on their faculties.—*J. F. Cooper.*

From Lady Mary Wortley Montague's Letters to her Husband:

I am still of opinion, that it is extremely silly to submit to ill fortune. One should pluck up spirit, and live upon cordials when one can live upon no other nourishment. These are my present endeavours, and I run about, though I have five thousand pins and needles in my heart.

I am glad you think of serving your friends. I hope it will put you in mind of serving yourself. I need not enlarge upon the advantages of money, everything we see, and everything we hear, puts us in remembrance of it. If it were possible to restore liberty to your country, or limit the encroachments of the prerogative, by reducing yourself to a garret, I should be pleased to share so glorious a poverty with you; but as the world is, and will be, it is a sort of duty to be rich, that it may be in one's power to do good; riches being another word for power; towards the obtaining of which the first necessary qualification is impudence, and (as Demosthenes said of action in oratory) the second is impudence, and the third, still impudence. No modest man ever did, or ever will make

his fortune. Your friend, Lord Halifax, R. Walpole, and all other remarkable instances of quick advancement, have been remarkably impudent. The ministry is like a play at court; there's a little door to get in, and a great crowd without, shoving and thrusting who shall be foremost; people who knock others with their elbows, disregard a little kick on the shins, and still thrust heartily forwards are sure of a good place. Your modest man stands behind in the crowd, is shoved about by everybody, his clothes torn, almost squeezed to death, and sees a thousand get in before him, that don't make so good a figure as himself.

I don't say it is impossible for an impudent man not to rise in the world; but a moderate merit with a large share of impudence is more probable to be advanced, than the greatest qualifications without it.

The reply of Titus Tacitus to Metellus: "It is easy to speak against me when I make no answer; you have learned to speak evil, I, my conscience bearing me witness, have learned to despise evil speaking; you are master of your tongue, and can make it utter what you list; I am master of my ears, and can make them hear without being offended."

There is scarcely any earthly object gives me more—I do not know if I should call it pleasure—but something which exalts me, something which enraptures me—than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood in high plantation, on a cloudy winter day, and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees, and raving over the plains. It is my

best season for devotion; my mind is wrapped up in a kind of enthusiasm to Him, who, in the pompous language of the Hebrew bard, "walks on the wings of the wind." . . .

We know nothing or next to nothing, of the substance or structure of our souls, so cannot account for those seeming caprices in them, that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which, on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favourite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain-daisy, the hare-bell, the fox-glove, the wild briar rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud, solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of grey plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? are we a piece of machinery, which, like the Eolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident? or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod?—*Burns' Letters.*

When the eminent physician, Dr. James Hope was about to commence his labours in that profession to which he did so much honour, his father, who had a supreme contempt for the medical profession, took him for a walk in the adjoining parks of a nobleman. For some time they talked on indifferent subjects. Suddenly Mr. Hope stopped, drew himself erect with an air of great dignity, and, as if preparing for an important speech, said: "Now, James, I shall give you the advice that I promised, and if you follow it, you will be sure to succeed in your profession:

"1st. Never keep a patient ill longer than you can possibly help.

"2nd. Never take a fee to which you do not feel yourself to be justly entitled.

"3rd. Always pray for your patients."

A short time before his death, Dr. Hope said, that these maxims had been the rule of his conduct, and that he could testify to their success.—*Memoir of Dr. Hope*, p. 51.

Those that study no one's happiness but their own, do not deserve that any one should study theirs. Pope says: "I would cut off my own head if it had nothing better in it but wit; and tear out my own heart, if it had no better disposition than to love only myself, and laugh at all my neighbours." Our great Creator made us for each other. He gave us tears; He gave us compassion—not only for our own sorrows, but for those of our kind. He who checks the order of nature and religion, and neglects to create an interest in the hearts of his fellow-creatures, will assuredly live to know the curse of being an isolated, despised, and solitary creature.—*Maria Edgeworth.*

Prayer from an old Manuscript: Oh, Lord! pardon what I have been—amend what I am—and let thy goodness direct what I shall be.

Campbell the poet, before his death said: "When I think of the existence which shall commence when the stone is laid above my head, how can literary fame appear to me—to any one—but as nothing? It is an inexpressi-

ble comfort, at my time of life, to be able to look back, and feel that I have not written one line against religion or virtue." Religious feeling was, as the closing scene approached, more distinctly expressed. To his niece he said:

"Come, let us sing praises unto Christ."

"Shall I pray for you?" she asked.

"Oh, yes!" he replied, "let us pray for each other."

The Liturgy of the Church of England was read; he expressed himself "soothed and comforted." The next day, at a moment when he appeared to be sleeping heavily, his lips suddenly moved, and he said, naming a long-departed friend: "We shall see N—— to-morrow." Next day he expired without a struggle.

In all our systems of conduct, whether for ourselves, or for those who are to succeed us, let us ever remember, that life is not a scene of idle enjoyment, but of active obligation; a scene, of which we must never imagine ourselves to be merely spectators, but in which we all are actors, that it is the wisdom of the all-perfect mind which has determined the parts we are to perform; and that whatever may be our talents, or whatever our situation, the only things that are "excellent" for us, are the plain and obvious duties of our station and condition.—*Dr. Alison.*

There is no man in the least acquainted with the history of antiquity, who does not love to let his imagination loose on the prospect of its remains, and to whom they are not in some measure sacred, from the innumerable images which they bring. Even the peasant, whose

knowledge of former times extends but to a few generations, has yet in his village some monument of the deeds or virtues of his forefathers; and cherishes with a fond veneration, the memorial of those good old times to which his imagination returns with delight, and of which he loves to recount the simple tales that tradition has brought him. And what is it that constitutes that emotion of sublime delight, which every man of common sensibility feels upon the first prospect of Rome? It is not the scene of destruction which is before him. It is not the Tiber diminished in his imagination to a paltry stream, flowing amid the ruins of that magnificence which it once adorned. It is not the triumph of superstition over the wreck of human greatness, and its monuments erected upon the very spot where the first honours of humanity have been gained. It is ancient Rome which fills his imagination. It is the country of Cæsar, and Cicero, and Virgil, which is before him. It is the mistress of the world which he sees, and who seems to him to rise again from her tomb, to give laws to the universe. All that the labours of his youth, or the studies of his maturer age have acquired, with regard to the history of this great people, open at once before his imagination, and present him with a field of high and solemn imagery, which can never be exhausted. Take from him those associations—conceal from him that it is Rome that he sees, and how different would be his emotion.—*Alison, on Taste.*

When Lord Bathurst ventured with his usual good taste to follow the natural lines of a valley, in widening a brook at Ryskins, this effect of his excellent judgment was attributed to his poverty, or to his economy, and

Lord Stafford said to him: "Own fairly how little more it would have cost you to make it straight!"

"The definition of a true patriot," says the 'Examiner,' "is a good hater."

Lord Chatham said in one of his speeches: "Not a gun shall be fired in Europe without England knowing why."

"Man never is, but always to be bless'd!" Very few can be said truly to live now, but are preparing to live another time. Always occupied with what they wish to be, and never with what they are; the only thing they never attempt is, to be satisfied with their present lot. "Cheerfulness is the best hymn to the Divinity, and to drop your hold on any innocent pleasure of life, is the sooner to reduce yourself to the indifference and passive vegetation of old age." One of Sir Walter Scott's great maxims was: "Never to be doing nothing;" and thus he had leisure for everything.

Southey said to a low-spirited friend: "Translate 'Tristram Shandy' into Hebrew, and you will be a happy man."

To Wilberforce, society was not merely his delight or his passion; it was the necessity of his existence. He mixed freely, and on equal terms, with all the men and women of his age, the most eminent in wit, in genius, and

in learning: and drank in, with the keenest relish, every variety of colloquial eloquence. Yet he not merely endured, but rejoiced in companions, whose absence would have been a luxury to any one but himself. When Pitt, and Burke, and Sheridan were not to be had, he would take the most cordial pleasure in the talk of the most woollen of his constituents at Leeds. When Madame de Staël and Mrs. Crewe were away, some dowager from the Cathedral Whist Club became his inspiring muse, and, for the moment would seem herself to be half inspired. Darkness fled at his approach. The most somnolent awakened at his presence. The heaviest countenance caught some animation from his eye. The listless prisoner of an easy chair gave out some sparks of intellect, when brought into a friendly collision with him.—*Sir J. Stephen.*

Petrarca closed his literary career, with these last words at the end of a letter to Boccaccio: "Adieu, my friends! adieu, my correspondence." Soon afterwards he was found dead in his library, with his arm leaning on a book.

Voltaire's definition of metaphysics: "Quand celui qui écoute n'entend rien, et celui qui parle n'entend plus, c'est métaphysique."

The manner of a vulgar man has freedom without ease, and the manner of a gentleman has ease without freedom.

President Jefferson, one of the greatest men in America, thus states his opinion of human life: "Perfect happiness, I believe, was never intended by the Deity to be the lot of one of His creatures in this world; but that He has very much put in our power the nearness of our approaches to it, is what I have steadfastly believed.

"The most fortunate of us, in our journey through life, frequently meet with calamities and misfortunes which may greatly afflict us; and, to fortify our minds against the attacks of these calamities and misfortunes, should be one of the principal studies and endeavours of our lives. The only method of doing this is, to assume a perfect resignation to the Divine will, to consider that whatever does happen, must happen; and that by our uneasiness, we cannot prevent the blow before it does fall, but we may add to its force after it has fallen. These considerations, and others such as these, may enable us in some measure to surmount the difficulties thrown in our way; to bear up with a tolerable degree of patience under this burden of life, and to proceed with a pious and unshaken resignation, till we arrive at our journey's end, where we may deliver up our trust into the hands of Him who gave it. Such should be the language of every man who would wish to render his situation as easy as the nature of it will admit. Few things will disturb him at all: nothing will disturb him much."

An English legislative assembly, in its most excited state, conveys but a faint notion of the phrenzied rage which sometimes agitates the French. Mirabeau, interrupted once at every sentence by an insult, with "slanderer," "liar," "assassin," "rascal," rattling round him,

addressed the most furious of his assailants in the softest tone he could assume, saying: "I pause, gentlemen, till these civilities are exhausted!"

The minister of a Scotch parish having died, his favourite dog followed his body to the grave, and no inducement could persuade the faithful animal to leave the place. Night and day, bad weather and good, did the dog remain stretched on the grave. The people of the neighbourhood, finding all their endeavours to entice him away fruitless, and respecting his fidelity, fed and protected him. This continued for weeks—indeed until some time after the manse was tenanted by the new minister, whose wife, from some wretched feeling of superstition, caused the dog to be killed. May the mourners over her own grave be better treated.—*St. John's Tour.*

Bishop Taylor points out how the Christian can extract good from the worst of evils, and that even our bitterest enemies perform unintentionally the office of friends. "They tell us our faults, with all their deformities and aggravations; they offer us affronts, which exercise our patience, and restrain us from scandalous follies, lest we become *a scorn and reproof to them that hate us;* and it is not the least of God's mercies that He permits enmities among men, by means of which our failings are reproved more sharply, and corrected with more severity and simplicity, than they would otherwise be. The gentle hand of a friend is more apt to bind our wounds up, than to probe them and make them smart." A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another

man than this—that where the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.

It would be well for persons who limit their sympathies within the narrow circle of a drawing-room, where they bestow it only on the few who belong to their own "set," if they could often study the works of men whose good offices would extend over every individual within the reach of their benevolent regard. "Whatever expands the affections, or enlarges the sphere of our sympathies; whatever makes us feel our relation to the universe, 'and all that it inherits,' to time and to eternity, to the great and beneficent Cause of all, must unquestionably refine our nature," says Channing, "and elevate us in the scale of being."

When Mirabeau was dying, he called for the removal of "those funeral things," saying: "Give me flowers, essences, music—and opium!" His physicians gave him water, calling it laudanum. He drank it, and died!

At Athens, a young man was condemned to death by the Arcophagus, for having killed a dove, which, pursued by a hawk, flew to him for refuge. They thought that he who was without pity or sympathy, could never prove a good citizen.

The Lord Chief Justice Kenyon once said to a rich friend, asking his opinion as to the probable success of a son: "Sir, let your son forthwith spend his fortune;

marry, and spend his wife's; and then he may be expected to apply with energy to his profession."

Change, endless mutation, is the thing; and while people are chasing a Proteus with vain diligence, the pursuit leaves no leisure for friendship, or for any serious or tranquil enjoyment. People must wear everything that is new—must read everything that is new—and for that only reason; must be everywhere, see everything, and know everybody. The consequence is, that they are like rich people's children, who know no pleasure but getting new toys, breaking them, and throwing them away; while our's build a house of turf and pebbles, spend a whole day in gathering materials; call and almost think it a palace, when they have done; and then rejoice over it for a week, from the triumph of their conscious efforts in producing it.—*Mrs. Grant's Letters*, vol. ii, p. 291.

Swift, finding his advice not well listened to at a party, impatiently exclaimed: "My exhortations could not be less attended to, if they were delivered from the pulpit."

Dr. Arnold, on the last evening of his life, retired cheerful, and apparently well, from his family circle, and wrote in his Diary the following words. Next morning, he was attacked, for the first time, by symptoms of heart complaint, and after little more than two hours of suffering, expired.

"The day after to-morrow is my birthday, if I am permitted to see it—my forty-seventh birthday since my

birth. How large a portion of my life on earth is already passed! And then—what is to follow this life? How visibly my outward work seems contracting, and softening away into the gentler employments of old age! In one sense, how nearly can I now say, '*Vixi*;' and I thank God, that as far as ambition is concerned, it is, I trust, fully mortified. I have no desire other than to step back from my present place in the world, and not to rise to a higher. Still, there are works which, with God's permission, I would do before the night cometh; especially that great work, if I might be permitted to take part in it. But, above all, let me mind my own personal work—to keep myself pure, and zealous, and believing; labouring to do God's will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me, rather than by others, if God disapproves of my doing it."—*Arnold's Life*, vol. ii, p. 329.

There is in this life no happiness without duty, and no evil we cannot more easily fly from, than the consciousness of duty disregarded. A sense of duty pursues us for ever. It is omnipresent, like the Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning, and dwell in the utmost parts of the seas, duty performed, or duty violated, is still with us, for our happiness or our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light our obligations are yet with us. We cannot escape their power, nor fly from their presence. They are with us in this life, will be with us at its close; and in that scene of inconceivable solemnity which lies yet further onward, we shall find ourselves surrounded by the consciousness of duty, to pain us whenever it has been vio-

lated, and to console us, so far as God may have given us grace to perform it.

Receive the gifts of fortune without pride, and part with them without reluctance.—*Marcus Antoninus.*

Loving God, is to be truly satisfied with what God does in the world.

Some people consider it beneath them to do good on a small scale, and satisfy themselves with looking out for those great occasions when they may pay up the whole debt of negligence of the feelings and wants of others, by a round sacrifice of their money or their time; while they let the current business of the day pass, without contributing, by a single smile of approbation, or a word of encouragement, to augment the smaller enjoyments of their fellow-creatures.—*Capt. Hall.*

Among the various antediluvian remains, none has ever been discovered of man; no work of human art, no column nor chiselled stone, nor implement of war or husbandry. This shows that men had peopled but a very small part of the earth, and that their existence had not been of longer duration than Moses assigns them.

Guard against that vanity which courts a compliment, or is fed by it.—*Chalmers.*

We keep no bees; but if I lived in a hive, I should hardly hear more of their music. All the bees in the neighbourhood resort to a bed of mignionette, opposite to the window, and pay me for the honey they get out of it by a hum, which, though rather monotonous, is as agreeable to my ear as the whistling of linnets. All the sounds that nature utters are delightful, at least in this country. I should not perhaps find the roaring of lions in Africa, or of bears in Russia, very pleasing; but I know no beast in England, whose voice I do not account musical, save and except always the braying of an ass. The notes of all our birds and fowls please me, without one exception. I should not indeed think of keeping a goose in a cage, that I might hang him up in the parlour, for the sake of his melody; but a goose upon a common, or in a farmyard, is no bad performer. Seriously, it strikes me as a very observable instance of providential kindness to man, that such an exact accord has been contrived between his ear and the sounds with which, at least in a rural situation, it is almost every moment visited. All the world is sensible of the uncomfortable effect which some sounds have upon the nerves, and consequently upon the spirits; and if a sinful world had been filled with such as would have curdled the blood, and have made the sense of hearing a continual inconvenience, I do not know that we should have had a right to complain.—*Cowper's Letters.*

In conversation, a wise man may be at a loss how to begin; but a fool never knows how to stop.

It is in the nature of "circumstance" to attract every little thing towards it. Nothing is too common. Keble

suggests a happy illustration, from the "History of Madame de la Rochejacqueline." Overwhelmed with grief, plundered of her property, and flying from cruel enemies, she nevertheless adds, that while following the litter of her wounded husband, her feet were *pinched by tight shoes!—Rev. R. A. Wilmott.*

In England, we too often find a supercilious and pedantic derision of all originality; all deviations from recognised standards. Long was the proud spirit of Hogarth made to writhe under the neglect and parsimony of those would-be patrons of art, who were squandering hundreds on bad copies of the old Italian masters, of which the originals did not display half the genius which might have been discovered in his despised performances. His "Strolling Actresses," the wit and humour in which are without end; where into the darkest nook the artist has put meaning; and there is instruction or sarcasm in all that he has introduced; that picture was sold for £27. 6*s*. to the wealthy Beckford, who thought the price too much, and returned it to the painter! In 1745, Hogarth sold this and eighteen others of his best pictures for little more than £22 a-piece. Such was the reward of the only artist, of whom, at that time, England had reason to be proud. Yet these pictures wanted not such advantages as competition could afford, for they were sold by auction, and the sale, we are told, was well attended.

Hogarth, despairing of other means, attempted, five years afterwards, to dispose also by auction of his celebrated series, "The Marriage-à-la-Mode." The result of the experiment is told by the purchaser, Mr. Lane: "On the

6th of June, 1750, which was to decide the fate of this capital work, when I arrived at the 'Golden Head,' expecting, as was the case formerly, to find his study full of noble and great personages, I only found Hogarth and his friend, Dr. Parsons, Secretary to the Royal Society. I had bid £110: no one arrived; and ten minutes before twelve, I told the artist I would make the pounds guineas. The clock struck, and Mrs. Hogarth wished me joy of my purchase, hoping it was an agreeable one. I said: 'Perfectly so.' Dr. Parsons was very much disturbed, and Hogarth very much disappointed, and truly with great reason. The former told me the painter had hurt himself by naming so early an hour for the sale; and Hogarth, who overheard him, said, in a marked tone and manner: 'Perhaps, it may be so.' I concurred in the same opinion, said he was poorly rewarded for his labour, and, if he chose, he might have till three o'clock to find a better bidder. Hogarth warmly accepted the offer, and Dr. Parsons proposed to make it public. I thought this unfair, and forbade it. At one o'clock, Hogarth said: 'I shall trespass no longer on your generosity: you are the proprietor; and if you are pleased with the purchase, I am abundantly so with the purchaser.' But Hogarth was not doomed to perpetual neglect. The pictures thus condemned by the discerning public of 1750, were sold, in 1797, to Mr. Angerstein, for £1381, and are now among the ornaments of our National Gallery."—*Cunningham's Lives of British Painters.*

Wilberforce had a keen perception of beauty and excellence in nature, literature, and art. The alchymy of his happy frame extracted some delight from the dullest

pamphlet, the tamest scenery, and the heaviest speech. This peculiarity is noticed by Sir James Mackintosh, with his accustomed delicacy of touch, in the following words: "Do you remember Madame de Maintenon's exclamation, 'Oh! the misery of having to amuse an old king, who is not amusable!' Now, if I were called upon to describe Wilberforce, I should say he was the most 'amusable' man I ever met with in my life. Instead of having to think what subjects will interest him, it is perfectly impossible to hit on one that does not interest him. I never saw any one who touched life at so many points; and it is the more remarkable in a man who is supposed to live absorbed in the contemplations of a future state. When he was in the House of Commons, he seemed to have the freshest mind of any man there. There was all the charm of youth about him; and he is quite as remarkable in this bright evening of his days, as when I saw him in his glory many years ago."

Who that ever joined Wilberforce in his hour of daily exercise, cannot see him now as he walked round his garden at Highwood, now in animated and even playful conversation; and then drawing from his copious pockets (to contain "Dalrymple's State Papers," was their standard measure) a Psalter, a Horace, a Shakspeare, or Cowper, and reading or reciting chosen passages, and then catching at long-stored flower-leaves, as the wind blew them from the pages; or standing by a favourite gumcistus to repair the loss. Then he would point out the harmony of the tints, the beauty of the pencilling, and the perfection of the colouring; and sum up all into those ascriptions of praise to the Almighty, which were ever welling from his grateful heart. He loved flowers, with all the simple delight of childhood. He would hover from bed to bed

over his favourites; and when he came in, even from his shortest walk, he deposited a few that he had gathered safely in his room, before he joined the breakfast-table. Often would he say, as he enjoyed their fragrance: "How good is God to us! What should we think of a friend who had furnished us with a magnificent house, and all we needed, and then coming in to see that all had been provided according to his wishes, should be hurt to find that no scents had been placed in the rooms? Yet so has God dealt with us; lovely flowers are the smiles of His goodness!"

The son of Bonaparte having been educated in Austria, became so isolated from all French association, that when one of Napoleon's old officers was on the point of returning home, after visiting the Duke de Reichstadt at Vienna, the young Prince said to him: "I know no one at Paris, but salute for me the column in the Place Vendôme."

Lord Clarendon, writing in 1646 to Lady Dalkeith, complains of the growing indifference to religion, and ends by exclaiming: "I pray God to preserve poor England from being invaded by the Turks, for sure men would give their Christianity and two years purchase for the preservation of their estates."

Let us think of the hours, days, and years of grief we have undergone after some apparently slight mistake, omission, or fault—some hasty word said, perhaps, or some kind action omitted to those who are no more—and then measure what shall be the agonies of our remorse

hereafter, when we can duly estimate the number and the greatness of all our errors through life, in respect to God, our friends, and ourselves.

The Marchioness de Lambert remarked once: "How happy it is to live with oneself, to find oneself again with pleasure, to leave oneself with regret. The world is less necessary to one."

Frederick the Great said to Lord Titchfield: "If I were three days on the throne of England, I'd make you know what it is to have a King."

"Please your Majesty," replied the young nobleman, "I do not think you would be able to keep your seat for three hours."

He that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man has need to be forgiven.—*Lord Herbert.*

Whilst earthly objects are exhausted by familiarity, the thought of God becomes to the devout man continually brighter, richer, vaster; derives fresh lustre from all that he observes of nature and providence, and attracts to itself all the glories of the universe. The devout man, especially in moments of strong religious sensibility, feels distinctly that he has found the true happiness of man. He has found a Being for his veneration and love, whose character is inexhaustible—who, after ages shall have passed, will still be uncomprehended in the extent of His perfections, and will still communicate to the pure mind stronger proofs of His excellence and more intimate signs of His approval.—*Channing,* vol. i, p. 388.

The last will of Robert North, in 1773, might make men smile, yet with a pleasing sympathy in the quaint old man's peculiarly whimsical style:

"I give unto Mrs. R—— G—— my English-walnut bureau, made large to contain clothes, but hope she will not forget that graces and virtues are a lady's most ornamental dress, which dress has this peculiarity, that it will last for ever, and improve by wearing.

"I give to Lieutenant W—— M—— my sword, and hope he will, if ever occasion shall require it, convince a rash world he has learned to obey his God as well as his general, and that he entertains too true a sense of honour ever to admit anything in the character of a good soldier which is inconsistent with the duty of a good Christian.

"And now having, I hope, made a proper disposition of my lands and money, these pearls of great price in the present esteem of men, let me take this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to the grand original Proprietor; and here I must direct my praises to that benign Being, who through all the stages of my life hath encompassed me with a profusion of favours, and who, by a wonderful and gracious Providence, hath converted my very misfortunes and disappointments into blessing.

"All my faults and follies, almost infinite as they have been, I leave behind me, with wishes, that as they have here their birth and origin, they may here be buried in everlasting oblivion.

"It will be a life worth dying for indeed, when instead of sickness, gloominess, and sorrow, the melancholy retinue of sin, and a house of clay, joy and immortal youth shall be in attendance, and for a palace, the habitation of the King of Kings."

Pope Alexander VIII. said of the Abbé de Polignac: "This young man has the art of persuading you to believe everything he pleases. Whilst he appears at first to be of your opinion, he is artfully maintaining a contrary one; but he gains his end with so much address, that he finishes always by convincing you he is right."

The great aim of a Christian woman will always be, so to make others happy that their feelings shall be attuned to the reception of better thoughts than those which relate to mere personal enjoyment—so to make others happy, as to win them over to a full perception of the loveliness of those Christian virtues which her own life and conduct consistently set forth.

We celebrate nobler obsequies to those we love, by drying the tears of others, than by shedding our own; and the fairest funeral wreath we can hang on their tomb, is not so fair as a fruit-offering of good deeds.

There is a kind of luck, we think, in the inheritance of fame, as well as of more substantial possessions. In the history of great transactions, there are always some fortunate names that come instantly to the lips of all the world, and stick close to the slightest and most popular recollections of the event; while others, at least as well entitled to that distinction, are left without honour or notoriety. But this is by no means the worst of Fortune's caprices in the distribution of historical glory. It is a case at least as common, that where some great benefit has been conferred on society by the joint efforts of many,

some, who have had but a light share of the labour, run away with all the praise; while the chief agents, by whose spirit and zeal the victory was hardly won, get little more than the blame which human infirmity has made inseparable from all human exertions, and are left to answer for whatever excesses and imperfections an ungrateful posterity may discover or imagine in their proceedings.—*Edinburgh Review.*

When Lord Chatham was advised to retaliate on the Dutch merchants for several outrageous frauds on the English, by seizing their immense property in our funds, he replied: "If Satan himself had money there, it must rest secure."

When Henry Arnaud, Bishop of Angers, was exhorted by his friends to take one day in the week for recreation from clerical business, he replied: "Yes, with all my heart, if you will point me out a day in which I am not a Bishop!"

From the "Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers," by the Rev. W. Hannon:

"My confinement (during sickness) has fixed on my heart a very strong impression of the insignificance of time—an impression which I trust will not abandon me, though I again reach the heyday of health and vigour. This should be the first step to another impression still more salutary—the magnitude of eternity. Strip human life of its connection with a higher scene of existence, and it is the illusion of an instant—an unmeaning farce—a

series of visions, and projects, and convulsive efforts, which terminate in nothing. I have been reading 'Pascal's Thoughts on Religion.' You know his history—a man of the richest endowments, and whose youth was signalised by his profound and original speculations in mathematical science, but who could stop short in the brilliant career of discovery, who could resign all the splendours of literary reputation, who could renounce without a sigh all the distinctions which are conferred upon genius, and resolve to devote every talent and every hour to the defence and illustration of the Gospel. This, my dear Sir, is superior to all Greek and to all Roman fame."

I am struck by the Spanish discovery of the mines of Potosi. An Indian, pursuing deer, to save himself from slipping over a rock, seized a bush with his hand; the violence of the wrench loosened the earth round the root, and a small piece of silver attracted his eye. He carried it home, and returned for more. A torn-up shrub discloses a silver-mine. In the waste places of our mortality, there is not a common flower which has not some precious ore at its root. We catch at the broken reed, and the treasure appears.—*Summer Time in the Country.*

When some Frenchmen complimented Voltaire on his vindication of the French character, he replied: "But, gentlemen, your conduct has thoroughly refuted me!"

M. Thiers said of Madame de Staël's writings: "They are the perfection of mediocrity."

Selfishness produces selfishness; indolence increases with every hour of indulgence; and what is left undone because it is difficult to-day, will be doubly difficult to-morrow. Happiness depends upon the prudent constitution of the habits, and it is the business of religion, not so much to extinguish our desires as to regulate and direct them to valuable well-chosen objects. There is nothing which makes a being, of a pure heart, so happy as to feel of importance to those he loves, to be able, at the close of each succeeding day, to say: "I have proved myself a good and faithful friend; I have not thought of my own gratifications, but have given myself, honestly and unreservedly, to the interests and the comfort of those whom above all on earth, I was bound to cherish." Of all projects the most impracticable for a social being, is to be the only person happy.—*Godwin.*

The curate of a London parish, who has great experience of death-bed scenes, being asked how people generally meet their end, replied: "Either they wish for it as a relief from suffering, or they are not conscious of it." Even Dr. Johnson, who dreaded death so much at a distance, seems to have feared it as little on its arrival as other people; and to many persons with right views, who have had a liberal allowance of sickness and sorrow, death becomes an object not so much of apprehension as of curiosity and interest. This state of mind is not only necessary for our comfort during health, but for our safety during sickness. An able physician once said, that in a dangerous illness, a Christian would have a better chance of recovery than an unbeliever; that religious resignation was a better soothing medicine than

poppy, and a better cordial than æther; a habitual horror of death overshadows the mind, darkening the little daylight of life. An indulgence in a morbid excess of apprehension, not only embitters a man's existence, but often shortens its duration. He hastens the advance of death by the fear with which his frame is seized at its real or imaginary approach. His trembling hand involuntarily shakes the glass in which his hours are numbered.—*Dr. Reid.*

> May coward shame distain his name,
> The wretch that dares not die!—*Burns.*

During a learned argument on the truth of Revelation, Whiston, pointing to a nettle, told Dr. Clarke it contained better evidence of the existence of Deity than all his metaphysics.

General Wolfe kept his intention of attacking Quebec a profound secret till the evening before, while dropping down the St. Lawrence, when Professor Robinson, then a midshipman in command of an adjoining boat, overheard a gentleman repeating to the General, Gray's Elegy. Wolfe's observation upon it was the first intimation his officers had that the attack would take place next day. The remark was a noble panegyric, and one as honourable to the soldier as to the poet: "I would rather," he said, "have been the author of that piece than beat the French to-morrow."

Brydone, the traveller, in his old age, heard his own adventures in Sicily read aloud by his family, and quite

unconscious that these were the scenes which his own eyes had seen and his own lively pen described, he declared, "that it was all very amusing, but he wondered if it was true!"

When Voltaire was very ill, and obliged to see many visitors, he said: "I am like Spartacus, amazed at my glory!—I am smothered, but it is with noses."

The French, in honour of Voltaire, outdid the English custom of throwing bouquets to a favourite actor, for the last time Voltaire went to the theatre at Paris, to see his own tragedy of 'Irene,' one of the actors approached and placed on his head a crown. Voltaire exclaimed in an extacy of gratified vanity: "Ah! you are resolved to kill me!" The curtain afterwards drew up, and all the actors and actresses were displayed, surrounding the bust of Voltaire, and placing by turns, amidst bursts of applause from the audience, crowns of laurel on his head. Voltaire's death took place almost immediately afterwards.

The confession of evil works is the first beginning of good works.—*St. Augustine.*

Newspapers were first invented by a French physician, who finding his visits welcome, whenever he brought any news or gossip, applied to Cardinal Richelieu for a patent to publish the Paris Gazette in 1622.

Neither social enjoyments, nor the tenderness of domestic life, could ever long repel the melancholy which brooded

over Luther's overburdened mind. It breaks out in every part of his correspondence, and tinges all his recorded conversation. "Because," he says, "my manner is sometimes gay and joyous, many think that I am always treading on roses. God knows what is in my heart. There is nothing in this life which gives me pleasure; I am tired of it. May the Lord come quickly and take me hence. Let Him come to His final judgment—I await the blow. Let Him hurl His thunders, that I may be at rest. Forty years more life! I would not purchase paradise at such a price!

"Gaiety and a light heart, in all virtue and decorum, are the best medicine for the young or rather for all. I who have passed my life in dejection and gloomy thoughts, now catch at enjoyment, come from what quarter it may, and even seek for it. Criminal pleasure, indeed, comes from Satan, but that which we find in the society of good and pious men is approved by God. Ride, hunt with your friends, amuse yourself in their company. Solitude and melancholy are poison. They are deadly to all, but above all, to the young."—*Sir. J. Stephen.*

So sacred did Charles V. hold the rights of hospitality, that once when a swallow had built her nest upon his tent, and his camp was about to be moved, the Emperor ordered the tent to remain standing till her young should have fled! There is hardly any fact in Charles's life, which does more honour to his heart.

It is related of Madame Roland, that on the night preceding her execution, she employed herself in playing

on a musical instrument; and drew forth such tones of horror, as thrilled the hearts of her fellow-prisoners.

Sorrow seems sent for our instruction, as we darken the cages of birds, when we would teach them to sing.—*Jean Paul.*

Cowley remarks, "There is the solitude of a God, and the solitude of a wild beast."

An Arab woman who had been in England for four years, was eagerly beset on her return, by a number of her former neighbours, who wished to gratify their curiosity about England. "What did you see there? Is it a fine country? Are the people rich? Are they happy?" She answered in the affirmative. Her audience were filled with envy of the English, and a gloom overspread them which shewed discontent at their own condition. They were departing with this sentiment, when the woman happened to say, "England certainly wants one thing." "What is that?" said the Arabs eagerly. "There is not a single date tree in the whole country." "Are you sure?" was the general exclamation. "Positive," said the old woman, "I looked for nothing else all the time I was there, but I looked in vain." This information produced an instantaneous change of feeling among the Arabs. It was pity, not envy, that now filled their breasts, and they went away wondering how men could live in a country where there were no date trees.—*Sir J. Malcolm's Sketches in Persia,* vol. i, p. 76.

The young to be happy, need some of the sober qualities of age; and the old to be pleasing, should retain some of the warmth belonging to youth. Age pictured in the mind, is winter decrepitude retiring in the evening to the comfortable shelter of a fireside, where, secure from the rage of elements, and weary of vain pursuits, it can be gratified with talking of sorrows overcome and pleasures remembered, with moderate regret, seeking only to wear down the last stage of life with ease, and leaving excitement or folly for those to whom by nature they belong.

It was said of the famous Colonel Chartres: "He has been guilty of every human vice—except hypocrisy."

It is the motive more than anything else that renders an action good or bad. However fair the look of an action may be, if the right motive be wanting, the action is hollow; if the motive be a bad one, the action is rotten at the core. Who cares for an outward seeming or show of friendship or affection, unless the heart be also friendly and affectionate? Who does not prize a rough outside, when it covers an honest inside, more than the most fawning fondness from a heart that is cold and false? Thus it is right to insist on the principles for their own sake; because the principles give their value to the action, not the action to the principles. The principles are the gold on which the stamp is to be put, if the gold be not good, the stamp, though it may often deceive people, gives it no real worth; and he who graves the king's image on base metal, is punished for forgery.—*Hare.*

Genius begins where rules end; when a painter is master of every rule already found out—let one more rule be added—not to be confined by any, but to think for himself.

Dr. Watts in the prospect of death said: "I bless God, I can lie down with comfort at night, unsolicitous whether I awake in this world or another."

I am much obliged to you for the voyages which I received, and begun to read last night. My imagination is so captivated upon these occasions, that I seem to partake with the navigators in all the dangers they encountered. I lose my anchor; my mainsail is rent into shreds; I kill a shark, and by signs converse with a Patagonian, and all this without moving from the fireside. The principal fruits of these circuits that have been made around the globe, seem likely to be the amusement of those that staid at home.—*Cowper's Letters.*

Health is God's gift, but what use we make of it is our choice. Bodily strength is God's gift, but of what advantage it shall be to us depends upon ourselves. Even so the higher gift of the spirit remains a gift, the value of which will be exceedingly great; will be little, will be none; will be even an increase of guilt and condemnation, according as it is applied and obeyed, or neglected and withstood.—*Bishop Tomline.*

We are never so fortunate or so unfortunate as we think ourselves.

From Goldsmith's Letter to his Brother:

"Teach, my dear Sir, to your son, thrift and economy. Let his poor wandering uncle's example be placed before his eyes. I had learned from books to be disinterested and generous, before I was taught from experience the necessity of being prudent. I had contracted the habits and notions of a philosopher, while I was exposing myself to the approaches of insidious cunning; and often by being, even with my narrow finances, charitable to excess, I forgot the rules of justice, and placed myself in the very situation of the wretch who thanked me for my bounty. When I am in the remotest part of the world, tell him this, and perhaps he may improve from my example. But I find myself again falling into my gloomy habits of thinking."—*Irving's Life of Goldsmith*, p. 67.

"You may easily imagine what difficulties I have to encounter," says Goldsmith, "without friends, recommendation, money, or impudence. Many in such circumstances, would have recourse to the friar's cord or the suicide's halter. But, with all my follies, I had principle to resist the one, and resolution to combat the other."—*Irving's Life of Goldsmith*, p. 40.

At length, we find Goldsmith launched on the great metropolis, or rather drifting about its streets, at night, in the gloomy month of February, with but a few halfpence in his pocket. The deserts of Arabia are not more

dreary and inhospitable than the streets of London at such a time, to a stranger in such a plight.

"Why," exclaims the kind-hearted Goldsmith, "why was I born a man, and yet see the sufferings of wretches I cannot relieve! Poor houseless creatures! The world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief."

Poor houseless Goldsmith! we may here ejaculate—to what shifts he must have been driven to find shelter and sustenance for himself in this first venture to London! Many years afterwards, in the days of his social elevation, he startled a polite circle at Sir Joshua Reynolds', by humorously dating an anecdote about the time he "lived among the beggars of Axe Lane."—*Memoir*.

Consider him a real friend who desires your good more than your good will. This we well know—that we ourselves are often the very worst judges of what is good or ill for us in life. Often have we seen that what we considered at the time as a sore disappointment, has proved in the issue to be a merciful providence; and that, if what we once eagerly wished for had been obtained, so far from making us happy, it would have produced our ruin.

Instances have frequently occurred of individuals, in whom the power of imagination has, at a more advanced period of life, been found susceptible of culture to a wonderful degree. In such men, what an accession is gained to their most refined pleasures! What enchantments are added to their most ordinary perceptions! The mind awakening, as if from a trance, to a new existence, becomes habituated to the most interesting aspects of life

and of nature; the intellectual eye is "purged of its film," and things the most familiar and unnoticed, disclose charms invisible before. The same objects and events which were lately beheld with indifference, occupy now all the powers and capacities of the soul; the contrast between the present and the past serving only to enhance and to endear so unlooked-for an acquisition. What Gray has so finely said of the pleasures of vicissitude, conveys but a faint image of what is experienced by the man who, after having lost in vulgar occupation and vulgar amusements, his earliest and most precious years, is thus introduced at last to a new Heaven and a new earth:

> The meanest floweret of the vale,
> The simplest note that swells the gale,
> The common sun, the air, the skies,
> To him are op'ning Paradise.
>
> *Stewart's Philosophical Essays*, p. 509.

If a straw can be made the instrument of happiness, he is a wise man who does not despise it.—*Dryden.*

I see in this world two heaps, one of human happiness and one of misery: now if I can take the smallest bit from one heap, and add to the other, I carry a point.—*Newton.*

George III. was requested by Mr. Pitt to make Paley a bishop. The King refused; and taking down the "Moral Philosophy" from a shelf, he showed Pitt the passage in which he justifies subscription to articles not fully credited, on the ground of expediency. "This,"

said the King, "is my reason for not making him a bishop."

From Mrs. Fry's Journal, p. 216.

"I am low under a sense of my own infirmities, and also, rather grieved by the poor. I endeavoured to serve them, and have given them such broth and dumplings as we should eat ourselves; I find great fault has been found with them, and one woman seen to throw them to the pigs; still persevering to do my utmost for them, and patiently bear their reproach, which may be better for me than their praises.

"Tried by my servants appearing dissatisfied by what I believe to be liberal things. I feel these things when I consider how false a view we may take of each other, and how different my feelings towards them are from being ungenerous; which I fear they think. I know no family who allows exactly the same indulgences, and few who give the same high wages, and yet I do not know of any one so often grieved by the discontents of servants as myself. I believe I had rather go without indulgences myself (if I thought it right) than curtail theirs; the lavish way in which most of their description appear to think things ought to be used, is a trial to me, and contrary to my best judgment; but a constant lesson to myself is the ingratitude and discontent which I think I see and feel in many, because I doubt not it is the same with myself. How bountifully am I dealt with, day by day; and yet if there be one little subject of sorrow or apparent discontent, do I not in my heart dwell upon that, and not by any means sufficiently upon the innumerable mercies and blessings, that surround me? Feel-

ing that I am so infirm, can I wonder at the infirmities of others?"

A parasite who thought to please Lord Bolingbroke by ridiculing his personal and political enemy the Duke of Marlborough, was stopped by that Lord, who said: "The Duke is so great a man, I forgot he had that vice."—*Wharton.*

When the Regent Duke of Orleans was intreated by the friends of Count Horn to change that culprit's punishment, so that he should be only beheaded, instead of suffering on the wheel, which would bring lasting infamy, they said, on the Count and on his whole family, the Duke remained inflexible, and replied: "Count Horn is my relation as well as your's. The infamy is not in the punishment, but in the crime."

When Vanini, the very apostle of atheism, was arrested at Toulouse, the Bible was found to be the sole book in his possession. Thus men may go forth as the emissaries of Satan with sneers on their lips, and the Bible in their pockets.—*Wordsworth's Diary in France.*

Pitt being told that the Duke of Newcastle had consigned the management of the House of Commons to Sir Thomas Robinson, a dull, harmless man, his haughty soul boiled with resentment, and he turned to Fox exclaiming: "Sir Thomas Robinson lead us! The Duke might as well send his jack-boot to lead us."—*Thackeray's Life of Chatham.*

Fox attributed his own success as a debater in Parliament to the resolution which he formed when very young, of speaking, well or ill, at least once every night. "During five whole sessions," said he, "I spoke every night but one; and I regret only that I did not speak on that night too.—*Ibid.*

Fox had so little self-command, when once under the impulse of public speaking, that he did not like to take part in a debate, when his mind was full of an important secret of state. "I must sit still," he once said to Lord Shelburne on such an occasion; "for when once I am up, everything that is in my mind comes out."—*Ibid.*

Hume has truly characterized Sir Robert Walpole, who loved power so much, that he could not endure a rival: he was, as the historian says, "moderate in exercising power, not equitable in engrossing it."

As all pleasures are enhanced by being difficult of attainment, so the luxury of doing good, and the pleasure of being generous, are best appreciated by those who can least afford such enjoyments. If you fall into difficulties, your most liberal benefactors will probably be found among your poor relations; but the rich will have little sympathy with your embarrassments, and will bestow nothing, because they feel convinced that much more will be expected of them than they are at all inclined to grant.

One of Horace Walpole's innumerable whims was an extreme dislike to be considered as a man of letters. He

wished to be a celebrated author, and yet to be a mere idle gentleman—one of those epicurean gods of the earth who do nothing at all, and who pass their existence in the contemplation of their own perfections. He spoke with lordly contempt of the most distinguished among authors; he tried to find out some way of writing books, as M. Jourdain's father sold cloth, without derogating from his character as *gentilhomme*. "He a merchant! That is pure malice: he never was one. All that he ever did was, being most obliging, and knowing in manufactures; he chose them in all quarters, had them brought to his house, and gave them to his friends for money."

There is an amusing instance of Horace Walpole's sensitiveness about publishing, when Sir Horace Mann complimented him on being so vulgar a thing as a learned gentleman; and in reply, he answers: "I know nothing. How should I? I, who have always lived in the big, busy world; who lie a-bed all the morning, calling it morning as long as you please; who sup in company; who have played at faro half my life, and now at loo, till two and three in the morning, and who have always loved pleasure; haunted auctions. How I have laughed, when some of the magazines have called me the learned gentleman! Pray, don't be like the magazines."—*Walpole's Letters.*

When James II. insisted very much on Lord ——— changing his creed, he replied:

"Please your Majesty, I am pre-engaged!"

"How!"

"When last in Egypt, I promised the Pasha if ever I changed my religion to become a Mahometan."

La Mettrie, a French Physician, whom Voltaire described as being "the most frank infidel in Europe," was appointed reader to Frederick the Great. His death was occasioned by a surfeit of truffles at the table of Lord Tyrconnel, when the Prussian monarch read a funeral oration over him before the Royal Academy, and Voltaire observed to a party of friends:

"The place of Athiest to his Majesty is now vacant."

Baron de Pöllnitz, a Prussian adventurer, who had been banished from several Courts, for his crimes, became at last Chamberlain to Frederick the Great. Having often changed his creed, he complained of great poverty to his Royal Master, who lamented he could do nothing for him, though had he been a Roman Catholic, there would have been no difficulty in giving him a rich canonry then vacant.

The Baron next morning announced to Frederick that he had made a profession of the Roman Catholic faith, and hoped now to receive the benefice.

"How unfortunate!" replied the King gravely, "I have this day disposed of the canonry, but I have still got a situation as Rabbi to fill up. Become a Jew, and I promise it to you."

When the Earl of Argyll escaped from the Castle of Edinburgh, disguised as a page, bearing up the train of Lady Sophia Lindsey, he was in so much consternation that he dropped the lady's gown when passing the sentinel, and would certainly have been discovered, had not she with admirable presence of mind, snatched her

train from the dirt, and in a pretended rage thrown it at his face, with many reproaches of "careless loun, &c.," which so besmeared him that his features could not be recognized, and he got clear off.

Marshal Turenne used to say that he liked "to dine laconically."

Adrian VI. said "a physician is very necessary to a populous country; for, were it not for the faculty, men would live so long, and grow so thick, that one could not live for the other."

When Count Röderer headed a deputation to the venerable Abbé Siéyes, requesting him once more to take his place in the Institute, a touching scene ensued. After saying how useless a member he would now be of any association, and conversing, but in a strain that bore marks of the hand of age being now upon him, he said:

"In short, I no longer know how to speak,—nor how to hold my tongue."

Fouché's hair became as white as snow, in consequence, he said, of his having "slept upon the guillotine for twenty-five years." His conversation was very animated and interesting, but it related chiefly to events in which he had been the actor, and his inordinate vanity induced him to say:

"I am not a King, but I am more illustrious than any of them,"

Napoleon, on his return from Elba, asked Fouché whether it was not very desirable to secure the services of Talleyrand, then one of the French Ambassadors at Vienna, saying:

"What do you think of sending to him a handsome snuff-box?"

Fouché, aware of the extreme absurdity of endeavouring to bribe a Minister, who was supposed to be rapacious, by a present which, as a matter of course, he had received on the conclusion of every treaty, replied: "If a snuff-box were sent to Talleyrand, I should open it to see what it contained. Let an order for two millions of francs be sent to him, and let one-half of the sum be payable on his return to France."

"I make promises like a young courtier," says Warburton: "and keep my countenance when I break them, like an old one."

When Bishop Butler was promoted to the See of Durham, he said in answer to the congratulations lavished upon him:

"If one is enabled to do a little good, and to prefer worthy men, this indeed is a valuable life, and will afford satisfaction in the close of it; but the change of station in itself will in no wise answer the trouble of it, and of getting into new forms of living. It would be a melancholy thing in the close of life, to have no reflections to

entertain oneself with, but that one had spent the revenues of the Bishopric of Durham in a sumptuous course of living, and enriched one's friends with the promotions of it; instead of having really set oneself to do good, and promote worthy men."

He died two years afterwards, but the torch of his spirit glimmered brightly and usefully to the last.

Though religion, in its ordinary mode of exhibition, commands but little respect, when it rises to the sublime, and is perceived to tincture and pervade the whole character, it seldom fails to draw forth the homage of mankind. The most hardened impiety, and daring profligacy, will find it difficult to despise the man who manifestly appears to walk with God, whose whole system of life is evidently influenced and directed by the power of the world to come. The ridicule cast on religious characters, is not always directed towards their religion, but more often perhaps to the little it performs, contrasted with the loftiness of its pretensions; a ridicule which derives its force from the very sublimity of the principles which the profession of piety assumes.—*Robert Hall.*

When it was suggested by the present learned Bishop of Lincoln, about five-and-twenty years ago, that "unless he mistook the signs of the times, the period was not far distant when the whole controversy between the English and Romish Churches would be revived, and all the points in dispute be again brought under review," there were, I apprehend, very few among his readers who did not feel inclined to doubt the accuracy of the anticipation. One inducement to Popery lies, I am sorry to say, too deep

for the reach of any argument. It is found in the altered tastes—I may almost say the altered character—of a certain class of our countrymen. In the last half century, there has grown up among us such a devotion to the gratification of the eye and ear, as is altogether inconsistent with the sound common sense which was once regarded as the peculiar characteristic of the English people. Co-extensively with this change, the religious temperament has been affected. Art and its fascinations, the scrupulous taste in architecture, the delight in coloured decorations, the sensitive appreciation of the refinements of music, have induced in only too many among us a dissatisfaction with the appointed services of our Church. Persons of this morbid delicacy of sense all long for a mode of worship, in which the understanding shall be taxed less, and the imagination addressed more—in which the sight may rest on graceful forms and emblazoned ornaments, and on ever-changing pictures—in which the words of prayer and praise, instead of ascending to the Almighty in such simple intonations as the devotion of the minister and the congregation may suggest, shall fall in measured accents on the ear, and float above them and around them in a full stream of modulated sounds. To all who are thus pining for an æsthetic religion, and whose piety cannot be touched without the help of such artificial accessories, I am afraid—I am sure, indeed—that our national form of worship never will afford a permanent spiritual home. What they require we have not to give. Our Church is a house of prayer, and not a show-room. All parts of divine service are, with us, enjoined to be done so decently and in order, as not to offend the senses; but nothing histrionic can, consistently with its spirit, be introduced to allure or delight them. The

man of idle mind and dull heart, for whom such vanities are necessary as incitements to devotion, must look for them in Popery.—*Sermons by Rev. W. Harness*, p. 17.

Among the Jesuits a priest can do no wrong. One of the most eminent, Robert de Nobili, founder of the Madura mission, became by special permission a Brahmin, conforming so adroitly to all the ceremonies and customs of Hindooism that he was never detected. He assumed all the Brahmin peculiarities of dress and of diet, even to the strings and other marks of idolatry. (These changes would be less a novelty to a Papist, of course, than to most people.) The Jesuit converts at Madura were allowed to bow to their former idols, mentally transferring their worship to the cross hid within their clothes. Father Jouvenci, the Jesuit historian, mentions that when the authenticity of a forged document was called in question, De Nobili declared upon oath that he sprang from the god Brama, and he is much praised for his perjury in so good a cause.

The Abbé Dubois confesses, that finding his Hindoo congregation wished him to preach of our Lord and his Apostles as having been of a noble military caste, he acted upon their views; and knowing that the Hindoos regarded any use of intoxicating liquors as sinful, he became cautious, when mentioning the elements of the Eucharist, to describe wine so as to suit their principles.

A gentleman, recently returned from Rome, was soon afterwards introduced to the newly-appointed incumbent

of a parish church in ——shire, which had fallen vacant during his absence. On looking at his new friend he at once recognized a Jesuit who had been of his acquaintance in Italy. The Popish impostor instantly shrunk back, and hurrying to his host, in whose house they met, made an apology that he had forgotten to perform a duty in his church, which he must hasten back to do. The gentleman from Rome went an hour or two afterwards with some friends to identify fully his old acquaintance, but the Jesuit had already packed up his effects, departed hurriedly, and has never since been heard of. Any fraud by a Jesuit on a heretic is considered meritorious.

Firmness, both in sufferance and exertion, is a character which I would wish to possess. I have always despised the *whining yelp* of complaint, and the cowardly, feeble resolve.—*Burns.*

We should not sadden the harmless mirth of others, by suffering our own melancholy to be seen; and this species of exertion is, like virtue, its own reward, for the good spirits which are at first stimulated, become at length real.—*Scott.*

"I shall," writes Sir Thomas Barnard, "add to my list, as the eighth deadly sin, that of anxiety of mind; and resolve not to be pining and miserable, when I ought to be grateful and happy."

When Galileo lost his sight, he exclaimed: "It has pleased God it should be so, and it must please me also."

"That little fellow," said Luther of a bird going to roost, "has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking

himself to sleep without a care for to-morrow's lodging, calmly holding by his little twig, and leaving God to think for him."

Madame Du Deffand died whilst in the act of playing at cards, in the midst of a circle of gay and thoughtless friends. So little concerned was the rest of the party at the solemn event which had just occurred, that they resolved, with a hardened indifference rarely to be equalled, to play out their game before they gave the alarm.—*Life's Last Hours.*

A clever and ingenious Frenchman wrote a very plausible book once to prove that no change in any man's external circumstances—barring the case of absolute indigence—can alter the individual's essential feelings of comfort and happiness for more than three months!

Dr. Abernethy used to tell his pupils that all human maladies proceed from two causes, "stuffing and fretting." His favourite advice to them was, "Never think about any vexation which you cannot help."

Coleridge falling in once with a woman, who asked if he knew "one Coleridge," replied that he had heard of such a person. She then showered every abuse within the compass of her vocabulary upon his name.

"But," he says, "I so won her heart by my manner of listening, and exclaiming, 'dear me!' that I relinquished the pleasure of creating a fine dramatic surprise by not telling her that I was the man."

When Sir Thomas Lawrence had painted the Emperor of Russia's portrait, he perceived that an alteration in the attitude would greatly improve it; therefore against the Emperor's judgment and wishes, he totally changed the action of the limbs. To his great vexation, he had to begin the improvement before an audience of the Emperor's attendants by giving his Majesty *four legs;* and though gradually obliterating the two first, still their lines remained long in most complicated confusion.

"What I expected took place," added the resolute artist: "during the whole time, the attendant generals complained; and the Emperor, though confiding in my opinion, was still dissatisfied. However, I accomplished the alteration, and the vessel righted."—*Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence,* vol. ii, p. 115.

Montesquieu, the greatest political writer that France has ever produced, and one of the greatest that has been known in any country, meditated during twenty years over his "Esprit des Lois." He then gave it to be read by the man in France whom he considered as the best informed upon such subjects, and the most capable of pronouncing a just opinion of it.. That friend, who, it seems was more candid than enlightened, objected to the work in general, and particularly to some of the greatest views contained in it.

"Then," said Montesquieu, "I see my own age is not ripe enough to understand my work; nevertheless, I will publish it."

When Charles II. was dying, his Queen being too

unwell to visit him, sent to ask his Majesty's pardon for whatever she had offended him in. "Ah, poor Kate!" he replied, "many a time have I wronged her, but she never did me any injury."

An honest stationer in Edinburgh, during the reign of James II., asked whether he might sell a book which reflected in very strong terms on Popery; and the macers of the Privy Council having asked to see it, he showed them a copy of the Bible.—*Macaulay.*

A Roman Catholic priest, who offered, for £200, to intercede with James II. on behalf of Johnson, a sufferer in the Protestant cause, having done his best to obtain a remission of the sentence, his Majesty replied: "Mr. Johnson has the spirit of a martyr, and it is fit that he should be one!" William III. said, a few years later, of one of the most acrimonious and intrepid Jacobites: "He has set his heart on being a martyr, and I have set mine on disappointing him!" These two speeches would alone suffice to explain the widely different fates of the two princes.—*Macaulay.*

When the Abbé Dupanloup told Talleyrand, during his last hour, that the Archbishop of Paris had said he would willingly die for him, the dying statesman said, with his expiring breath: "He might make a better use of his life."

After the Pope excommunicated Talleyrand, that apostate Abbé wrote to a friend, saying: "Come and comfort

me; come and sup with me. Everybody is going to refuse me fire and water; we shall therefore have nothing this evening but iced meats, and drink nothing but wine."

When Louis XVIII., at the Restoration, praised Talleyrand for his talents and influence, he disclaimed the compliment, but added, what might serve both as a hint and a threat: "There is, however, some inexplicable thing about me, that prevents any Government from prospering that attempts to set me aside."

Foote once said: "My horse will stand, faster than your's can gallop."

One of the German ladies who came over with George I., on being abused by the mob, put her head out of the coach, and cried in bad English:

"Good people, why you abuse us? We come for all your goods!"

"Yes," answered a fellow in the crowd, "and for our chattels too."

Robert de Insula, Bishop of Durham, a man of low birth, having given his mother an establishment suitable to his rank, and asking her once, when he went to see her, how she fared, she answered:

"Never worse!"

"What troubles you?" replied the Bishop; "have you not men and women enough to attend you?"

"Yes," added she, "and more than enough! I say to

one—go, and he runs; to another—come hither, fellow, and the varlet falls on his knees; and, in short, all things go on so abominably smooth, that my heart is bursting for something to spite me and pick a quarrel with."

In those days, discord and vituperation supplied that sort of excitement which others obtained from a bottle and a glass.

A massacre took place in Sicily, during the year 1782, commonly called the Sicilian Vespers, when every Frenchman was put to death. Henry IV. was afterwards talking, in a matter-of-course tone, to the Spanish Ambassador, of conquering Italy, and declared it would be so easy that he could breakfast at Milan, dine at Rome, and sup at Naples. "Yes," replied the Ambassador, politely, "and your Majesty might perhaps be in time for vespers in Sicily."

Soon after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, Catherine de Medicis, being angry at the English Ambassador for appearing to doubt what she said, asked in a tone of indignation:

"Do you not believe my word?"

To which the Ambassador energetically replied:

"No! by St. Bartholomew, Madam!"

Poinsinet, the author of some comic plays, was actually persuaded by his friends that Louis XIV., struck with his great merit, had created a place in the royal household on purpose for him, and that was the place of fire-screen, to stand between his Majesty and the chimney, but that he

must be able to support great heat, which the poor poet tried to accustom himself to every day, till his legs became covered with blisters.

Champfort said of the ancient Government of France: "It is a monarchy tempered by songs."

The celebrated mechanical genius Ramsden, had a species of invention not quite creditable, the invention of excuses. He never kept an engagement of any sort, never finished any work punctually, or ever failed to promise what he always failed to perform. George III. had bespoke an instrument, which he was particularly desirous to obtain; he had allowed Ramsdem to name his own time, but as usual, the work was scarcely begun at the period appointed for delivery. When at last it was finished, he took it down to Kew, in a post-chaise, in a prodigious hurry; and driving up to the palace-gate, he asked: "Is his Majesty at home?" The pages and attendants in waiting expressed their surprise at such a visit. He, however, pertinaciously insisted upon being admitted, assuring the page that, if he told the King that Ramsden was at the gate, his Majesty would soon show that he would glad to see him. He was right; he was let in, and was graciously received. His Majesty, after examining the instrument carefully, of which he was really a judge, expressed his satisfaction; and turning gravely to Ramsden, paid him this compliment upon his punctuality: "I have been told, Mr. Ramsden," said the King, "that you are considered to be the least punctual of any man in England; you have brought home this instru-

ment on the very *day* that was appointed. You have only mistaken the *year*."—*Edgeworth's Memoirs*, p. 191.

Lord Camden, in a splendid peroration against literary property, tells an author: "Glory is your reward, and posterity will pay it." Thus he seems to tell the public: "Take advantage of the nobleness of an author's character: urged on by the instinct of genius, and by his love for fame, by his sympathy with man and nature, he will not stop to raise a question on his rights, or waste a thought on the money-payment of his labours; therefore it will be your own fault if you don't drive a good bargain with so disinterested a customer."—*Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxxviii.

If you would make a good will, make it in good health, and with a composed, considerate, forgiving mind; but fail not to leave one clear, just, and right-minded, to prevent contention among survivors, and such as you will no be ashamed of in the presence of that God before whom you must appear as soon as that will is to be executed.

Among the papers of Chatterton, after his death, was found one, containing these memorandums:

"This essay, rejected by the 'North Briton,' on account of the Lord Mayor's death.

	£	s.	d.
Lost by his death, on this essay .	1	11	6
Gained in elegies	2	2	0
Gained in essays	3	3	0
Am glad he is dead by	3	13	6"

The Emperor Alexander, when first he began studying the Holy Scriptures, put a cross before each verse which he could not understand. These at the commencement were very numerous, "But," said the pious monarch, "on the second perusal many crosses were erased, and since then, they are diminishing continually."

Rousseau says: "I am not a little afraid that he who treats me at first sight as if I were a friend of twenty years' standing, will, at the end of twenty years, if I should be in need of assistance, treat me as a stranger."

Lord Chesterfield wandered into chapel once when Whitefield, whose dramatic powers of description were unrivalled, was preaching, and having seated himself in Lady Huntingdon's pew, he listened intensely. The preacher was comparing a benighted sinner to a blind beggar on a dangerous road. His little dog gets away from him when skirting the edge of a precipice, and the old man is left to explore the path with his iron-shod staff. On the very verge of the cliff his stick slips through his fingers, and skims away down the abyss. All unconscious, its helpless owner stoops down to regain it, and stumbling forward——

"Good God! he is gone!" shouted Chesterfield, who had been listening with breathless alarm to this description of the blind man's movements, and who jumped from his seat to prevent the catastrophe.

The joy resulting from the diffusion of blessings to all around us, is the purest and sublimest that can enter the

human mind; and can be conceived only by those who have experienced it. Next to the consolations of Divine Grace, it is the most sovereign balm to the miseries of life, both in him who is the object of it, and in him who exercises it; and it will not only soothe and tranquillise a troubled spirit, but inspire a constant flow of good-humour, content, and gaiety of heart.—*Bishop Porteus.*

Weigh not yourself in the scales of your own opinion, but let the judgment of the judicious be the standard of your merit. Still, if you desire to be well-spoken of, speak well of others, but nevertheless not so civil as to prove unjust. We have those judges—our Maker, ourselves, and our neighbour. The first, looking on the heart, adjudicates infallibly; the second, from a comparison of acts, and of motives imperfectly understood, determines inferentially; the third, observing only the outward conduct, decides hypothetically. He who knew what was in man, confined us to the use of a single clue in forming any such hypothesis — By their fruits ye shall know them. When we study any human model, it is safest to follow this clue, and this alone.—*Sir J. Stephen.*

How mistaken a man may be in his estimate of himself, has often been exemplified in many well-known instances, and in none more than Benvenuto Cellini—so passionate, that he was notorious for stabbing men on slight causes; and who writes thus, when expecting instant execution, in the Castle of St. Angelo, at Rome: "I continued part of that night in the utmost anxiety of mind, vainly endeavouring to guess for what cause it had pleased God to afflict me; and not being able to dis-

cover, I beat my breast with despair. Though I had sometimes been guilty of manslaughter, yet, as God's Vicar on earth had recalled me from my own country, and confirmed my pardon by his authority, and all that I had done was in defence of the body which His Divine Majesty had given me, I did not see how, in any sense, I could be thought to deserve death."

Hannah More, on her death-bed, said: "I pray for those I love, and for those I pity, and do not love!"

Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, when a certain Bill was brought into the House of Lords, said, among other things: "I prophesied last winter this Bill would be attempted in the present Session, and I am sorry to find myself a true prophet." Lord Coningsby, who spoke after the Bishop, and always spoke in a passion, said: "Let the House remark, that the Right Rev. Prelate has set himself forth as a prophet; but, for my part, I do not know what prophet to liken him to, unless to that furious prophet, Balaam, who was reproved by his own ass." The Bishop, in reply, with great wit and calmness, exposed this rude attack, concluding thus: "Since the Noble Lord has discovered in our manners such a similitude, I am well content to be compared to the Prophet Balaam; but, my Lords, I am unable to make out the other part of the parallel. I am sure that I have been reproved by nobody but his Lordship."

Pope, in his old age, said: "As much company as I have kept, and as much as I love it, I love reading

better. I would rather be employed in reading, than in the most agreeable conversation."

Ariosto tells a pretty story of a fairy, who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear, at certain seasons, in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her guise, were ever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed; but to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love, and victorious in war. What a useful moral might be drawn from this little fable, in favour of showing kindness and civility to the most degraded and unhappy!

Bishop Williams, Keeper of the Great Seal, in a sermon on the death of James I., whom he calls "Great Britain's Solomon," says: "His Majesty was in hand with a translation of the Psalms, when God called him to sing psalms with the angels."

A banker, anxious about the rise or fall of stocks, came once to Talleyrand for information respecting the truth of a rumour, that George III. had suddenly died, when the statesman replied, in a confidential tone: "I shall be delighted, if the information I have to give be of any use to you." The banker was enchanted at the prospect of obtaining authentic intelligence from so high

a source; and Talleyrand, with a mysterious air, continued: "Some say the King of England is dead; others, that he is not dead: for my own part, I believe neither the one nor the other. I tell you this in confidence, but do not commit me."

During Talleyrand's administration, when the seals of private letters were not very safe, the Spanish Ambassador complained, with an expressive look, to that Minister, that one of his despatches had been opened. "Oh!" returned the statesman, after listening with profound attention, "I shall wager I can guess how the thing happened. I am convinced your despatch was opened by some one who desired to know what was inside."

So complete and unexpected was the surprise of the French army at the Passage of the Douro, that Wellington, at four o'clock, quietly sat down to the dinner and table-service which had been prepared for Marshal Soult. —*Alison.*

No king ever loved peace more than Henry VII. of England, who prefaced all his treaties with the words: "When Christ came into the world, peace was sung; and when He went out of the world, peace was bequeathed."

Charles Fox once said: "I wonder whether any one ever was so wise as Thurlow looks?"

Antony Beke, Bishop of Durham, who piqued himself on his lavish expenditure, hearing some one say, "This

cloth is so dear, that even Bishop Antony would not venture to pay for it," immediately ordered it to be bought, and cut up into horse-cloths.

Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham, having lost his wife, to whom he was greatly attached, often took the key of Stene Chapel, in which she was buried, and there retired, to muse over her grave, and contemplate the period when he should be interred beside her. The sculptor, in that vile taste which seems to have originated in an unhappy design of making everything connected with the grave revolting to our feelings, had ornamented the tomb with a very ghastly, grinning alabaster skull; and the Bishop, one day, expressed a wish to his domestic chaplain, Dr. Grey, that it had not been placed there. Grey, upon this, sent to Banbury for a sculptor, and consulted with him whether it was not possible to convert it into a soothing, instead of a painful object. After some consideration, the artist declared that the only thing into which he could possibly convert it was a bunch of grapes; and accordingly, at this day, a bunch of grapes may be seen upon this monument.

When a very shabby-looking candidate for knighthood knelt before King James VI., with a very evident sense of his own unworthiness, his Majesty jestingly exclaimed: "Look up, man: I have more reason to be ashamed than you."

During the riot which took place among the mob at Paris, while Louis XVI. was led a prisoner through the

streets, one only cry was raised: "Death to any man who uncovers his head to the King!" M. de Guilhermi, hearing this threat, threw his hat among the crowd, saying: "Let who will denounce me!"

The Duke of Hamilton, at his execution, said of Charles I.: "I have had the honour, since my childhood, to attend and be near him, till now of late; and during all that time, I observed in him as many virtues, and as little vice, as in any man I ever knew."

During the French Revolution of 1830, the generous forbearance of the Royal troops was sometimes most magnanimously testified. A shopkeeper, near the Boulevard, came from his house, and, taking deliberate aim, fired on one of the mounted officers who was at the head of the party; he missed him, and ran off; but as soon as he had loaded his gun, returned, and again fired, and again missed; upon which the officer rode up to him, and, instead of cutting him down, as might be expected, he said to him, quietly: "Now, my friend, you have shown that you are but a bad marksman; had you not better stick to your shop?"

A man without decision can never be said to belong to himself, since if he dared to assert that he did, the puny force of some cause about as powerful, you would have supposed, as a spider, may make a captive of the hapless boaster the very next moment, and triumphantly exhibit the futility of the determination by which he was to have proved the independence of his understanding and

his will. He belongs to whatever can seize him, and innumerable things do actually verify their claim on him and arrest him as he tries to go along—as twigs and chips floating near the edge of a river are intercepted by every weed, and whirled in every little eddy.—*Foster.*

Let the Christian minister resolve to live and die in advancing *God's plan of spiritual perfection.* Let him not permit himself to be distracted by little interests, inconveniences, engagements, but secure such outward accommodations as favour health, and think no more of circumstances; thus will he avoid frittering away his strength in petty details and keep his soul whole for great objects. Let him abstain from living in his own past deeds, and waste no energy of thought or will, in self-complacent recollections, or idle regrets, but use success, praise, reputation, position, as a ground of nobler efforts and larger hopes, as an incentive and encouragement to wider usefulness. Let him be wise in labour, so as not to exhaust the elastic force of mind and thought, and be habitually calm, so as to maintain that clearness of purpose on which enduring strength of will depends. Let him put all his powers in tune, and make his whole life harmonious by inward unity. Above all, let him constantly look up to God as the all-communicating Father, from whom pour down into the faithful soul unfailing streams of spiritual life.—*Channing,* vol. ii, p. 21.

Detraction is the natural infirmity of little minds, envy is excited by the contemplation of talents superior

to their own, or of virtues which they will not take the pains to imitate: but those who feel mortified by a consciousness of inferiority of talent should reflect, that none can aspire to a greater honour than the approbation of Him who disperses His gifts in such proportion as He sees meet, and requires nothing but a due application of what he has bestowed, whether it be more or less. Perhaps nothing is more destructive to the peace, and even the comfortable existence of society, than detraction. Hence, in the sacred writings "whisperers and backbiters" are classed among "makers of iniquity," and as their mischief is so insidious, they should be as carefully avoided as persons more openly wicked.—*Life of William Allen*, p. 154.

The flag of the 'Victory' was to have been buried with Nelson, but the sailors, when it was lowering into the grave, tore it in pieces to keep as relics. The Romish veneration of relics is but an exaggeration of man's natural impulse to hoard them.

Mirabeau's younger brother said of himself: "In any other family, I should have been reckoned a scoundrel; but a clever fellow—in my own, I pass for an honest man and a dunce.

Man has a secret instinct that leads him to seek diversion and employment from without; which springs from the sense of his continual misery. And he has another secret instinct, remaining from the greatness of his original nature, which teaches him that happiness can only exist in repose. And from these two contrary

instincts there arises in him an obscure propensity, concealed in his soul, which prompts him to seek repose through agitation, and even to fancy that the contentment he does not enjoy will be found, if by struggling yet a little longer he can open a door to rest.—*Pascal.*

Louis XIV. is described by Locke as being exceedingly punctual in his devotional exercises: "At the King's levee, which I saw this morning, there is nothing so remarkable as his great devotion, which is very exemplary; for as soon as ever he is dressed, he goes to his bed-side, where he kneels down to his prayers, several priests kneeling by him, in which posture he continues for a pretty while, not being disturbed by the noise and buzz of the rest of the chamber, which is full of people standing and talking one to another."

Truth will be uppermost at last, like cork, though kept down some time in the water.—*Sir William Temple.*

Queen Adelaide's last directions for her funeral:

"I die in all humility, knowing well that we are all alike before the throne of God, and I request, therefore, that my mortal remains be conveyed to the grave without any pomp or state. They are to be moved to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where I request to have as quiet a funeral as possible.

"I particularly desire not to be laid out in state, and the funeral to take place by daylight—no procession, the coffin to be carried by sailors to the chapel.

"All those of my friends and relations, to a limited number, who may wish to attend, may do so.

"I die in peace, and wish to be carried to the tomb in peace and free from the vanities and pomp of this world.

"I request not to be dissected, nor embalmed; and desire to give as little trouble as possible.

(*Signed*) "ADELAIDE."

The following pious avowal of true faith and hope was appended to the memorandum respecting her interment, and left by Queen Adelaide in her will: "I shall die in peace with all the world, full of gratitude for all the kindness that was ever shown to me, and in full reliance on the mercy of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, into whose hands I commit my soul."

Dr. Chalmers said to the Bishop of London: I have derived greater aid from the views and reasonings of Bishop Butler, than I have been able to find in the whole of our existent authorship." On another occasion, he added: "If all that has been received for the bishopric of Durham since the foundation of the See, were set down as payment for Butler's 'Analogy,' I should esteem it a cheap purchase."—*Dean Ramsay's Essay on Chalmers.*

Fontenelle was entirely without any sentiment of religion; and altogether indifferent to posthumous glory or disgrace. If he had a paper in his bureau, the disclosure of which would make his name infamous and detestable for ever, he said he would not take the trouble to destroy it, if he could be quite sure that it would never appear in his life-time. A character of such re-

volting selfishness, could never have been tolerated in England, by whatever graces it might have been palliated—but in France, where amusement was everything, his wit and vivacity made him an universal favourite. On one occasion, when a friend of his, in recounting some melancholy occurrence, involuntarily shed some tears, he inquired with affected alarm, what was the matter with him—and upon being told that his feelings overpowered him, replied: "Your feelings!—it is now about fourscore years since I bade adieu to feeling—and to pastoral poetry." In one of the last years of his life, when talking to a beautiful young woman, he exclaimed: "Ah, Madam, if I were but fourscore again!" On another occasion, when a contemporary of his, an old lady of a hundred and three, came to see him, and observed that Providence seemed to have forgotten him and her upon earth, he put his finger on his lips, with an air of affected alarm, and said: "Hush! do not put them in mind."

When he was just dying, some one having asked him if he felt any pain, he answered: "No! none but that of existing!—Je sens une grande difficulté d'être!"

When the Indians concluded their settlement with William Penn, they pledged themselves, in long and stately harangues, to return his promised friendship by living in love with Penn and his children, "as long as the sun and the moon should endure." Voltaire remarked of this famous treaty, with much truth and severity, that it was the only one ever concluded between savages and Christians that was not ratified by an oath—and the only one that never was broken.

Books are the legacies that genius leaves to mankind, to be delivered down from generation to generation, as presents to the posterity of those who are yet unborn.—*Addison.*

Virtue and talents, though allowed their due consideration, yet are not enough to procure a man a welcome wherever he comes. Nobody contents himself with rough diamonds, or wears them so. When polished and set, then they give a lustre.—*Locke.*

Petrarch exclaimed, in the last days of his life: "In my youth I despised all the world except myself; in my manhood I despised myself; now I despise both the world and myself, and I fear those whom I love!"

An American traveller, recently returned from a tour on the Continent, being asked what he thought of Rome: "A very fine city," was his answer, "only it must be confessed that the public buildings are very much out of repair!"

The effect of a deep-seated grief on the mind renders it morbidly susceptible to every little painful impression, "putting," as an old writer says, "a sting in every fly which buzzes about us."

An Englishman once visited Voltaire at Ferney, on his way to Rome, when Voltaire jestingly entreated him, at

any risk, to bring him back the ears of the Grand Inquisitor. On his arrival at Rome, the Englishman mentioned this commission in many different circles, and it was at last reported to Ganganelli, when his Holiness said: "I beg you will inform M. de Voltaire that, for a long while past, the Inquisition has had neither eyes nor ears."—*Baron de Grimm.*

Goldsmith said of Johnson, that if he had to write a fable about minnows, he would make them talk like whales.

On no point was Dr. Chalmers's view of pauperism more decided than on the discouragement of relief to common vagrants and beggars. He drew an ingenious and novel argument against promiscuous charity from the example of our Lord, as recorded in the four Gospels. He healed all diseases and sickness in those who came to Him; but only on two occasions did He supply by miracle the multitudes with food. These were occasions of urgency; and when He found that they came to Him idly, and on account of food, He firmly withheld it.—*Dean Ramsay.*

Charles II., after taking two or three turns, as was his custom, in St. James's Park, attended only by the Duke of Leeds and Lord Cromarty, walked up Constitution Hill, and from thence into Hyde Park. As he was crossing the road, the Duke of York's coach arrived there. The Duke had been hunting that morning on Hounslow Heath, and was returning, escorted by a party of the

Guards, who, as soon as they saw the King, suddenly halted. The Duke immediately alighted, and after saluting the King, said he was greatly surprised to find his Majesty in that place with so small an attendance, and that he thought his Majesty exposed himself to some danger. "No kind of danger, James," replied the King, "I am sure no man in England will take away my life to make you King!"

Imagination is not thought, neither is fancy reflection:
Thought paceth like a hoary sage, but imagination hath wings as an eagle;
Reflection sternly considereth, nor is sparing to condemn evil,
But fancy lightly laugheth in the sun-clad gardens of amusement.

* * * * * * *

Steer the bark of thy mind from the syren isle of reverie.

Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.

Swift says: "When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this mark—that the dunces are all in a confederacy against him."

Lord Erskine mentions a fine instance of native eloquence in an Indian ruler of the desert, when he first observed the encroachments made by the restless foot of English adventure, and exclaimed: "Who is it that causes this rain to rise in the high mountains, and to empty itself into the ocean? Who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter, and that calms them again in the summer? Who is it that rears up the shade of those lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning

at his pleasure? The same Being who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters, and gave ours to us, and by this title we will defend it," said the warrior, throwing down his tomahawk upon the ground, and raising the war-cry of his nation.

From "Arlington:"

I have seen many kinds of exclusive society, and I am not very much the admirer of ours. I happened to be in ——shire lately. There they are exceedingly exclusive. They exclude almost every person, and certainly every topic that does not belong to that county. Everybody talks, thinks, and looks ——shire. All are provokingly intimate with each other, and as provokingly unacquainted with everybody else. You are made to feel, as long as you are among them, that to know the world in general passes for nothing; but you must know every man, woman or child, house, road, horse and dog, in ——shire, if you would be thought to know anything, and wish to understand what they are talking about. All their jokes are local. You hear a mightily flat story, about some person or other, that every one round you is ready to die of—and you stare about you and try, by way of sociability, to get up a laugh, and then you are told with a compassionate air, "Ah! if you did but know the person! The story is nothing without having seen him." And then what an inferior being you seem, the man who never saw Smith of Smithy Hall!

I have seen people of a very different kind, people of family and rank, and of the world, who, in their way, were very snugly and amiably exclusive. I was once on a visit to the Caldecots at their country place—that

warren overrun with cousinship—the head-quarters of a family clique. It ought to have been charming to see a large party so united—impossible to disapprove—but equally impossible to like it. They were very merry together—but what intolerable wits to a stranger! They had among them a large stock of traditional jokes, known only to themselves, and the least possible allusion to any of these set a whole row tittering in an instant. One felt that the world was divided by them into two classes —those who were related to them, and those who were not—and that they a little despised you for being of the latter. Then they had family names for things and persons, which they stared at you if you did not know. It was really difficult to learn! Everybody was alluded to by a nickname.

I call society exclusive that is intended solely for the amusement of an initiated few. It matters not who those few may be, whether country neighbours, or a class of cousins, or agriculturists, with their talk on short-horned cattle, and mangel-wurzel; or yachters, or turf-men, or those sporting pedants, who, morning or evening, live in scandal, and obtrude upon the drawing-room their reminiscences of the field, all these and others too I call, in their several ways, exclusives; and I think that this exclusiveness injures society rather than improves it. It is a selfish system, and a narrow-minded one; and it has one crime which many will think worse than all—it tends to make society dull.

When the French Directory desired Pope Pius VI., about the time of his death, to be stripped of his pontifical habit, and transported to Dijon, he desired to be carried

in full canonicals, before the Commissioners, and said: "I am ready to follow you, I have forgotten that I was one of the monarchs of the earth; but the ministry to which Providence has called me, ought not to finish but when I shall have rendered up my account to my eternal Judge."—*Life of Pius VI.*

A man of family and estate ought to consider himself as having the charge of a district, over which he is to diffuse civilization and happiness, and to give an example of good order, virtue, and piety.—*Johnson.*

Lord Peterborough said, after a visit to Fénélon, "He was cast in a particular mould, that was never used for anybody else. He is a delicious creature. But I was forced to get away from him as fast as I possibly could; else he would have made me pious!"

Dr. Johnson's ascendancy over Boswell, being a source of irritation to Mrs. Boswell, his wife, she one day said: "I have known bears led by men, but this is the first time I ever heard of a man being led by a bear!"

In the Memoirs of the Queen of Etruria, she expresses herself much distressed on her arrival at Florence in 1801, to find the palace ill-furnished, and pathetically exclaims: "This was the first time that a daughter of the King of Spain, accustomed to be served on gold or silver, saw herself obliged to eat off porcelain."—*Memoirs*, p. 340.

Matthew Paris relates, that a certain idle monk of Winchester having complained to Henry II. that three dishes had been taken from the allowance for dinner at his monastery, and that only ten were left, the King replied: "It were well if ten had been taken, and three left!"

The King of Spain went annually to visit M. Bouret, a wealthy farmer-general. His Majesty observed a book superbly bound in two great folios, and titled on the back, "Le vrai Bonheur." Inside there was written on every successive page, these words, and no more, "Le Roi est venu chez Bouret."

A soldier once declared that his plan for being courageous was, upon the first fire to consider himself a dead man; and to fight out the remainder of the day, as regardless of danger as a dead man should be. All the limbs which he carried out of the field he regarded as so much gained, or as so much saved out of the fire.

Talleyrand said, as his reason for not being able to endure America: "It is a country where a man would sell his favourite dog."

The Crown Prince of Prussia said once to his father's chancellor "Can you divine, Hardenberg, what is the first thing I shall do when I become king?"

"I am confident," replied the Premier, "it will be something equally honourable to your Royal Highness and beneficial to the public."

"Right for once, Chancellor," answered the Prince. "It will be to imprison you at Spandau."

Some time ago a printer's boy was carrying on his head a heavy packet addressed to Lieutenant Stratford, R.N., Somerset House. "You young rascal!" exclaimed a tall thief, who, after having read the inscription cunningly, ran up to him: "Lieutenant Stratford has been waiting for the last two hours for this parcel! Give it me!" The little imp, conscience-stricken and crest-fallen at the recollection that he had twice stopped on his road to play at marbles, delivered up his packet to the *conveyancer*; who, on opening it in his den, must have been grievously disappointed to find that it contained nothing but some proof sheets of "The Nautical Almanack."

A French gentleman said to Monsieur Colbert, "You found the state-carriage overturned on one side, and you have overturned it on the other." There is always some danger in destroying institutions by unskilful or violent changes. A conflagration may be extinguished without a deluge. It is not only hard to distinguish between too little and too much, but between the good and evil intentions of the different reformers. One man calls out "Fire!" that he may save the house, another, that he may run away with the furniture.—*Sharp's Essays.*

When Cambacères was one day in council with Napoleon, he was observed, the hour being very late, to show great symptoms of restless impatience. He at last

wrote a note, which he privately passed to a gentleman-usher in waiting to carry. Napoleon, suspecting treason, nodded to an A.D.C. to intercept the despatch. As he took it into his hands, Cambacères begged earnestly that he would not read a trifling note on familiar matters. Napoleon, however, as was his manner, persisted, and found it to be a note to the cook, containing only the following words: *Gardez les entremets, les rotis sont perdus!*

When some one said to Horne Tooke, "The law is open to every one," he replied, "So is the London Tavern."

Sir Alan Gardiner, who was a candidate for Westminster, objected to Mr. Fox, that "he was always against the minister, whether right or wrong, when Horne Tooke started up and said: "It is at least an equal objection to Sir Alan, that he is always with the minister, whether right or wrong."

Holcroft, the author of the "Road to Ruin," dining once at Horne Tooke's villa, and being of a most violent and fiery spirit, became so enraged by some raillery of his host's, that he indignantly started from his chair, saying:

"Mr. Tooke, you are a scoundrel!" The other, without manifesting the least emotion replied:

"Mr. Holcroft, when was it that I agreed to dine with you? shall it be next Thursday?"

"Yes!" replied the angry philosopher, sitting down again. "If you please, Mr. Tooke."

Horne Tooke desired that the epitaph on his tombstone should consist of but three words, "Grateful and Contented."

The friendship of some people is like our shadow—keeping close while we walk in the sunshine, but deserting us the moment we enter the shade.

A man's life is an appendix to his heart.—*South.*

The lord advocate of Scotland in 1678, Sir George Mackenzie's dedication of his memoirs to the Duke of Landerdale. "You are yourself the greatest statesman in Europe who is a scholar, and the greatest scholar who is a statesman. You are the man who spends one half of the day in studying what is just, and the other half in practising what is so !"

A wise man should have money in his head, but not in his heart.—*Swift.*

Buy what you have no need of, and before long you will sell what you cannot do well without. A good rule is never to take out of a shop what you did not go on purpose to procure, as it is easy to return for it next day, if, after deliberate consideration, you do decide that it is necessary; and then, in such a case, you return on purpose, without having infringed the cautious rule of previous consideration.

What a poor reasoner must he be, who knows that he can lift up his finger with a wish, and yet disbelieves anything because it exceeds his comprehension. Does he say that there are difficulties—what Sir Thomas Brown

calls "sturdy doubts and boisterous objections, wherewith the unhappiness of our knowledge too nearly acquainteth us?" We will reply to him, in the language of the same writer, that these "are not to be conquered in a martial posture, but on his knees."

"The way to prop up religion," says Jeremy Taylor, "is by doing our duty; and theology is rather a divine life than a divine knowledge. In heaven, indeed, we shall first see, and then love, but here on earth, we must first love; and love will open our eyes, as well as our hearts, and we shall then see, and perceive, and understand."

"The secret of the Lord is among them that fear Him; and He will show them His covenant."

In the beautiful character of the blessed Jesus there was not a more striking feature than a certain sensibility, which disposed Him to take part in every one's affliction to which He was a witness, and to be ready to afford it a miraculous relief. He was apt to be particularly touched by instances of domestic distress, in which the suffering arises from those feelings of friendship, growing out of natural affection and habitual endearment, which constitute the perfection of man as a social creature, and distinguish the society of the humankind from the instinctive herdings of the lower animals.—*Bishop Horsley.*

Adversity! how blunt are all the arrows of thy quiver in comparison with those of guilt.—*Blair.*

In this house, consecrated to the honour of Christ, in the presence of His people, I now renew the dedication of myself to God, of my whole being, life, thought, powers, faculties, affections, influence, of all He has given and upholds. Let these lips speak His praise, this heart glow with His love, this strength be spent in doing His will! May I serve Him better than I have done, with purer aims, with simpler purposes, with a soul more penetrated by His perfection, and with success worthy of His cause. I know my infirmity; I cannot forget the lifeless services which have too frequently been offered by me. But I would hope that the recent ordinations of His providence; that the lessons of dependance which have been learned in sickness and affliction, and that His preserving and restoring goodness will produce some better fruit than transient sensibility, will issue in a profound, tender sense of obligation, and in a firm purpose of duty. We know that one great end of the mixture of evil and good in our present lot is, to draw us to God, to break our spiritual slumber, to soften our obduracy, and to change, through the blended influences of penitence and thankfulness, of sorrow and joy, our faint convictions, into powerful principles. My friends, join with me in prayer to God, that to all His other gifts He will add the highest gift of His holy spirit —so that strengthened to resist the selfish propensities which enslave the bad, and make good men groan, I may show forth in my whole life a fervent spirit, and thus communicate awakening to others.—*Life of Channing*. vol. ii, p. 2.

A nephew of the great Xavier, a Jesuit, went to Agra, where the Emperor asked him for an account of the

Christian religion: but, by attempting "a pious fraud," he lost this precious opportunity. The Priest, forgetting that honesty is the best policy, outwitted himself, and instead of giving an account of that system from the Bible, vamped up an account written after the extravagant legendary style of the Persian authors. He thought this would ingratiate him with the Emperor, but that monarch was a sagacious man. He read the deceitful book, and returned it, saying: "If this be Christianity, I may as well remain what I am, for we have enough of fables already."

A Professor at Leyden asked Goldsmith whether the Edinburgh professors were rich:

"Their salaries seldom exceed £30," replied Goldsmith. "All the rest depends on the number of scholars they can attract to pay them fees."

"Poor men," replied the German doctor, "I heartily wish they were better provided for: while their salaries remain at this rate, they will continue to draw all the English to their lectures."

When Pitt recommended Sir Nathaniel Wraxall to George Selwyn for a vacant seat in Parliament, he most unwillingly consented to get him elected, but took his revenge by affecting never to be able to pronounce his name, and went about inquiring:

"Who is this rascal that Pitt has nominated?"

Dr. Johnson says of a Whig friend: "I honour him, and he endures me."

The Emperor Alexander, who had an enlightened consciousness of the evils attending a despotic government, said to Madame de Staël, when she was expatiating on the prosperity of Russia under his rule:

"Madam! I am but a happy accident."

No Minister ever excelled Lord North in good-humour; and when Fox in the House of Commons once contemptuously alluded to him as "that thing termed a Minister," he replied:

"The honourable gentleman calls me *a thing*, and (patting his ample figure), an unshapely thing I am; but when he adds '*that thing termed a Minister*,' he calls me that which he himself is most anxious to become, and therefore I take it as a compliment."

When Lord North resigned his administration, the announcement caused an instant adjournment of Parliament; and when the Members crowded to the door of the House, it rained in torrents. Not a carriage was to be seen, except Lord North's, who laughed good-humouredly as he passed through the mob of legislators, saying:

"You see, gentlemen, what an advantage it is to have been in the secret."

On the Emperor of Russia's refusing to follow Jeremy Bentham's advice implicitly, the despotic philosopher indignantly returned the portrait and ring which had accompanied the imperial application for a code.

When it was mentioned once that Mrs. Clarke had confessed to the Duke of York all her faults, some one exclaimed:

"What candour!"

"And," added George IV., "what a memory!"

When Sheridan's finances were at the lowest ebb, and his credit had long vanished, he was met in Pall Mall by a friend with a new pair of boots on.

"Who has been the sufferer?" was the natural question.

"No one."

Sheridan's friend conjectured many of the ingenious expedients for mystifying tradesmen in vogue among men about town, till at last, the wit interrupted him, saying:

"It is of no use! You may guess till you are dumb, and you will not hit upon the way in which I obtained these boots."

"Then I give it up."

"Well! to solve the puzzle, I paid for them!"

A Chapter from "Horrebow's Natural History of Iceland," Concerning owls:

"There are no owls in this island."

When there was a mutiny in the Russian army, on account of their terror for the cholera and belief that their food was poisoned, the Emperor Nicholas went in person to quell it. At the moment he appeared among his soldier-peasants, the bleeding heads of their officers

were rolling down the steps of the barracks. No artillery or dragoons attended on the Emperor, but he arrived in his travelling calêche, accompanied only by Count Orloff. Standing forth to the mutineers, their Sovereign thus addressed them:

"Soldiers! you have committed the deepest crimes—instant submission and acknowledgment of your guilt can alone save you."

The muskets dropped from the arms of the rebels, and they fell prostrate before him.

"Now," added the Emperor, "that you are again my subjects, I forgive you, but on one condition only, that you at once name the men who misled you."

The ringleaders were then exiled to Siberia, and this fearful insurrection passed away.

During the rebellion in 1745, a stout Whig, and a very worthy man in Edinburgh, by occupation a writing-master, enlisted into the Volunteers, and being summoned on duty, ensconced himself beneath a professional cuirass, consisting of two quires of long foolscap writing-paper, and doubtful that even this defence might be unable to protect his valiant heart from the claymores, amongst which its impulses might carry him, had written on the outside in his best flourish, "This is the body of J—— M——! Pray give it a Christian burial."

As a natural resemblance may be traced between relatives, in respect to their features, their voice, and even their hand-writing, as also there is generally a strong resemblance in their characters and feelings. This forms an instinctive congeniality of mind, which makes a friend-

ship more easily begun, and more apt to be permanent, among relatives, than among those who have no such common origin. The most enthusiastic friendships, begun at school, and carried on for years, often unaccountably degenerate into indifference and forgetfulness, if a long period elapse without meeting or hearing from each other; but relations, even when long absent, are often discussed in the fireside circle. All they do is reported among their connexions, who feel in some degree answerable for them; and, after the longest interval, the return of an almost-forgotten relative is an event of interest among all his connexions; while the mutual kindness of former times is more easily revived, considering the many persons and subjects of common interest in which all parties are united in feeling a concern. Relations should cultivate each other's attachment as the friends appointed them by God Himself.

Bishop Pearce was a learned English prelate, who died in 1774, at the advanced age of eighty-four. In 1773, by too much diligence in his office, he had exhausted his strength beyond recovery. Having confirmed, at Greenwich, seven hundred persons, he found himself the next day unable to speak, and never regained his former readiness of utterance. This happened on the 1st of October, and from that time he remained in a languishing state; his paralytic complaint increased, and at length his power of swallowing was almost lost. Being asked by one of his family, who constantly attended him, how he could live with so little nourishment, he replied: "I live upon the recollection of an innocent and well-spent life, which is my only sustenance."

Oh! the unspeakable littleness of a soul, which, intrusted with Christianity, speaking in God's name to immortal beings, with infinite excitements to the most enlarged, fervent love, sinks down into narrow self-regard, and is chiefly solicitous of its own honour.—*Channing.*

Soon after Louis XIV. appointed Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, he inquired how the citizens liked their new Bishop, to which they answered, doubtfully: "Pretty well."

"But," asked his Majesty, "what fault do you find with him?"

"To say the truth," they replied, "we should have preferred a Bishop who had finished his education; for, whenever we wait upon him, we are told that he is at his studies."

Among the addresses presented upon the accession of James I., the ancient town of Shrewsbury sent one, expressing a hope that his Majesty might reign "as long as the sun, moon, and stars endured."

"Then," replied the King to the deputation which presented it, "if I do, my son must reign by candle-light."

When the dungeons of the Inquisition at Rome were searched, there were found, in some of the darkest and most hopeless-looking cells, very beautiful inscriptions. In one, the unhappy prisoner had reached as high up towards the little crevice of a window as he could, and inscribed: "Oh, God! no walls can shut me out from Thy Church!"

Christians we meet with. There is a vulgar proverb, that he who goes to Rome for the first time, looks out for a knave; the second time, he finds him; and the third, he brings him away with him. But people are now become so clever, that they make these three journeys in one.

Luther relates, that Cæsar Borgia, having fled from Rome, was taken in Spain. As they were going to try him, he asked for a confessor to visit him in prison. A monk was sent to him, whom he slew, put on his hood, and escaped.

"Had I not lived with Mirabeau," says Dumont, "I never should have known all that can be done in one day. A day to him was of more value than a week, or a month to others. *To-morrow* was not the same impostor to him as to other men. Being told that something was 'impossible,' Mirabeau exclaimed: 'Impossible! never again use that foolish word in my presence.'"

Inscription on the tomb of Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Jesuits:

"Whoever thou mayest be who hast pourtrayed to thine own imagination Pompey, or Cæsar, or Alexander, open thine eyes to the truth, and let this marble teach thee how much greater a conqueror than they, was Ignatius."

The well-known idiot at Stirling who could repeat by heart every word of the Bible, being examined once by

Bishop Russell, remembered instantly every text as soon as it was asked for. Being desired at length to give a list of all the verses in Scripture inculcating the forgiveness of enemies, the spectators were amazed at the long catalogue he enumerated. Bishop Russell at length interrupted him, saying:

"And if any man ill-treated you, what would you do to him?"

"Do!" said the idiot fiercely; "why! give him as good as I got, of course!"

It is to be feared that many *soi-disant* Christians, read their Bibles with quite as little practical effect as the poor idiot of Stirling.

"Permit me, Sire," said Le Tellier, the Archbishop of Rheims, to Louis XIV., "to present to your Majesty Don Mabillon, the most learned man in your Majesty's dominions."

"Sire," rejoined Bossuet, who stood by, "the Archbishop might also have said, the most humble man in France."

It is told of Boerhaave, that whenever he saw a criminal led out to execution, he would say: "May not this man be better than I? if otherwise, the praise is due, not to me, but to the grace of God."

An officer who was mortally wounded at Trafalgar, said to a friend, on becoming aware of his approaching end: "You know that my poor mother depends solely on me! Take notice how many ships have struck before I die, and mind that she shares for them."

A nobleman dining once at Bishop Stillingfleet's, observed to him that his chaplain, Bentley, was certainly a man of extraordinary mental powers. "Yes," replied Stillingfleet; "had he but the gift of humility, he would be the most extraordinary man in Europe."

Birds, insects, plants, and fishes, are variously regarded, according to the temper of the observer, in a culinary, a scientific, a picturesque, or a poetical point of view. To Francis of Assisi they were friends, kinsmen, and even congregations. Doves were his especial favourites. He gathered them into his convents, laid them in his bosom, taught them to eat out of his hand, and pleased himself with talking of them as so many chaste and beautiful brethren of the order. In the lark which sprung up before his feet he saw a Minorite sister, clad in the Franciscan colour; who like a true Franciscan, despised the earth, and soared towards Heaven with thanksgivings for her simple diet. When a nest of those birds fought for the food he brought them, he not only rebuked their inhumanity, but prophesied their punishment. His own voice rose with that of the nightingale in rural vespers; and at the close of their joint thanksgivings, he praised, and fed, and blessed his fellow-worshipper.

Without apology, as without doubt, M. Chavin de Malan, in the year 1845, and from the city of Paris, informs us, that when Francis addressed his feathered congregation they stretched out their necks to imbibe his precepts;—that, at his bidding, the starlings ceased to chatter while he preached; that in fulfilment of his predictions, the naughty larks died miserably;—that a falcon announced to him in the mountains the hour of prayer,

though with gentler voice and a tardier summons, when the saint was sick;—that an ovicidal wolf, being rebuked by this ecclesiastical Orpheus for his carnivorous deeds, placed his paw in the hand of his monitor in pledge of his future good behaviour, and, like a wolf of honour, never more indulged himself in mutton.—*Sir J. Stephen.*

Perhaps there are few less happy than those who are ambitious without industry; who pant for the prize, but will not run the race.—*Sharp.*

An Italian sonnet justly, as well as elegantly, compares procrastination to the folly of a traveller who pursues a brook till it widens into a river, and is lost in the sea. The lazy, the dissipated and the fearful should patiently see the active and the bold pass them in the course.—*Sharp's Essays.*

Mirabeau alluding to his own singular deformity of appearance, said he was "like a tiger marked with the small pox." His natural vanity, almost as exaggerated as his deformity, even drew from its excess the materials of gratification. "Personne," he used to say, "ne connaît la puissance de ma laideur." He was wont to speak of its "sublimity!" When Mirabeau was dilating once upon the perfections which must meet in whoever should aspire to govern France under a free constitution, and was enunciating: "He must be elegant,—sagacious,—noble," —and many other qualities, notoriously possessed by himself, Talleyrand added, glancing slyly at the orator, "And must he not be marked with the small-pox?"

Madame de Coigny, on learning that the mob at Paris had burned the bust of their late favourite, Monsieur d'Epremenil, said: "Nothing burns so rapidly as withered laurels."

Nelson wished the roar of cannon to sound his parting knell. Moore said to Hardinge at Corunna: "You know that I always desired to die this way;" and the anguish of the wound had no power to disturb his satisfaction. Marshal Villars was told in his latest moments that the Duke of Berwick had just met at the siege of Philipsburg with a soldier's death, and he answered: "I have always said that he was more fortunate than myself." His confessor urged with justice that the better fortune was, to have leisure to prepare for eternity; but possibly the exclamation proceeded from a momentary gleam of martial ardour, which instinct kindled and reflection quenched. A Christian would never, indeed, fail to make the preparation for battle a preparation for death. Unless every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, erase every mote out of his conscience, he must know that he is staking both soul and body on the hazard of the fight. "Soldiers," says an old divine, "that carry their lives in their hands, should carry the grace of God in their hearts."

Old Fuller, having pondered all the modes of distinction, arrived at the short and decisive conclusion: "None please me. But away," the good man adds, "with these thoughts; the mark must not choose what arrow shall be shot at it." The choice is not ours to make, and if it were, the privilege would prove an embarrassment.—*Quarterly Review.*

Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, invited all her relations to an annual feast, and at one of these family gatherings, where many were expectants of legacies after her decease, she looked at her numerous descendants and exclaimed: "What a glorious sight to see such a number of branches flourishing from the same root." "Alas!" sighed Jack Spencer, to a first cousin next him, "the branches would flourish far better if the root were under ground."

Bishop Cousin said of a Mr. Ward, who was commended to him, "I agree that Mr. Ward is an honest gentleman —but let me tell you, as troublesome an honest gentleman as any in the country."

When Queen Anne, wife of James VI., accidentally shot his Majesty's favourite hound, "Jewel," the King was at first violently angry, but after being told who did it, he became pacified, and the next day sent her a diamond worth two thousand pounds, saying it was "a legacy from his dead dog!" King James was appropriately called "The wisest fool in Christendom."

When Charles II. saw the unbounded demonstrations of joy at his restoration, such multitudes following him that they were seven hours passing through the city, he said: "It can be nobody's fault but my own that I have staid so long abroad, when all mankind so heartily wished me at home!"

At the Duke of Norfolk's trial in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, an examination of Bishop Ross being pressed,

on behalf of the crown, the Duke objected, saying: "He is a Scot!" Her Majesty's Serjeant, however, settled the matter by saying: "A Scot is a Christian man."

At the assizes for Sussex, in 1714, a man was convicted of having drank to the health of King James III., saying that he knew no such person as King George. "I fined him a hundred pounds," said Justice Powys, "and told him that by his paying a hundred pounds to King George, he would certainly know there was such a person."

Brissot said of Robespierre: "Il est profond en perversité; il parlera donc toujours de la profond perversité des autres!"

Pepys, in his Diary, says of Harrison the traitor, at his execution: "In the course of being hanged, drawn, and quartered, he looked as cheerful as any man could do in that condition."

Also, on the death of a predecessor in office, he writes this exquisitely limited tribute of sorrow. "Sir William Petty tells me that Mr. Barlow is dead; for which, God knows my heart, I could be as sorry as is possible for one to be for a stranger by whose death he gets one hundred per annum."—vol. i, p. 329.

When Danton was about to be executed, it was growing dark—at the foot of the horrible statue (a colossal effigy of Liberty, in plaster of Paris, erected on the pedestal of the *ci-devant* statue of Louis XV.) which looked black

against the sky, the dark figure of Danton rose, defined rather than illuminated by the dying sun. His air was audacious, his attitude formidable, and that head about to fall, had still an air of authority and dictation. His last words addressed to the executioner were, "Don't forget to show my head to the people; 'tis worth looking at."—*Souvenirs de M. Arnault.*

A favourite exclamation of the Parisian mob, who must always have a "vive" something or other, became during the Revolution, "vive la mort!"

Talleyrand proposed that the Duchess de Berri should be threatened for all her strange conspicuous freaks, thus: "Madame, there is no hope for you, you will be tried, condemned, and pardoned!"

Dr. Franklin, in his Memoirs, gives an interesting account of going to hear a sermon from Whitfield, when perceiving that a charitable collection was to follow, he inwardly resolved to give nothing. "I had in my pocket," he says, "a handful of copper, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As the preacher went on, I softened, and resolved to give the copper; another stroke of oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably, that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all!"

It is curious with respect both to wealth and talents that people are respected for what they are supposed to

have, whether they make a display or not. A clever man may be nearly dumb in society, and a rich man may give the shabbiest entertainments, or no entertainments at all, yet both shall be received according to what they could do; though the power without the inclination is a greater affront to friends, than those who do their utmost, though that be ever so little.

Some years ago, a criminal about to be executed was so hardened in crime, that after repeated visitations from the most experienced and zealous clergymen, it was found impossible to reach his conscience or to touch his heart. At length a pious Christian, who had remained silently beside him for some time, exclaimed with simple earnestness:

"When you sat on your mother's knee, long ago, how little she thought it would ever come to this!"

The wretched man changed colour, struggled for some moments to conceal his emotion, and then burst into tears.

"If we have been the children of worthy and affectionate parents, who are now no more, the remembrance of their love can never cease to be interesting. We have pleasure in believing that we have derived from them our best qualities, or that we can refer to them our success in life. We look back with a melancholy satisfaction on their anxieties for us when we had no care for ourselves; on their solicitude to protect or to warn us; on the affection with which they supplied our want of experience; on the looks of kindness with which they gratified us; on the instruction and the discipline by which they endeavoured to form us for the path of life; on the fervent prayers by which they purified them; on the earnestness with which they spoke to us of duties and of godliness, when

they admonished us of the evils to come, and strove to fortify or instruct us by 'the labour of love,' on the sanguine hopes which they delighted to indulge, from the progress of our talents, or from our good conduct or success in the world, or from our duty and affection to them, or from our ardour in good works, or from our fidelity to the God of our fathers."

These are the most useful recollections of the human mind. It is the law of our nature, that the parents go down to the grave, and leave their children behind them. But if we can remember our parents with these happy impressions of their affection and fidelity, we have that from them which will interest and admonish us as long as we live. If we have been faithful to the influence of parental love, it will never lose its hold of us.—*Sir Henry Moncrieff's Sermons*, p. 170.

When we take up a book in which any previous reader has marked his favourite passage, it is curious how generally the sentences selected are those that contain incontrovertible truisms, which might have been almost thought too obvious and common-place for a fireside conversation. We see a few words interlined, and two strokes of the pencil conspicuously down the margin; and glancing hastily over the much-approved paragraph, we find nothing more original than this: "The more amiable a woman is in her domestic circle, the more happy does she render her home, and the more will she ever be esteemed as well as beloved by all those who come within the circuit of her influence!" Another page promises something still more exquisite, for the pencil seems to have gone perfectly mad; stroke upon stroke, line under line, in the most emphatic

enthusiasm, and we turn impatiently to reap the benefit of what has been so eagerly applauded. "Dignity of character consists in dignity of mind, and true elevation of sentiment will ever rise highest in the esteem of all kindred minds. He who has once been convicted of a mean action, loses caste among the higher aristocracy of intellect or principle, and descends at once, unpitied and despised, into the middle ranks of ordinary men." In fact, with many readers, the less a book originates, the more it seems to "take;" and a man of inferior intellect is delighted to see his own inferior thoughts mirrored back to him from the printed pages of an inferior author. He has met with his match, and he can jog on, in amicable dulness, with a writer whose companionship never spurs his own mind into more exertion than is natural to him, and perfectly easy.

When Bishop Heber was setting out for India, his much-esteemed old friend, Mrs. M——, bid him an affectionate farewell, saying she owed much to his ministry, and that he should never cease to be an object of her prayers. "May they be answered, may they be answered," replied the Bishop, with extreme emotion; "and now, my dear Madam, farewell. If we meet again on earth, may we be nearer Heaven; if we meet no more here below, may we meet in Heaven."

Character of Monsieur de St. Cyran, Founder of Jansenists in France, from Sir J. Stephen's "Ecclesiastical Biography:"

"A moral hero, by whom every appetite had been subdued, and every passion tranquillized, though still

exquisitively alive to the pains and the enjoyments of life, and responding with almost feminine tenderness to every affectionate and kindly feeling—a master of all erudition, but never so happy as when imparting to little children the elementary truths on which his own heart reposed—grave, nay, solemn in discourse, but with tones so gentle, a wisdom so profound, and words of such strange authority to animate and to soothe the listener, that, in comparison with his, all other colloquial eloquence was wearisome and vapid—rebuking vice far less by stern reproof than by the contrast of his own serene aspect, at once the result and the reflection of the perfect peace in which his mind continually dwelt—exhibiting a transcript, however rudely and imperfectly, yet faithfully drawn, of the great example to which his eye was ever turned, and where, averting his regard from all inferior models, it was his wont to study, to imitate, and to adore. In short, the St. Cyran of Lancelot's portraiture is one of those rare mortals whose mental health is absolute and unimpaired—whose character consists not so much in the excellence of particular qualities, as in the symmetry, the balance, and the well-adjusted harmonies of all—who concentrate their energies in one mighty object because they live under the habitual influence of one supreme motive—who are ceaselessly animated by a love including every rational being, from Him who is the common parent of the rest, to the meanest and the vilest of those who were originally created in His image and likeness.

There is much subject for thought in the last words of Thistlewood on the scaffold, "I shall soon know the grand secret!" To a Christian, that secret is full of

light and hope on earth, yet how solemn, even to the most prepared, must the full revelation be in the moment of death.

A gallant and distinguished naval officer, who was so dreadfully wounded in battle as to have been most properly remunerated with the honourable distinction of a Knight-Commander of the Bath, and a double pension, went one day to the Secretary of the Admiralty to request that his name might be put down as a candidate for exploring the North-West Passage. The Secretary attempted to dissuade him from entertaining such a thought, alleging his many wounds, from which he was still suffering great inconvenience, the loss of one eye, and the sympathetic affection of the other; stated the painful inconveniences to which he would be exposed from the extreme cold, and the probability of being shut up for a whole winter in the ice; and he thought that these arguments had convinced him of his unfitness for so perilous an undertaking; but on leaving the room, the candidate for glory turned round, and with great emphasis, observed:

"My ancestor perished honourably in the ice, and I think it very hard that I should be denied the possibility of sharing the same fate."—*Quarterly Review*, vol. l, p. 122.

"Let Princes beware of short speeches, which fly abroad like darts shot from their secret intentions; their long speeches are flat things, and not noted!"

President Jefferson has left a curious account of the boldness and address with which Patrick Henry, the Virginian orator, repelled a clamorous accusation of treason. Dilating on the tyranny of the Stamp Act, Henry exclaimed:

"Cæsar had his Brutus—Charles I. his Cromwell—and George III."——

"Treason," cried the Speaker.

"Treason! treason!" echoed from every part of the House.

It was one of those moments decisive of character. Henry faltered not for an instant; but rising to a loftier attitude, and fixing on the Speaker an eye of the most determined fire, he finished his sentence with the firmest emphasis:

"And George III. may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it."—*Memoirs of Jefferson.*

Louis XVI. inherited a revolution; and as the vices of his ancestors had foredoomed him to be a victim, his own virtues fitted him to be a martyr. He had much to suffer, and he suffered well. When some officers drew their swords in his defence, he calmly said: "Put your swords into their scabbards: this multitude is more excited than guilty." One of the crowd handed a *bonnet-rouge* to Louis XVI. at the end of a pike. "Let him put it on; let him put it on," exclaimed the mob: "it is the sign of patriotism. If he puts it on, we will believe in his good faith." The King made a signal to one of his grenadiers to hand him the *bonnet-rouge*, and, smiling, he put it on his head; and then arose shouts of "*Vive le Roi!*"

Monarchy with a *bonnet-rouge*, and Religion with a tri-coloured scarf! The King himself had begun to believe it feasable; the Queen's instinct taught her better. She knew that Monarchy must wear its crown, or die.—*Lamartine's Girondists.*

We travelled with one of those troublesome fellow-passengers in a stage-coach, that is called a well-informed man. For twenty miles, we discoursed about the properties of steam, probabilities of carriages by ditto, till all my science, and more than all, was exhausted; and I was thinking of escaping my torment, by getting up on the outside, when my gentleman, spying some farming-land, put an unlucky question to me: "What sort of a crop of turnips shall we have this year?"

With the greatest suavity, I replied: "It depends, I believe, upon boiled legs of mutton."—*Memoirs of Charles Lamb.*

Charles Lamb, tired of lending his books, threatened to chain Wordsworth's Poems to his shelves, adding: "For of those who borrow, some read slow; some mean to read, but don't read; and some neither read nor mean to read, but borrow, to leave you an opinion of their sagacity. I must do my money-borrowing friends the justice to say, that there is nothing of this caprice, or wantonness of alienation in them. When they borrow my money, they never fail to make use of it."—*Talfourd's Final Memorials.*

A Member of Parliament, formerly describing the influence of Sheridan's wit, said: "The House was so delighted with his eloquence, that Sheridan might have gone up to the Speaker, and pulled off his wig; they could not have brought themselves to testify any displeasure."

A soldier once said, when he enlisted: "I wish now to see something of life."

"And," added a spectator, "something too of death."

From the Earl of Eglinton's Inaugural Lecture, as Lord Rector of Marischal College, 1851:

No expense, no care, no thought, can be too great for the purpose of establishing and perfecting the education of the people. Ignorance is, for the most part, the cause of sin, and misery, and drunkenness, and crime; it is that which fills our prisons and our penal settlements with felons—which swells up our poor-rates to such a fearful amount. No country can thrive which keeps its people in ignorance; no people can be great who are not comparatively educated. If our own experience, and the dictates of common sense, did not teach us this, the history of the world would show it to us. It is the power of mind which has always carried with it national pre-eminence.

It is with individuals as with the cultivation of the earth. The very sand can be brought to yield its crop, the barren heather to teem with the food of man; while the richest soil will not avail us, if the seed is not planted in it. As by culture a bad soil can be rendered fertile, as by the toil of the painter the unmeaning canvas is made

to reflect the brightest colours, or the lineaments of beauty; as by the science of the engineer the most rugged shore is changed into the safest haven; so the youthful mind, which at first sight appears the most unpromising, may often be brought to yield rich fruit. The character of the most repulsive may light up into brilliancy; and that which appears the hardest heart, may throb with the best feelings of devotion to God, and kindliness to its fellow-creatures.

Believe me, there are treasures in the human mind as wonderful as any in the depths of the sea, in the lowest strata of the geologist, in the quartz rocks of California, which remain undreamed of, unless they are brought to light by education and training; and men may have gone to an unknown grave, with the capacities of a Shakspeare or a Newton.

There may be some of you, whom I am addressing, who have it in your power to become ornaments to society, and benefactors to the human race—to raise yourselves to a position more really distinguished than that which mere hereditary rank gives to such as me. There is not one who may not attain at least to mediocrity. Reflect, I pray you, on the choice which is before you, and the importance of the manner in which you spend the next year or two of your lives. On the one hand, you have self-esteem, honour, certainly competence, perhaps wealth and rank, the more grateful because gained by your own exertions; on the other, shame, and remorse, and poverty, and the contempt of your fellow-men. What is of more importance than all, you have before you an eternity of happiness or misery.

The first knowledge to be learned—the foundation of all that is good and great upon earth—the polar-star of

our future destiny—is the love and reverence of God, and the study of His Word. Whatever career may be laid out for you, forget not that every science and every study should be based upon that. If you are destined to be ministers of religion, remember that you have no power of yourselves, except through His grace; if you are to practise the art of healing, remember that the issues of life and death are in His hands; if moral philosophy is to be your study, recollect that the world is His handy-work; if you scan the firmament, that you are but a speck on one of the smaller planets, which are obeying His will in an infinity of space, amidst other systems perhaps a thousand times more brilliant than ours.

Disappointment in military and naval promotion, Sir Francis Head considers to have been productive of much emigration. One gallant naval officer was told by William IV., when Lord High Admiral, that he was too *young* for a ship: and, within a few weeks, by Sir James Graham, as First Lord of the Admiralty, that he was too *old*. Many fine fellows came out, because they could not live without shooting, and did not choose to be poachers; a vast number crossed over, because they had "heavy families and small incomes;" and one of the most loyal men I was acquainted with, and to whose protection I had afterwards occasion to be indebted, in answer to some questions I was inquisitively putting to him, stopped me, by honestly saying, as he looked me full in the face: "My character, Sir, won't bear investigation."

Of course, a proportion of the emigrants to our North American colonies belong to that philanthropic class of men, who, under the appellation of Socialists, Communists,

or Liberals, are to be met with in every corner of the old World. Their doctrine is community of goods, but they have no goods at all. They preach division of property, but they have no property to divide. So that their principle is, not so much to give all they have (for they have nothing to give) to other people, as that other people should give all they have to *them.*—*Sir Francis Head.*

"Do not fear, Sire!" said a grenadier of the National Guard to Louis XVI. in a moment of extreme danger.

"My friend," replied the King, taking his hand and placing it on his breast, "put your hand here, and see if my heart beats quicker than usual."—*Lamartine's Girondists.*

There is, belonging to every monastery in Greece, a small chapel devoted to a very solemn purpose. Those which we have seen were always at some distance from the main building, generally placed in the most lonely spot on the mountain-side. This chapel is entirely deserted, and is never entered except on the one occasion for which it is destined. The monks avoid it with care, knowing that once only shall they enter it, and that in an awful hour. Whenever it is perceived by the brethren that sickness or infirmity has fallen heavily on one of their number, so that they can no longer doubt the speedy termination of his mortal conflict, the superior announces to the dying man that the time is come when he must retire into the prescribed solitude, where he is to wrestle alone with that agony, when for the last time his living voice shall be permitted to utter a cry of supplication

Pascal's *"je mourrai seul,"* awful as is the truth it conveys with so much significance, is not enough for them; not only must their souls of stern necessity depart unaccompanied into the land unseen, but the living man also must await his call without a sight or sound of earth to clog the final prayers that should go as heralds before his advancing spirit—no friendly human voice must cause his eyes to turn back with longing on the home of his pilgrimage—no look of tenderness or pity must come between his gaze and heaven. During the life-agony and the life-struggle, wherein they seek to offer up a whole and unreserved love to God, the monks of the order of St. Basil are permitted to walk in company along the toilsome paths, but those of death must be endured alone —alone, face to face, must each one meet the dread messenger that calls his soul before his God. If his life has been in accordance with his vows, thankfully will he seek during his last hours to commune with none save Him in whose likeness he trusts so soon to wake up and be satisfied; gladly will he turn from all connection with the world, and the things of it, to cling in every thought so closely to the Cross that it shall bear him safely over the deep waters of death; but if it be otherwise—if in name only he was the servant of his Lord—then in the last moment of permitted repentance his sin is made to find him out, where no beguiling words of charitable hope can soften the stern truth, nor the confiding trust of loving hearts dispel the salutary terror by speaking of peace where there is none. So soon, then, as all prospect of recovery is past, for the sufferer, the monks carry a small trestle bedstead up to the chapel, where they place it before the altar, setting beside it only a loaf of bread and a jar of cold water; the dying monk is then con-

ducted to this final refuge. Whenever his failing strength permits, he walks there voluntarily, toiling with tottering steps along the last stage of his life's journey, and lays him down with calm submission on his death-bed; the superior then administers to him the concluding rites of the Church; the whole brotherhood partake with him of the Holy Communion, and with this solemn act all intercourse with them closes for ever; no breath from the mortal world must henceforth sully the spirit cleansed by the sacramental blood—no word designed for human ears must pass his lips, now purified as with a living coal. They all depart, and leave him to die in perfect solitude. He lies there; no light is round him but that of the lamp which hangs before the altar; no sound is heard but the sobbing of his own life-breath, as it ebbs away. Haply in such a fearful stillness it may seem to him that he can hear the echoing footsteps of the swift approaching death; or more awful yet, the whispering voices of forgotten sins, rising up to claim repentance. Once only in the twenty-four hours he is visited by his brethren; they come in the night to chant around him the prayers for the dying, but they never speak to him, for he is no longer of this world —they have nothing further to do with him. Finally, they come to find him dead, but whether his soul went forth in a bitter struggle, or whether gently he fell asleep, none of this earth must ever know.—*Christian Remembrancer,* vol. xviii, p. 146.

To observe the self-appointed austerities of a vain superstition makes the Protestant ready thankfully to exclaim, like David, "Let me fall into the hands of God rather than of man." How different from such a death-bed of solitary, heartless misery, was that of the Patriarchs, surrounded by their children, while leaving to their afflicted

descendants and friends a last dying testimony that the hour of their departure being come, they were ready as well as willing to say: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

When Cain offered his sacrifice to God, it must have looked, to a mere human eye, much more beautiful than that of Abel, for truly the fruits and flowers of the earth would appear far preferable in mere taste; but his was not the sacrifice that had been commanded, and men are not to invent a fanciful, ornamental religion to please themselves, when implicit obedience is the first of duties. "My son, give me thine heart."

When Louis XVI. was told that the total abolition of monarchy in France had been proclaimed, he said, with a sorrowful smile to the Queen: "My kingdom has passed away like a dream, but it was not a happy dream! God had imposed it on me; my people discharge me from it. May France be happy! I will not complain." On the evening of the same day, Manuel having come to visit the prisoners, "You know," said he to the King, "that democratic principles triumph; that the people have abolished royalty, and have adopted a republican government?" "I have heard it," replied the King with serene indifference, "and I have prayed that the republic may be for the good of the people. I have never placed myself between them and their happiness."—*Lamartine's Girondists.*

Coleridge's Letter of Consolation to Charles Lamb, on hearing that his only sister had in a fit of temporary insanity caused the death of her mother:

Your letter, my friend, struck me with a mighty horror. It rushed upon me, and stupified my feelings. You bid me write you a religious letter; I am not a man who would attempt to insult the greatness of your anguish by any other consolation. Heaven knows that in the easiest fortunes there is much dissatisfaction and weariness of spirit; much that calls for the exercise of patience and resignation; but in storms like these, that shake the dwelling and make the heart tremble, there is no middle way between despair and the yielding up of the whole spirit unto the guidance of faith. And surely it is a matter of joy, that your faith in Jesus has been preserved; the Comforter that should relieve you is not far from you. But as you are a Christian, in the name of that Saviour who was filled with bitterness, I conjure you to have recourse in frequent prayer to "his God and your God," the God of Mercies, and Father of all comfort. Your poor father is, I hope, almost senseless of the calamity; the unconscious instrument of Divine Providence knows it not, and your mother is in Heaven. It is sweet to be roused from a frightful dream by the song of birds, and the gladsome rays of the morning. Ah! how infinitely more sweet to be awakened from the blackness and amazement of a sudden horror, by the glories of God manifest, and the Hallelujahs of Angels!

As to what regards yourself, I approve altogether of your abandoning what you justly call vanities. I look upon you as a man called by sorrow and anguish, and a strange desolation of hopes, into quietness, and a soul set apart and made peculiar to God. We cannot arrive at

any portion of heavenly bliss without in some measure imitating Christ; and they arrive at the largest inheritance who imitate the most difficult parts of His character, and, bowed down and crushed under foot, cry in fulness of faith, "Father, thy will be done!"

I wish, above measure, to have you for a little while here; no visitants shall blow on the nakedness of your feelings—you shall be quiet, and your spirit may be healed. I charge you, my dearest friend, not to dare to encourage gloom and despair; you are a temporary sharer in human miseries, that you may be an eternal partaker of the Divine nature. I charge you, if by any means it be possible, come to me.

An Irishman, said to Sir Francis Head, during the rebellion in Canada, "If your Honor will but give us *arms*, the rebels will find *legs*!"

"I now reckon upon a speedy dissolution, but were I to name the period of my life which I should most choose to pass over again, I might be tempted to point to this latter period. I possess the same ardour as ever in study, and the same gaiety in company. I consider, besides, that a man of sixty-five, by dying, cuts off only a few years of infirmities; and though I see many symptoms of my literary reputation, breaking out at last with additional lustre, I know that I could have but few years to enjoy it. It is difficult to be more detached from life than I am at present. When I lie down in the evening, I feel myself weaker than when I rose in the morning; and when I rise in the morning, weaker than when I lay

down in the evening. When I was reading a few days ago all the excuses which are alleged to Charon for not entering readily into his boat, I could not find one that fitted me. I had no house to finish, I had no daughter to provide for, I had no enemies upon which I wished to revenge myself. I could not well imagine what excuse I could make to Charon, in order to obtain a little delay. I have done everything of consequence that I ever meant to do; and I could at no time expect to leave my relations and friends in a better situation. I, therefore, have all reason to die contented." Hume then diverted himself with inventing several jocular excuses, which he supposed he might make to Charon, and with imagining the very surly answers which it might suit the character of Charon to return to them: "Good Charon, I have been correcting my works for a new edition. Allow me a little time that I may see how the public receives the alterations." "There will no end of such excuses, so honest friend, please step into the boat."—*Hume's Life*, vol. ii, p. 511.

When Madame de Maintenon admonished her own brother to reform his dissolute habits, he replied sarcastically:

"My reformation is impossible; but as regards the affectation of amendment, I am quite ready to undertake it, as your example points out the way."

Simeon's peculiar attitudes and motions in the pulpit were so remarkable, that they afforded subjects for the graphic pencil of more than one caricaturist.

A poor Italian boy, who had a talent for taking off portraits with the aid of scissors and black paper, was

once of malicious intent conducted to Trinity Church. In a few days, certain little black figures were to be seen in several shop-windows, most successfully illustrative of the bold attitudes familiar to the congregation of Simeon's church. It is even said that their popularity caused the subject of them considerable annoyance; and that his indignation was, on one occasion, somewhat hastily and disastrously vented on a harmless shop-woman, who stood aghast behind the counter, to see the wrathful preacher rudely stamping on his own little black self.—*Christian Remembrancer.*

Archbishop Whately in his papers on Natural History, says, "A cat lived many years in my mother's family, and its feats of sagacity were witnessed by her, my sisters, and myself. It was known, not merely once or twice, but habitually, to ring the parlour-bell whenever it wished the door to be opened. Some alarm was excited on the first occasion that it turned bell-ringer. The family had retired to rest, and in the middle of the night the parlour-bell was rung violently: the sleepers were startled from their repose, and proceeded down stairs, with pokers and tongs, to interrupt, as they thought, the predatory movement of some burglar; but they were agreeably surprised to discover that the bell had been rung by pussy; who frequently repeated the act whenever she wanted to get out of the parlour."—p. 9.

All are assembled for the purpose of enjoyment; the anxieties of the minister, the feverish struggles of the partizan, the silent toils of the artist or critic, are finished

for the week; professional and literary jealousies are hushed; sickness, decrepitude, and death, are silently voted shadows; and the brilliant assemblage is prepared to exercise to the highest degree, the extraordinary privilege of mortals, to live in the knowledge of mortality without its consciousness, to people the present hour with delights, as if a man lived, and laughed, and enjoyed the world for ever.—*Saturdays at Holland House. Charles Lamb.*

One particular contributed more than anything to waste my spirits. I was continually fortifying myself with reflections against death and poverty, and shame and pain, and all the other calamities of life. These, no doubt, are exceedingly useful when joined with an active life, because, the occasion being presented along with the reflection, works it into the soil, and makes it take a deeper impression; but in solitude they serve to little other purpose than to waste the spirits, the force of the mind meeting with no resistance, but wasting itself in the air, like our arm when it misses its aim. This, however, I did not learn but by experience, and till I had already ruined my health, though I was not sensible of it.—*David Hume.*

When Louis XIV. was besieging Lille, the Count de Brouai, governor of the town, sent to ask him which quarter of the camp he occupied, in order that it might not be fired upon. The King answered: "All quarters."

The salt preserveth the sea, and the saints uphold the earth;
Their prayers are the thousand pillars that prop the canopy of nature.

Verily, an hour without prayer, from some terrestrial mind,
Were a curse in the calendar of time, a spot of the blackness of darkness.
Perchance the terrible day, when the world must rock into ruins,
Will be one unwhitened by prayer—shall He find faith on the earth.—*Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.*

Admiral Duncan's orders to the officers who came on board his ship for instructions previous to the engagement with Admiral de Winter, were far from complicated. "Gentlemen, you see a severe Winter approaching; I have only to advise you to keep up a good fire."

Nothing excites so much gratitude as to hear that any one has spoken of us favourably in our absence, and Frederick the Great was always partial to Lord Chesterfield, after being told that he had called him: "L'homme de Prusse."

Prince Polignac on being informed that the troops had turned against Charles X., and were going over to the people, exclaimed: "Well, then, the troops also must be fired upon!"—*M. Arago.*

Prince Eugène said, after gaining a useless victory: "On travaille trop pour la gazette!"

When Bonaparte's carriage was taken at Waterloo, there were found in it two nearly empty bottles, the one of Malaga, and the other of rum.

When some persons wished the Emperor Leopold to punish a criminal who had shot him through the hat when hunting, he replied with his usual Spanish air: "He is a bungler of one kind or other; he is dying with fear, or dying of hunger; give him a thousand ducats."

David Hume desired that the inscription on his monument should contain only his name, with the year of his birth and of his death, saying: "I leave it to posterity to add the rest."

The Duchesse de Maine once frankly declared: "I am very fond of company, for I listen to no one, and every one listens to me!"—*Woman in France.*

Of the melancholy of common life, there are two species that have but little resemblance. There is a sullen gloom which disposes to unkindness, and every bad passion; a fretfulness in all the daily and hourly intercourse of familiar life, which, if it weary at last the assiduities of friendship, sees only the neglect which it has forced, and not the perversity of humour which gave occasion to it, and soon learns to hate, therefore, what it considers as ingratitude and injustice; or which, if friendship be still assiduous as before, sees in these very assiduities, a proof, not of the strength of that affection which has forgotten the acrimony to soothe the supposed uneasiness which gave it rise, but a proof that there has been no offensive acrimony to be forgotten, and persists therefore in every peevish caprice till the

domestic tyranny becomes habitual. This melancholy temper, so poisonous to the happiness, not of the individual only, but of all those who are within the circle of its influence, and who feel their misery the more, because it may perhaps arise from one whom they strive, and vainly strive to love, is the temper of a vulgar mind. But there is a melancholy of a gentler species, a melancholy which as it arises, in a great measure, from a view of the sufferings of man, disposes to a warmer love of man this sufferer, and which is almost as essential to the finer emotions of virtue as it is to the nicer sensibilities of poetic genius.—*Brown.*

It is not, perhaps, much thought of, but it is certainly a very important lesson to learn how to enjoy ordinary life, and to be able to relish your being, without the transport of some passion, or gratification of some appetite.—*Spectator.*

There is one way of attaining what we may term, at least, mortal happiness—a sincere and unchanging activity for the happiness of others.

Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, the virulent opponent of the Reformation, when about to die, exclaimed in an agony of remorse:

"I have erred with Peter, but have not repented with him."

The celebrated Lessing said:

"If God were to offer me truth in the one hand,

and the inquiry after it in the other, I should choose the last."

Science, regarded as the pursuit of truth, which can only be attained by patient and unprejudiced investigation, wherein nothing is too great to be attempted, nothing so minute as to be justly disregarded, must ever afford occupation of consummate interest, and subject of elevated meditation. The contemplation of the works of Creation elevates the mind to the admiration of whatever is great and noble; accomplishing the object of all study—which, in the elegant language of Sir James Mackintosh, is "to inspire the love of truth, of wisdom, of beauty, especially of goodness, the highest beauty, and of that supreme and eternal Mind, which contains all truth and wisdom, all beauty and goodness." By the love or the delightful contemplation and pursuit of these transcendent aims, for their own sake only, the mind of man is raised from low and perishable objects, and prepared for these high destinies which are appointed for all those who are capable of them.

The heavens afford the most sublime subject of study which can be derived from science. The magnitude and splendour of the objects, the inconceivable rapidity with which they move, and the enormous distances between them, impress the mind with some notion of the energy that maintains them, in their motions with a durability to which we can see no limit. Equally conspicuous is the goodness of the great First Cause, in having endowed man with faculties by which he can not only appreciate the magnificence of His works, but trace, with precision, the operation of His laws; use the globe He inhabits as a

base wherewith to measure the magnitude and distance of the sun and planets, and make the diameter of the earth's orbit the first step of a scale by which he may ascend to the starry firmament. Such pursuits, while they ennoble the mind, at the same time inculcate humility, by showing that there is a barrier which no energy, mental or physical, can enable us to pass: that however profoundly we may penetrate the depths of space, there still remain innumerable systems, compared with which, these apparently so vast must dwindle into insignificance, or even become invisible; and that not only man, but the globe he inhabits—nay, the whole system of which it forms so small a part—might be annihilated, and its extinction be unperceived in the immensity of creation.—*Mrs. Somerville.*

Luther defied the sentence of excommunication against himself in these words: "As they have excommunicated me in defence of this sacrilegious heresy, so do I excommunicate them on behalf of the holy truth of God; and let Christ, our Judge, decide whether of the two excommunications has the greatest weight with Him." After these memorable words, he dropped the Papal Bull in to the flames.—*Roger's Essays.*

Bautru presented a poet to M. d'Hemery, saying: "Sir, I present to you a person who will give you immortality; but you must, in the meantime, give him something to live upon."

Two friends, in passing through Geneva, went to visit

Voltaire, who, it is well known, did not like contradiction. It was remarked by one of them:

"Well, instead of five hours, I could pass five months with this astonishing man."

"It may be so, my friend," replied the other; "I would not willingly pass five hours with him, for I like to be in the right sometimes."

The man deserving the name, is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others, rather than himself—whose high purpose is adopted on just principles, and never abandoned while heaven or earth afford means of accomplishing it. He is one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a specious word, nor take an evil path to secure a real good purpose. Such a man were one for whom a woman's heart should beat constant while he breathes, and break when he dies.—*Scott.*

A humble man is one who, thinking of himself neither more highly nor more lowly than he ought to think, passes a true judgment on his own character. There is no genuine self-abasement apart from a lofty conception of our own destiny, powers, and responsibilities; and one of the most excellent of human virtues is but poorly expressed by an abject carriage. Torpid passions, a languid temperament, and a feeble nature, may easily produce that false imitation of humility, which, however, in its genuine state, will ever impart elevation to the soul, and dignity to the demeanour.

We can better tell what peace is by the enjoyment than the description of it. What health is to the body, and calmness to the sea, and serenity to the day, such is peace, which arises from the religious and orderly disposing of our minds.

It is a subject of hourly experience, that the society of years is snapped in a moment. Barretti was always welcomed and praised by Johnson; he was the oldest friend he had in the world. The sharp edge of a witty tongue cut down this growth of time in ten minutes. Barretti, calling on the moralist, was rallied on the superior skill of Omai, the Otaheitan, who had conquered him at chess. In a storm of indignation, snatching up his hat and stick, he rushed from the room, and never visited his friend any more. The stream grew tranquil, but the bough was broken.—*Willmott's Summer in the Country*, p. 145.

Wesley said, when called upon to give an account of his service of plate, in order to be taxed, according to Act of Parliament: "I have five silver spoons; these are all I have, and all I mean to have, while my poor parishioners want bread."—*Buxton's Life*, p. 153.

Dr. Black, the celebrated Professor of Chemistry, was often heard to express an anxiety with respect to the mode of his death, and to wish for a quiet departure from this world, without the evils of a long-continued sick-bed. On the 20th of November, 1799, and in the seventy-first year of his age, he expired, without any convulsion, shock,

or stupor, to announce or retard the approach of death. Being at table, with his usual fare, some bread, a few prunes, and a measured quantity of milk, diluted with water, and having the cup in his hand, when the last stroke of his pulse was to be given, he had set it down on his knees, which were joined together, and kept it steady with his hand, in the manner of a person perfectly at ease; and in this attitude expired, without spilling a drop, and without a writhe in his countenance; as if an experiment had been required, to show to his friends the facility with which he departed. His servant opened the door, to tell him that some one had left his name; but getting no answer, stepped about half-way towards him, and seeing him sitting in that easy posture, supporting his bason of milk with one hand, he thought that he had dropped asleep, which he had sometimes seen happen after his meals. He went back, and shut the door; but before he got down stairs, some anxiety, which he could not account for, made him return, and look again at his master. Even then he was satisfied, after coming pretty near him, and turned to go away; but again returned, and coming quite close to him, he found him without life. —*Preface to Dr. Black's Lectures*, p. 74.

Voltaire was at table one day, when the company were conversing on the antiquity of the world. His opinion being asked, he said: "The world is like an old coquette, who disguises her age."

The ignorance of Ferdinand IV., King of Naples, was so excessive as to startle even his well-trained courtiers.

Thus, mention being made, one day, of the magnitude of the Turkish power in former times, his Majesty was graciously pleased to observe, that "it was no wonder, as all the world were Turks before the birth of our Saviour." Upon another occasion, the conversation turned on the murder of Louis XVI.; and a courtier having alluded to the execution of Charles I. as a parallel case, the King treated that as a pure fiction, having never heard before of that portion of history. "Depend upon it," said he, "it is a mere tale, trumped up by the Jacobins at Paris, to excuse their own guilt."—*Eustace's Tour.*

Dean Swift had no scruple in professing the greatest affection for those he hated and despised. On one occasion, in his "Journal to Stella," he says: "I desired Lord Radnor's brother to let my Lord know I would call on him at six, which I did, and was arguing with him three hours to bring him over to us; and I spoke so closely, that I believe he will be tractable. But he is a scoundrel; and though I said I only talked from my love to him, I told a lie, for I did not care if he were hanged." —*Swift's Works*, vol. iii, p. 2.

Instances have frequently occurred of individuals, in whom the power of imagination has, at a more advanced period of life, been susceptible of culture to a wonderful degree. In such men, what an accession is gained to their most refined pleasures! What enchantments are added to their most ordinary perceptions! The mind, awakening, as if from a trance, to a new existence, becomes habituated to the most interesting aspects of life and of nature; the intellectual eye is "purged of its

film;" and things the most familiar and unnoticed, disclose charms, invisible before. The same objects and events which were lately beheld with indifference, occupy now all the powers and capacities of the soul; the contrast between the present and the past serving only to enhance, and to endear such an unlooked-for acquisition. —*Stewart's Essays.*

Whenever Franklin saw any one receive a mortification from carrying his head too high, he used to recommend a prudent humility, by relating this circumstance: "When I was leaving the library of Dr. Mather, at Boston, once, by a narrow passage, in which a beam projected from the roof, we were talking, until Mather suddenly called out, 'Stoop! stoop!' Before his guest obeyed the warning, his head struck sharply against the beam; when his friend remarked, 'You are young, and have the world before you; *stoop* as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps!'"

The greatest effort of friendship is, not to bear the faults of our friends, but to pardon the superiority of their talents.—*Esprit de Mercure.*

It is related, that once, in the House of Commons, Lord Chatham began a speech on West India affairs, with the words: "Sugar, Mr. Speaker—" and then, observing a smile to prevail in the audience, he paused, looked fiercely around, and with a loud voice, rising in its notes, and swelling into vehement anger, he is said to have pronounced again the word "Sugar!" three times; and

having thus quelled the House, and extinguished every appearance of levity or laughter, turned round, and disdainfully asked: "Who will laugh at sugar now?"

Charles II. said of Barrow's sermons: "He is not a fair man; he leaves nothing to be said by any one who comes after him."

I find earlier days are gone by; I find I can have no enjoyment in the world but continual drinking of knowledge; I find there is no worthy pursuit, but the idea of doing some good for the world. Some do it with their severity, some with their wit, some with their benevolence, some with a sort of power of conferring pleasure and good-humour on all they meet, and in a thousand ways all dutiful to the command of great Nature. There is but one way for me: the road lies through application, study, and thought. I will pursue it, and to that end purpose retiring for some years.—*Southey.*

When Bishop Berkeley declined an offer of promotion to a better diocese than Cloyne, he said to Lord Chesterfield: "I love the neighbours, and they love me: why, then, should I begin, in my old days, to form new connections, and tear myself from those friends whose kindness to me is the greatest happiness I enjoy?"

One of the most cruel murders ever perpetrated under the forms of law, was that of Mrs. Gaunt in the reign of James II. A man who had taken part in Monmouth's rebellion, and who was a stranger to her, went to her

for shelter, knowing that her life was spent in works of charity; she took him in, and waited for an opportunity of sending him out of the kingdom. This fellow, hearing the King had declared he would sooner pardon the rebels than those who harboured them, relying upon the declaration, went and accused her of high treason for having sheltered him; there was no witness to prove that she knew he was a rebel but himself; her maid could only give in evidence that he was entertained at her house; and on this evidence, and for the crime, James signed the sentence for burning her alive! "She died," says Burnet, "with a constancy even to a cheerfulness that struck all who saw it. She said charity was a part of her religion as well as faith; this, at worst, was the feeding of an enemy; so she hoped she had her reward with Him for whose sake she did this service, how unworthy soever the person was that made so ill a return for it. She rejoiced that God had honoured her to be the first that suffered by fire in this reign, and that her suffering was a martyrdom for that religion which was all love." Penn, the Quaker, told Burnet he saw her die: she laid the straw about her for burning her speedily, and behaved herself in such a manner that all the spectators melted into tears.

A simple and pathetic inscription is placed on a tombstone at Père La Chaise, where for years the grave was daily laid with fresh moss, and decorated with the loveliest flower: "Fille chérie—avec toi mes beaux jours sont passés."

When Lord Dudley, half in jest and half seriously, expressed to Madame de Staël his hope that the Cossacks would reach Paris, and "nail a horse-shoe on the gates of the Tuileries," her alarm and indignation knew no bounds. Almost suffocated with excitement she could only exclaim: "Quoi donc! Cette belle France!"

When the son of Louis XVI. was a beautiful boy of four years old, some one explaining a fable to him, ended by saying of the animal that was the subject of it, that, though she had had great misfortunes, she became at last "as happy as a queen;" the young Dauphin replied: "Ah! Queens are not always happy, for mamma weeps from morning till night."

Madame de Staël frequently praised Mrs. Porter for the retired manner in which she maintained her little domestic establishment, yielding her daughters to *society*, but not to *the world*. We pray those we love to mark the delicate and most true distinction between "society," and "the world." "I was set on a stage," continues Madame de Staël, "at a childish age, to be listened to as a wit, and worshipped for my premature judgment. I drank admiration as my soul's nourishment, and I cannot now live without its poison; it has been my bane, never an aliment. My heart ever sighed for happiness, and I ever lost it, when I thought it approaching my grasp. I was admired, made an idol, but never beloved."—*Art Journal.*

A favourite maxim of Rothschild's was: "Never have anything to do with an unlucky place, or an unlucky

man. I have seen many clever men, very clever men, who had not shoes to their feet. I never act with them. Their advice sounds very well, but they cannot get on themselves; and if they cannot do good to themselves, how can they do good to me?" By aid of such maxims Rothschild acquired three millions of money.—*Sir F. Buxton's Memoirs*, p. 142.

Poor people thinking Mrs. Fry's purse as boundless as her good-will, wrote innumerable petitions praying for assistance; others sought for counsel, or desired employment, which they imagined she would obtain for them. The wealth of Crœsus and the patronage of two Prime Ministers rolled into one, would not suffice to pay even one per cent. of the demands on any one who has acquired the name of an active philanthropist. Mrs. Fry ultimately declared to her daughter in her last illness: "I can say one thing, since my heart was touched at the age of seventeen, I believe I never have awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or by night, without my first waking thought being how best I might serve my Lord."

Benevolence is not in word and in tongue, but in deed and in truth. It is a business with men as they are, and with human life as drawn by the rough hand of experience. It is a duty which you must perform at the call of principle, though there be no voice of eloquence to give splendour to your exertions, and no music of poetry to lead your willing footsteps through the bowers of enchantment. It is not the impulse of high and ecstatic emotion. It is

an exertion of principle. You must go to the poor man's cottage, though no verdure flourish around it, and no rivulet be nigh to delight you by the gentleness of its murmurs. If you look for the romantic simplicity of fiction, you will be disappointed, but it is your duty to persevere in spite of every discouragement. Benevolence is not merely a feeling, but a principle, not a dream of rapture for the fancy to indulge in, but a business for the hand to execute.—*Chalmers.*

> Let not romantic views your bosom sway,
> Yield to your duties, and their call obey.

Our happiness depends not upon torpor, not upon sentimentality, but upon the due exercise of our various faculties; it is not acquired by sighing for wretchedness, and shunning the wretched, but by vigorously discharging our duty to society. Bacon says, that "in this theatre of man's life, God and angels alone should be lookers on."

The pious Hooker said once, "I do not beg a long life of God for any other reason but to live to finish my three remaining books of Polity."

Many men have such weak spirits, that though God gives them abundance of mercies, yet, if but one affliction befal them, in the midst of their abundance they forget all but it. One affliction is as the grave to bury hundreds of mercies. A small thing laid upon a man's eye, will keep the sight of all the heavens from him: so many

times a little affliction keeps the sight from abundant blessings.—*Burroughes.*

Authorship is, according to the spirit in which it is pursued, an infamy, a pastime, a day-labour, a handicraft, an art, a science, or a virtue.—*Schlegel.*

An excellent rule is to suspect the propriety of every communication where the personal feelings or circumstances of the speaker form part of the subject.—*Chalmers.*

Cardinal Richelieu, who said that "unfortunate" and "imprudent" are two words which signify the same thing, seems to have founded this maxim on the singular success of his own administration. He made no scruple of removing any man out of the way who would not implicitly submit to his will, and he imprisoned Marshal Bassompierre about eighteen years in the Bastille, because he did not directly and unhesitatingly answer the Cardinal's question: "Voulez vous être à moi?"

Among the many great and striking endowments of Mr. Fox, he had that deep and intimate feeling for human nature, which has generally been estranged from the bosom of statesmen, but which was with him a part of his existence, ever actuating him to alleviate the evils, to vindicate the rights, to soften the calamities, and to increase, by every means in his power, the happiness of mankind.—*Roscoe.*

Mr. Edgeworth relates in his Memoirs this little incident: "One evening in summer I happened to be in one of those streets that lead from the Strand towards the Thames. It was a street to which there was no outlet, and consequently free from passengers. A Savoyard was grinding his disregarded organ; a dark shade fell obliquely across the street, and there was a melancholy produced by the surrounding circumstances that excited my attention. A female beggar suddenly rose from the steps of one of the doors, and began to dance ludicrously to the tune which the Savoyard was playing. I gave the man some money, and remarked, that for such an old woman, the mendicant danced with great sprightliness. She looked at me steadfastly. and sighing, added, that she could once dance well. She desired the Savoyard to play a minuet, the steps of which she began to dance with uncommon grace and dignity. I spoke to her French, in which language she replied fluently, and in a good accent; her language, and a knowledge of persons in high life, and of books, which she showed in the course of a few minutes' conversation, convinced me that she must have had a liberal education, and she had been among the higher classes in society. Upon inquiry, she told me that she was of a noble family, whose name she would not injure by telling her own; that she had early disgraced herself; and that, falling from bad to worse, she had sunk to the present miserable condition. I asked her why she did not endeavour to get into some of those asylums which the humanity of the English nation has provided for want and wretchedness; she replied with a countenance of resolute despair: "You can do nothing more for me, than to give me half a crown—it will make me drunk, and pay for my bed."—p. 354.

A few days before Pope's death, his physician told him that his pulse was good, and several other encouraging things, on hearing which he turned to his friend Mr. Lyttleton, saying:

"Here am I dying of a hundred good symptoms."

After taking the Communion, Pope said:

"There is nothing meritorious but virtue and friendship; and indeed friendship itself is but a part of virtue."

The meeting of long-parted sisters:

"Need I to tell the failing heart and paralyzed limbs, with which we stand on the threshold of that moment which hope has fed on, and fond fancy rehearsed for years, and years ere it arrives? or need I to tell the blissful agony of that meeting—joy too much for the poor heart to hold—the dearly-earned fruits of cruel separation—the life remembered in a moment — the moment remembered for life? Yet who would wish to pay the heavy penalty—to fast for years for one delicious draught? How good it is that our fates are not in our own guidance—that the lot is cast into the lap, but the ordering thereof not dependant on us.—*Letters from the Baltic*, p. 33.

A worthy antiquarian was one day edifying the French Academy with a monstrously long detail of comparative prices of commodities at different periods, when La Fontaine observed:

"This man knows the value of everything except *time*."

There is no man who has not spent many more days of happiness than of misery. Consider the situation of the generality of mankind, and think what can be added to their felicity. Almost the whole of them wish for something more than they have. This is a spur to their exertion. But what they have in view is generally a trifle in comparison of what they already actually possess. If a man be provided with the necessaries of life, or be able to provide them by his labours; if he enjoy tolerable health, and be conscious of no crime; he can hardly feel much uneasiness, unless he be haunted by some of those phantoms of the imagination which men sometimes raise to disturb their own repose.

If God had so pleased, He could undoubtedly have rendered every being He has formed completely happy. He could have made them incapable even of rendering themselves miserable. He could have made them necessary instead of voluntary agents; and compelled them to act in the way that would infallibly have produced felicity; or He might have contrived men in such a manner, that they must have been happy in whatever way they acted. He has not ordered matters in such a way; and therefore we may be sure that He never intended to do so. Everything is so conducted that His creatures arise to greater and greater degrees of happiness, in consequence of their own exertions, and in consequence of the improvement which, by His appointment, follows from their exertions. The more wise and virtuous they become, the more happy they are of consequence. It is evident, therefore, though the Deity intended to communicate happiness, and has done so in the most liberal manner,

yet this was not the only end He had in view. He intended to make man happy; but it was in a particular manner, which He knew would at last contribute to the greatest general felicity of the species.—*Professor Arthur's Discourses*, p. 66.

Lord Bacon used to say that in religion two sects produce a zealous emulation, but more produce infidelity.

When William Penn was tried before the Lord Mayor and Recorder of London for preaching in a Quaker meeting, he came into court, according to Quaker costume with his hat on his head; but the door-keeper, with a due zeal for the dignity of the place, pulled it off as he entered. Upon this, however, the Lord Mayor became quite furious, and ordered the unfortunate beaver to be instantly replaced, which was no sooner done than he fined the poor culprit for appearing covered in his presence! Penn now insisted upon knowing what law he was accused of having broken. To which simple question the Recorder was reduced to answer:

"You are an impertinent fellow! Many have studied thirty or forty years to understand the law, which you are for having expounded in a moment."

The learned controversialist, however, was not to be silenced so easily. He quoted Lord Coke and Magna Charta on his antagonist in a moment, and chastised his insolence by one of the best and most characteristic repartees ever elicited.

"I tell you to be silent!" cried the Recorder in a great

passion. "If we should suffer you to ask questions till to-morrow morning you would never be the wiser."

"That," replied the Quaker, with his immoveable tranquillity, "That is according as *the answers* are!"

The jury, after a short consultation, brought in a verdict, finding him merely "guilty of speaking in Gracechurch Street." For this verdict they were loaded with reproaches by the Court, and sent out to reconsider it; but in half an hour they returned with the same ingenious finding, fairly written out and subscribed with all their names. The Court now became more furious than ever, and shut them up without meat, drink, or fire till next morning, when they twice over came back with the same verdict, upon which they were reviled and threatened so furiously by the Recorder, that Penn protested against this plain intimidation of the persons to whose *free* suffrages the law had entrusted his cause.

The answer of the Recorder was: "Stop his mouth, jailor; bring fetters and stake him to the ground."

Penn replied, with the temper of a Quaker and the spirit of a martyr: "Do your pleasure; I matter not fetters."

The jury were again sent back, and kept other twenty-four hours, without food or refreshment. On the third day, the natural and glorious effect of this brutality on the spirits of Englishmen was at length produced. Instead of the special and unmeaning form of their first verdict, they now, all in one voice, declared the prisoner "Not guilty."—*Clarkson's Life of Penn.*

All dramatic writers, both ancient and modern, as well as the keenest and most elegant satirists, have exhausted

their whole stock of wit to expose avarice; this is the chief subject of Horace's satires and epistles; and yet the character of a covetous man has never yet been fully drawn or sufficiently explained. Molière's "Avare" has been exceeded by persons who have existed within my own knowledge. If you could bestow on a man of this disposition the wealth of both the Indies, he would not have *enough*, because by *enough* (if such a word be found in the vocabulary of avarice) he always means something more than he is possessed of. It seems not so much a vice as a deplorable piece of madness. The arguments of reason, philosophy, or religion will not affect the miser, for when all his other passions have subsided, that of avarice wholly engrosses him. The greatest endowments of the mind, the greatest abilities in a profession, and even the quiet possession of an immense treasure, will never prevail against avarice. Lord Hardwick, once Lord Chancellor, and worth £800,000, sets the same value on half-a-crown now as he did when only worth one hundred. The Great Duke of Marlborough, when in the last stage of life and very infirm, walked from the public rooms in Bath to his lodgings, in cold, dark nights, to save sixpence in chair-hire. If the Duke, who left at his death more than a million and a half sterling, could have foreseen that all his wealth and honours were to be inherited by a grandson of his enemy, Lord Trevor, would he have been so careful to save sixpence for his heir? Not for the sake of his heir, but nevertheless he would always have saved the sixpence. Sir James Lowther, who had about £40,000 per annum, and was at a loss whom to appoint his heir, after changing a piece of silver in St. George's Coffee-house once, and paying twopence for his dish of coffee, was helped into his chariot, lame and

infirm, and went home; some little time after he returned to the coffee-house, to acquaint the woman who kept it that she had given him a bad half-penny, and demanded another in exchange. Sir William Smyth, with a large fortune and estate, becoming blind about the age of seventy, agreed to give Taylor, the oculist, £63 if he would restore him to sight. The operation succeeded perfectly, but Sir William could think of nothing but the loss of his £63, and kept his eyes bandaged another month, pretending to see nothing perfectly till he persuaded the oculist to compound for twenty guineas.—*Dr. King.*

An alehouse-keeper near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the French King, upon the commencement of the last war pulled down his old sign, and put up that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden sceptre he continued to sell ale till she was no longer the favourite of his customers; he changed her, therefore, some time ago for the King of Prussia, who may probably be changed, in turn, for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.

In this manner the great are dealt out, one after the other to the gazing crowd. When we have sufficiently wondered at one of them, he is taken in, and another exhibited in his room, who seldom holds his station long, for the mob are ever pleased with variety.

I must own I have such an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to suspect that merit which raises their shout; at least I am certain to find those great, and sometimes good men, who find satisfaction in

such acclamations, made worse by it; and history has too frequently taught me that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million, has the very next been fixed upon a pole.

As Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had just been evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure which had been designed to represent himself. There were some also knocking down a neighbouring statue of one of the Orsini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is possible a man who knew less of the world would have condemned the adulation of those bare-faced flatterers, but Alexander seemed pleased at their zeal, and turning to Borgia, his son, said with a smile: "You see, my son, the small difference between a gibbet and a statue."

Cornelius Jansen, Bishop of Ypres, had a love of truth which amounted to a perfect passion, and pursued it often in places where it could not be found, but yet with earnest and intense desire. Often as he traversed his garden, he was seen to pause, and, with his eye directed to heaven, was heard exclaiming: "O truth! truth!"

In studying Holy Scripture, it is very important to observe that no promise of support and consolation is given to imaginary distresses. Half the sorrows of life arise from desiring that which is not necessary to our happiness, or from anticipating afflictions that never

arrive. Some men, through fear of death, are all their life subject to bondage; and others through fear of calamity cannot enjoy the present good that God bestows; but the Christian, while praying earnestly that he may be prepared to meet the decrees of Providence when they come, will at the same time cheerfully trust that as his day is, so shall his strength (in due time) be. Many have tortured their minds by apprehending that, had they been tried like the martyrs, they could not have suffered like the martyrs; but the fears of imagination, like its pleasures, are not included in the catalogue of those emergencies for which the promises of Scripture may be humbly claimed.

When Coleridge was offered half-share in these two newspapers, the 'Morning Post' and 'Courier,' by which he could probably have secured £2,000 a-year, he replied: "I will not give up the country, and the lazy reading of old folios, for two thousand times two thousand pounds; in short, beyond £350 a-year, I consider money as a real evil."—*Essays*, vol. i, p. 91.

A poet once presented an epitaph on Molière to a friend, who replied: "I had much rather that it was he who brought me yours."

In the council of war which was held before the battle of Rocroi, the Prince of Condé having stated all the advantages of fighting in the event of victory, the Maréchal de Gassion replied:

"But if we lose, what is to become of us?"

"I never think of that," said the Prince; "I shall be dead first!"

Dr. Heyward had written a work on the dethronement of Richard II., in which he expressed sentiments highly displeasing to Queen Elizabeth. She sent him to the Tower, and might have sent him to the scaffold, under an impression that the book was more important than it really was. She applied to Lord Bacon to know if it did not contain treason.

"No!" replied Bacon, anxious for the security of his friend. "Not treason, but a great deal of felony."

"Felony!" exclaimed the Queen, "how so?"

"Because," said the lawyer, "he has stolen most of his expressions and conceits from Cornelius Tacitus."

The Queen laughed, and relented.—*London Prisons*, p. 96.

It is a wise and admirable arrangement of matters, when such an employment is laid down for every hour as to beget no wavering, no idleness, no hesitation about what I shall turn to next. And remember that needful amusement is not idleness—healthful relaxation is not idleness—attention to friends and acquaintances is not idleness—falling in with such arrangements in the way of business or visiting as your natural superiors expect you to concur in, and which are not hostile to principle, however offensive to taste and inclination, is not idleness. All this you may do *unto the Lord*, for He wills all this; but may Heaven ever preserve you from such idleness as to escape from the misery of its own languor, flies for resources to any one quarter where it may find them. Do

study such a filling up of time as will keep you away from the evil communications of a world in wickedness; and if, when you look around, you see an unvaried atmosphere of corruption, think that Christ came to make unto Himself a *peculiar* people, and do nobly signalise yourself; and in daring to be singular, lift your intrepid front against the tide of general example, and follow severely the suggestions of principle amid all the ridicule of the world, and all its outcry.—*Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers*, vol. ii, p. 31.

The doctrine of indifference to temporal occurrences, evidences want of faith in the wisdom and love of that discipline which is fitting us, by our daily life here, for action and enjoyment in the wider happier world we hope soon to enter upon. It is not by indifference to earthly things, but by a keen yet controlled appreciation of the pains and pleasures which belong to them, that we can most fully receive that spiritual education by which our Father in heaven offers to make each one of us meet for the enjoyment of His glorious presence. This life would lose its efficiency as a state of probation or preparation, if its good or its ill were encountered with the heathenish indifference of the stoic.—*Letters on Happiness*, p. 8.

Mr. Marten, M.P., was the greatest wit of his day. One evening he delivered a furious philippic against Sir Harry Vane, and when he had buried him beneath a load of sarcasms, he continued:

"But, as for young Sir Harry Vane—" and so sat down.

The House was astounded. Several persons cried out: "What have you to say to young Sir Harry?"

Mr. Marten at once rose and added:

"Why! if young Sir Harry lives to be old, *he* will be old Sir Harry!"—*London Prisons*, p. 97.

The Count de Cuissine observes in his travels: "The only difference between the Episcopalian and Presbyterian Churches is, that one has an organ, and the other has none!"

Try as we will, we can never write for ourselves only. Even if we never show, what is written, we have still an imaginary public before us. What is chiefly to be feared from this is, that it should afford food for vanity. When a man occupies his mind so much with himself, he is in danger of thinking all that happens to him more important than what happens to others.—*Von Humboldt's Letters*, p. 146.

Some one telling the famous Jerome Bignon that Rome is the seat of faith: "True," replied he, "but then faith is like some people, who are never to be found at home."

There is no man who has not some interesting associations with particular scenes, or airs, or books, and who does not feel their beauty or sublimity, enhanced to him by such connexions. The view of the house where one was born, of the school where one was educated, and where the gay years of infancy were passed, is indifferent

to no man. They recal so many images of past happiness, and past affections, they are connected with so many strong or valued emotions, and lead altogether to so long a train of feelings and recollections, that there is hardly any scene which one ever beholds with so much rapture. There are songs also that we have heard in our infancy, which, when brought to our remembrance in after years, raise emotions for which we cannot well account; and which, though perhaps very indifferent in themselves, still continue from this association, and from the variety of conceptions which they kindle in our minds, to be our favourites through life. The scenes which have been distinguished by the residence of any person, whose memory we admire, produce a similar effect. The scenes themselves may be little beautiful; but the delight with which we recollect the traces of their lives, blends itself insensibly with the emotions which the scenery excites; and the admiration which these recollections afford, seems to give a kind of sanctity to the place where they dwelt, and converts everything into beauty which appears to have been connected with them.—*Alison on Taste*, p. 23.

When the Empress Catherine received deputies from all the provinces of her vast empire, two Scythians were asked, what legislative enactments they thought best adapted to their nation:

"Our laws are few," said one of them; "and we want no more!"

"What!" exclaimed the Empress; "do theft and murder never appear amongst you?"

"We have such crimes," answered the deputy, "and

they are punished. The man who deprives another of life wrongfully is put to death."

"But," added the Empress, "what is your punishment for theft?"

"How!" exclaimed the Scythian; "is it not sufficiently punished by detection!" — *Sir John Carr's Travels.*

To all who could coldly sit out the performance of one of Bellini's tender and impassioned compositions, insensible to its beauties, unmoved by its inspiring strains, and intent upon nothing but the technical errors into which the composer, in the heat of his fancy, may have been hurried, we would say, in the often-quoted words of Rousseau:

"If you are calm and tranquil amidst the ecstacies of this great art, if you feel no delirium, no transport—profane not the sacred shrine of genius with your presence; what can it avail you to *hear* what you cannot *feel?*"

Few, who are not encouraged, persevere till the strength of their genius comes out. He who expects no reward, works carelessly and languidly. He cannot entirely abandon the chase; but he has no energy because he has no hope. Men who go on successfully, and *with cheers*, often show at last faculties which no one suspected to be in them, and which they did not even themselves suspect; while others, depressed and blighted, let great genius sink into imbecility and despair.—*Sir Egerton Brydges.*

Lord Chatham in Parliament made a fine allusion once to the maxim of English law, that every man's house is his castle:

"The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the forces of the Crown. It may be frail—its roof may shake—the wind may blow through it—the storm may enter—the rain may enter—but the King of England cannot enter! all his power does not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement!"

It is related in a Book of Etiquette, that George IV., when Prince of Wales, was once observed to bow to every one in the street who saluted him, till he came to the man who swept the crossing, whom he passed without notice. The narrator of this circumstance, gravely discusses whether the Prince was right in making this exception, and finally decides in favour of his Royal Highness saying:

"To salute a beggar without giving him anything would be a mockery, and to stop for the purpose of bestowing a sixpence would wear the semblance of ostentation in a Prince."

Sir Walter Raleigh, on the morning of his execution, received a cup of sack, and remarked that he liked it as well as the prisoner who drank of St. Giles's bowl in passing through Tyburn, and said, "It is good to drink if a man might but tarry by it." He turned to his old friend Sir Hugh Ceeston, who was repulsed by the Sheriff from the scaffold, saying:

"Never fear but I shall have a place."

When a man extremely bald pressed forward to see Raleigh, and to pray for him, Sir Walter took from his

own head a richly embroidered cap, and placing it on that of the aged spectator, said:

"Take this, good friend, to remember me, for you have more need on it than I."

"Farewell, my Lords," he cheerfully exclaimed to a courtly group, who took an affectionate leave of him; "I have a long journey before me, and must say good bye."

"Now I am going to God," said that heroic spirit, as he reached the scaffold; and gently touching the axe, continued, "This is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases."

The very executioner shrunk from beheading one so brave and illustrious, until the unintimidated knight encouraged him, saying:

"What dost thou fear? Strike man."

In another moment, the mighty soul fled from its mangled tenement.

Mr. Popham, when he was Speaker, and the House had sat long, and done in effect nothing, coming one day to Queen Elizabeth, she said to him:

"Now, Mr. Speaker, what hath passed in the House of Commons?"

He answered:

"If it please your Majesty, *seven weeks.*"—*Bacon.*

A celebrated physician said to Lord Eldon's brother, Sir William Scott, rather more flippantly than became the gravity of his profession:

"You know after forty, a man is always either a fool or a physician."

The Baronet archly replied, in an insinuating voice:

"Perhaps he may be both, Doctor."—*Lord Brougham's Memoirs of Statesmen.*

When Louis XV. in his early youth first learned to read, and opened a book in which the death of some monarch was alluded to, he turned to his tutor, exclaiming:

"How is this! do Kings die?"

"Sometimes, Monseigneur," was the cautious reply.

An instance of the ruling passion, which surpasses even Pope's celebrated example of Mrs. Oldfield, took place in France, where Madame de Charolais, being in the same circumstance with the dying actress, was with extreme difficulty prevailed on to receive the Sacrament without rouge. Being at last unable to resist the entreaties of her confessor, who, probably, insisted on the evil of face-painting, she at last consented to wipe away the cherished ornament.

"But in this case," she said to her abigail, "give me some other ribbons; you know how horribly ill yellow becomes my complexion."

Princess Caroline, third daughter of George II., was the Queen's favourite child, who returned the attachment with duty, gratitude, and affection. Being in ill-health at the time of her mother's death, the Queen told her she would follow her in less than a year. The Princess received the notice as a prophecy; and though she lived many years after it had proved a vain one, she quitted the world, and persevered in the closest retreat, and in con-

stant religious preparation for the grave; a moment she so eagerly desired, that when something was once proposed to her, to which she was averse, she said:

"I would not do it to die."

For many years she was totally an invalid, and shut herself up in two chambers in the inner part of St. James's, from whence she could not see a single object. In this monastic retirement, with no company but of the King, the Duke, Princess Emily, and a few of the most intimate of the Court, she led, not an unblameable life only, but a meritorious one; her whole income was dispensed between generosity and charity; and, till her death by shutting up the current discovered the source, the jails of London did not suspect that the best support of their wretched inhabitants was issued from the Palace.

From the last Sunday to the Wednesday on which she died, she declined seeing her family; and when the mortification began, and the pain ceased, she said:

"I feared I should not have died of this."

The mother of Philip, Duke of Orleans said once:

"Though good fairies have gifted my son at his birth with numerous qualities, one envious member of the sisterhood has spitefully decreed that he shall never know how to use any of these gifts."

From what I have observed, and what I have heard those persons say whose professions lead them to the dying, I am induced to infer that the fear of death is not common, and that, where it exists, it proceeds rather from diseased and enfeebled mind than from any principle in

our nature. Certain it is, that among the poor the approach of dissolution is usually regarded with a quiet and natural composure, which it is consolatory to contemplate, and which is as far removed from the dead palsy of unbelief as it is from the delirious raptures of fanaticism. Theirs is a true, unhesitating faith, and they are willing to lay down the burden of a weary life, in the sure and certain hope of a blessed immortality.—*Southey.*

In the heaviest afflictions, if they were stripped of all that is purely imaginative, there would remain much less to regret than is generally conceived. Horace Walpole says: "I have had a much happier life than I deserve, and than millions that deserve better. I should be very weak, if I could not bear the uncomfortableness of old age, when I can afford what comforts it is capable of. How many poor people have none of them! I am ashamed whenever I am peevish, and recollect that I have fire and servants to help me." In every misfortune, think how many there are who would think themselves advanced almost to heaven if they could have but a part of the wreck of your property. A man accustomed to an income of £20,000 a-year feels impoverished with only £10,000, and in beggary if reduced to £1,000 per annum; whereas those with £100 a-year are looking up with envy to his remaining wealth, which gives him many luxuries that they never even knew. Ever remember, too, that heaven's favours here are trials, not rewards.

The colour of our whole life is generally such as the three or four first years, in which we are our own masters,

make it. Then it is that we may be said to shape our own destiny, and to treasure up for ourselves a series of future successes or disappointments. Had I employed my time wisely, I had never been a poet perhaps, but I might by this time have acquired a character of more importance in society, and a situation in which my friends would have been better pleased to see me. The only use I can make of myself now, at least the best, is to serve *in terrorem* to others, when occasion may happen to offer, that they may escape (as far as my admonitions can have any weight with them) my folly and my fate.—*Cowper's Letters.*

When the Regent Duke of Orleans was entreated to pardon the Prince of ——, who had committed three murders, he replied, addressing the culprit: "I pardon you; but take notice, and keep this in your memory, I certainly will pardon the man, whoever he be, that kills you."

"Fool! fool! fool!" were the last words of one on his dying-bed, who, it is to be feared, had procrastinated his repentance too long, and too fearfully; while the humble Christian, sensible of a thousand failings and imperfections, still looks with the eye of faith on his Redeemer, and his soul, like the flight of an eagle towards the heavens, soars to the regions of everlasting happiness. —*Jesse's Favourite Haunts*, p. 285.

A gentle, flowing rivulet, and an impetuous torrent, do not affect us in the same manner. The mind is disposed,

to tranquillity by the one, and roused and agitated by the other. The distinction between the sensations occasioned by sublime and by beautiful objects is universally known. The characters of these sentiments are exceedingly different. The sensation of beauty is gay and enlivening. The sensation of sublimity is solemn and elevating.—*Professor Arthur's Discourses*, p. 184.

The ninth Earl Mareschal, being advised at eighty years old to send a statement of his infirmities, that an eminent English physician might prescribe, he writes: "I thank you for your advice of consulting the English doctor to repair my old carcase. I have lately done so by my old coach, and it is now almost as good as new. Please, therefore, to tell the doctor that from him I expect a good repair. First, he must know that the machine is the worse for wear, being nearly eighty years old. The reparation I propose he shall begin with is, one pair of new eyes, one pair of new ears, some improvement on the memory. When this is done, we shall ask new legs, and some change in the stomach. For the present this first reparation will be sufficient, and we must not trouble the doctor too much at once."—*Correspondence of Sir R. Murray Keith.*

It is in the time of trouble, when some, to whom we may have looked for consolation and encouragement, regard us with coldness, and others, perhaps, treat us with hostility, that the warmth of the friendly heart, and the support of the friendly hand, acquire increased value, and demand additional gratitude.—*Mant.*

As a science, religion consists in the knowledge of the relations between God and man; as a living principle, in the exercise of the corresponding affections; as a rule of duty, in the performance of the actions which those affections prescribe. The principle may thrive in healthful life and energy, though the science be ill understood, and the rule imperfectly apprehended. For, after all, the great command is Love, and He from whom that command proceeded is himself Love.—*Sir J. Stephen.*

When Sir Robert Walpole was Prime Minister, he whispered some remarks to the Speaker while Sir John Barnard, member for the City, was opposing his measures; but the Baronet, after pausing a moment, seeing that the dialogue was likely to continue, exclaimed: "I address myself to you, Mr. Speaker, and not to your chair. I will be heard, and I call that gentleman to order!"

"Act well at the moment," says Lavater, "and you have performed a good action to all eternity."

Dr. Johnson, it is said, when he first heard of Boswell's intention to write a life of him, announced, with decision enough, that if he thought Boswell really meant to write his life, he would prevent it by taking Boswell's. That great authors should actually employ this preventive against bad biographers is a thing we would by no means recommend; but the truth is, that rich as we are in biography, a well-written life is almost as rare as a well-spent one; and there are certainly many more men whose

history deserves to be recorded, than persons willing and able to furnish the record.—*Edinburgh Review.*

Henry IV., of France, announced his brilliant and almost miraculous victory to his favourite friend in these words: "Pends-toi, brave Crillon! Nous avons combattu à Arques, et tu n'y étois pas."

I want to know how the world goes on: we stand still here. Dulness, in the solemn garb of wisdom, wraps us in its gentle wing; and here we dream that others do ill, and happy are we that we do nothing. One yawns: "There is peace in solitude;" another stirs the fire, and cries: "How happy is liberty and independence!" another takes a pinch of snuff, and praises leisure; another pulls a knotting shuttle out of her pocket, and commends a little innocent amusement; their neighbour, more laborious, making a lace with two bobbins, says business should be preferred to pleasure and diversion. How wise is everybody by their own fire-side, and how happy every one in their own way! What glorious things do the ambitious say of ambition. How civilly do the indolent speak of idleness, and how prettily do the trifling express trifles! How cunning do those think themselves who live in cities, and how innocent do they look upon themselves to be who dwell in the country.—*Mrs. Montague's Letters,* vol. ii, p. 150.

During the reign of Queen Mary of England, the Bench of Bishops had put to death five of their own number, including Cranmer. But in little more than the

same time thirty of themselves died "by the visitation of God;" and such was the mortality among the priests generally, that in divers parts of the realm no curates could be gotten for money. At the burning of some Protestants in London, when proclamation had been made strictly commanding that no one should speak to or pray for the martyrs, or say "God help them!" a heroic minister cried out: "Almighty God, for Christ's sake strengthen them!" Immediately with one voice the whole multitude loudly responded: "Amen! amen!"—*Annals of the English Bible.*

You once remarked to me how time strengthened family affections, and, indeed, all early ones; one's feelings seem to be weary of travelling, and like to rest at home. They who tell me that men grow hard-hearted as they grow older, have a very limited view of this world of ours. It is true with those whose views and hopes are merely and vulgarly worldly; but when human nature is not perverted, time strengthens our kindly feelings, and abates our angry ones.—*Southey.*

It is impossible that any person, however thoughtless and unaccustomed to observe the works of creation, can look around him, even during a morning's ramble through the fields, without being struck with the number of living beings that offer themselves to his notice, presenting infinite diversity of form, and obviously adapted by their construction and habits, to occupy various and widely different situations. The careless lounger, indeed, untaught to mark the less obtrusive and minuter features of

the landscape, sees, perhaps, the cattle grazing in the field, watches the swallows as they glance along, or listens with undefined emotions of pleasure to the vocal choir of unseen feathered songsters; and, content with these symptoms of life around him, passes unheeding onwards. Not so the curious and enlightened wanderer, inquisitive to understand all that he finds around him: his prying eye and intelligent mind not only can appreciate the grosser beauties of the scene, and gather full enjoyment from the survey, but perceive objects of wonder multiply at every step he takes—the grass, the trees, the flowers, the earth, the air, swarm with innumerable kinds of active living creatures—every stone upturned reveals some insect wonder; nay, the stagnant ditch he knows to be a world wherein incalculable myriads pass their lives, and every drop to swarm with animated atoms, able to proclaim the Omnipotent Designer loudly as the stars themselves.

Is it upon the sea-shore that the student of nature walks? Each rippling wave lays at his feet some tribute from the deep, and tell of wonders indescribable—brings corallines and painted shells, and thousands of grotesque beings, samples left to show that in the sea, through all its spacious realms, life still is found—that creatures there exist more numerously than on the earth itself, all perfect in their construction, and, although so diversified in shape and attributes, alike subservient to the general welfare.—*Professor R. Jones's Lectures.*

The last words of Duncan Forbes of Culloden, to his son: "There is but one thing I repent of in my whole

life—not having taken better care of you. May the great God of heaven and earth bless and protect you. I trust in the blood of Christ. Be always religious; fear and love God. You may go. You can be of no service to me here!"—*Memoir.*

Dr. James Hope said he saw more and more clearly every day, the wisdom of not seeking to make friends with the hope of making patients. There is a vulgar proverb, which makes familiarity the parent of contempt, and in the case of medical men this is strikingly verified. When a man becomes known as an agreeable man in society, as a musical performer, as an artist, as an adept in general science—in fact, as anything but a professional man, he loses his chance of securing a patient in almost the same ratio as he gains popularity. Dr. Hope used often to notice this, and he remarked not only that his friends were the last to discover his professional merits; but that even when converted into patients, he had much less influence with them than with those whom he had first known as patients, and who were afterwards changed into friends. He used often to tell with much zest a story illustrative of this opinion. A gentleman, and old friend of Mrs. Hope's family, lived for several years within three doors of him, but never dreamt of trusting his life into the hands of a young man like Dr. Hope. This gentleman having been taken dangerously ill at Glasgow, was recommended by his medical adviser (Dr. Hannay, we believe) to come to town, in order to consult Dr. Hope! "What!" said the old gentleman; "you do not mean the man next door to whom I have lived so many years!" He came, however, and with great *naïveté* related the story himself, laughing

heartily at the notion of having been obliged to travel to Glasgow to discover the merits of his neighbour.—*Memoir of Dr. Hope*, p. 68.

No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure.—*Sidney Smith.*

Letter from General Washington to La Fayette after his retirement to Mount Vernon:

"At length, my dear Marquis, I have become quite a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac, and under the shadow of my own vine, and my own fig-tree. Free from the bustle of camp, and the busy scenes of public life, I am solacing myself with these tranquil enjoyments, of which the soldier, who is ever in pursuit of fame—the statesman, whose watchful days and sleepless nights are spent in devising schemes to promote the welfare of his own, or the ruin of other countries, as if the globe were insufficient for us all—and the courtier, who is always watching the countenance of his prince, in hope of catching a gracious smile, can have very little conception. I have not only retired from all public enjoyments, but am retiring within myself, and shall be able to view the solitary walk, and tread the paths of private life with heartfelt satisfaction. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all, and move gently down the stream of life, until I sleep with my fathers."—*Washington's Life*, vol. v, p. 2.

Dr. Chambers, in speaking of Queen Charlotte's death, uses these words, now as applicable to a living monarch as to her whom he then lamented: "Vice was abased and overawed in the presence of royalty; and she who stood loftiest in grandeur, stood also the foremost in moral guardianship to shield the purity and matronize the virtues of the British nation."—*Memoir*, vol. ii, p. 205.

That imagination hath produced real effects, many sad and serious examples may be produced. I will only insist on a merry one. A gentleman having led a company of children beyond their usual journey, they began to weary, and jointly cried to him to carry them which, because of their multitude, he could not do, but told them he would provide them horses to ride on. Then cutting little wands out of the hedge as nags for them, and a great stake as a steed for himself, thus m unted, fancy put mettle into their legs, and they came cheerfully home. Fancy runs most furiously when a guilty conscience drives it. One that owed much money and had many creditors, as he walked London streets in the evening, a tenter-hook caught his cloak: "At whose suit?" said he, conceiving some bailiff had arrested him. Thus guilty consciences are afraid when no fear is, and count every creature they meet a serjeant sent out from God to punish them.—*Roger's Essays quoting Fuller*, p. 36.

Self-preservation seems to be an inherent principle in animals; a dread of pain and suffering, and a consciousness of death, which consciousness must be of the highest order in some animals, since they feign that death as the

last remaining struggle for self-preservation, when all other hopes have failed. An implanted knowledge of the termination of life must exist, or its effects would not be feigned, nor the anxiety for safety be so permanent an object. It cannot be example that sets the fox to simulate death so perfectly that he permits himself to be handled, to be conveyed to a distant spot, and then to be flung on a dung-hill. The ultimate hope—escape—prompts the measure, which unaided instinct could not have contrived. What we, humanly speaking, call knowledge of the world, which is the main-spring of half our acts and plans, is the result of deep observation of character, and of the leading principles which influence society; and this would apply very well with fox in relation to fox; but the analogy must cease here, and we can only say that this artifice of the fox is an extraordinary display of high cunning, great self-confidence, and strong resolution. There are many insects, particularly the genus *Elater*, the spider and the door-beetle, which feign death when seized by the hand.—*Thompson's Note-Book of a Naturalist*, p. 176.

Dr. Blair, in preaching against cruelty to animals, says:

"We ought never to sport with pain and distress in any of our amusements, or treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty."

It is some years since an ingenious little tract, long since extinct from the memory of most readers was published under this title, "The Paradise of Animals," and it might very appropriately have been dedicated to Mr. Martin, M.P. The story described the ascent of a bal-

loon, which rises with a degree of buoyant velocity defying the power of man to control, until at length the bewildered aëronaut within is driven upon an unknown planet, where his equipage is greatly damaged, and he hurriedly alights. On glancing around, he sees a country of inexpressible beauty, but for some time this Planetary Crusoe can discover no inhabitants. After some hours of profound repose, however, he awakens to find himself surrounded by a perfect Noah's Ark of animals, by a crowd containing delegates from every species that ever inhabited the earth, and all evidently in a state of tumultuous agitation. This newly-discovered planet is, in fact, "The Paradise of Animals," therefore all the inhabitants are in consternation that their old enemy, man, has intruded on the scene of their felicity. A veto is instantly promulgated against him, and a general resolution is formed that all the injuries inflicted on animals during the last century by mankind, shall now be revenged by putting the stranger to the cruellest death that can be devised.

He is unanimously condemned, but it is resolved that before consigning him to the torture, each animal shall detail all the injuries that his race has suffered on earth from mankind. The catalogue rapidly swells to a fearful magnitude, as each indignant witness bears his overwhelming testimony against man, while one tragical tale after another causes the incensed and alarmed auditory to be more impatient to secure their safety and to wreak their vengeance.

The captive, in despair, now covers his face with his hands, and the infuriated animals are about to tear him in pieces, when suddenly his own *ci-devant* horse and dog appear in his favour, testifying that the prisoner had

been a kind master to them, and proposing that he shall be allowed to escape on condition of decamping immediately, and never more on any pretext appearing there again. Not a moment is lost. The unwelcome visitor is thrust into the ragged remains of his balloon, promises faithfully never to return, and is banished with ignominy from the presence of the whole animal species, whose only idea of happiness consisted in the absence of mankind. It might be a useful admonition for individuals sometimes to consider what reception they would deserve in "the Paradise of Animals."

The habitual relaxation of a Christian is not to be sought in amusements that weary where they ought to refresh, that ruffle the temper which they are intended to compose, and disturb those better affections of the heart which it is most important to cherish, but in the quiet charms of friendship, in the indulgence of domestic tenderness, in the pursuit of those elegancies of literature and the arts which are not only harmless and unimpeachable, but chasten and adorn the mind.—*Archbishop Sumner.*

There can be no sufficient excuse for any one neglecting to attend regularly at church, but to men of great intellect and vivid imagination the effort of listening to a preacher of ordinary capacity must be very tedious. Those in a congregation who have sluggish minds and moderate understandings can little conceive the agony of weariness with which a first-class mind, such as Wilberforce or Canning, would chain its attention to the common-place truisms flowing from an intellect of very

inferior capacity. Common minds easily meet with their match, and complacently sit to hear the common remarks which fit their understandings, while the brilliant intellect of a Burke or a Chatham would have been starving for want of nourishment in the midst of apparent plenty. After long experience of listening to the tedious speaking in a Court of Law, Lord Jeffrey at last said: "I find that, on the whole, my least wearisome plan really is—to listen!"

He had the greatest elevation of soul, the largest compass of knowledge, the most mortified and heavenly disposition, that I ever yet saw in mortal. He had the greatest parts as well as virtue, with the most perfect humility, that I ever saw in man; and had a sublime strain in preaching, with as grave a gesture, and such a majesty, both of thought, of language, and pronunciation, that I never once saw a wandering eye where he preached, and I have seen whole assemblies often melt in tears before him; and of whom I can say, with great truth, that in a free and frequent conversation with him for above two and twenty years, I never saw him say an idle word, or a word that had not a direct tendency to edification; and I never once saw him in any other temper but that I wished to be in in the last moment of my life.—*Character of Archbishop Leighton, by Bishop Burnet.*

Fuller says, in illustrating the necessity of a good example: "A father that whipped his son for swearing, and swore himself while he whipped him, did more harm by his example than good by his correction."

An author well qualified to judge, from his own experience, of whatever conduces to invigorate or to embellish the understanding, has beautifully remarked, that "by turning the soul inward on itself, its forces are concentred, and are fitted for stronger and bolder flights of science; and that, in such pursuits, whether we gain, or whether we lose the game, the chase is certainly of service. In this respect, the philosophy of the mind may claim a distinguished rank among those preparatory disciplines, which another writer of equal talents has happily compared to "the crops which are raised, not for the value of the harvest, but to be ploughed in as a dressing to the land."—*Dugald Stewart's Life of Dr. Reid*, p. 186.

The Russian Admiral, Priestman, visited Howard, the philanthropist, a short time before his death, and found him sitting at a small stove in his bed-room—the winter was excessively severe—and very weak and low. The Admiral thought him merely labouring under a temporary depression of spirits, and by lively, rattling conversation, endeavoured to rouse him from his torpidity. But Howard felt fully conscious that death was nigh. He knew now that he was not to die in Egypt; and in spite of his friend's cheerfulness, his mind still reverted to the solemn thought of his approaching end. Priestman told him not to give way to such gloomy fancies, and they would soon leave him.

"Priestman," said Howard, in his mild and serious voice, "you style this a dull conversation, and endeavour to divert my mind from dwelling on the thought of death; but I entertain very different sentiments. Death

has no terrors for me; it is an event I always look to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure; and be assured, the subject is more grateful to me than any other.—*Dixon's Life of Howard*, p. 398.

Lord Bacon says, that adversity is the promise of the New Testament, and prosperity is that of the Old.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any which are not in their power to amend. Oh, it is cruel to beat a cripple with his own crutches.—*Fuller*.

A profound conviction of God's moral purposes to men, of His design to exalt the soul infinitely, must kindle a purpose in us vast and enduring as His own, give us faith in the possibility of redeeming mankind, give us a respect for every individual, make us feel our unity with all. God must be regarded as enjoining this unlimited love, as calling us to universal brotherhood, and forbidding all that separates us from our kind. Man is to be loved as God's child, as God's temple, as the being in whom God reveals himself, and presents himself to us for our love. A confidence in the Divine benignity is to show itself in our unfaltering efforts to lift up the race, to awaken all that is generous and noble in the soul, to remove obstructions to human elevation, to breathe into all men a consciousness of their greatness, and a reverence for their fellows. We are to be animated with this new life of love — of love *for man as man*—a love which embraces all, of every

rank and character—which forgets divisions and outward distinctions — breaks down the old partition walls — longs to elevate all conditions of men to true dignity, to use wealth only as a means of extensive union, not of separation—which substitutes generous motives for force — which sees nothing degrading in labour; but honours all useful occupation — which everywhere is conscious of the just claims and rights of all, resisting the idolatry of the few, calling upon the mighty to save, not crush, the weak, from reverence for our common nature—and which in a word recognized the infinite worth of every human spirit. This is the true spirit for the minister, a love like that of Jesus on the cross, which sacrifices all to the well-being of man, and the glory and infinite designs of God.—*Channing*, vol. ii, p. 23.

Morales the painter was so devoted to his art, that he neglected his worldly fortunes. "You are very old, Morales," said Philip to him in 1581. "And very poor, too," was the reply. Thereupon the King granted him a pension of two hundred ducats "for his dinner," which on the veteran's rejoinder, "And for my supper, Sire?" was increased to three hundred.

There was a swell on the ocean during that day when Lord Collingwood breathed his last upon the element which had been the scene of his glory. Captain Thomas expressed a fear that he was disturbed by the tossing of the ship. "No, Thomas!" he replied, "I am now in a state in which nothing in this world can disturb me more.

I am dying; and I am sure it must be consolatory to you, and all who love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end."

Of the innumerable paths which terminate in the common goal, some are easier to tread than others, and it might be expected from the diversities of temperament, that there would be a difference of opinion about which was best. Cæsar desired the death which was most sudden and unexpected. His words were spoken at supper, and the following morning the Senate-house witnessed the fulfilment of the wish. Pliny also considered an instantaneous death the highest felicity of life, and Augustus held a somewhat similar opinion. When he heard that any person had died quickly and easily, he invoked the like good fortune for himself and his friends. Montaigne was altogether of Cæsar's party, and to use his own metaphor, thought that the pill was swallowed best without chewing. If Sir Thomas Browne had been of Cæsar's religion, he would have shared his desires, and preferred going off at a single blow to being grated to pieces with a torturing disease. But Christianity in enlarging our hopes has added to our fears. He felt that the mode of dying was comparatively an insignificant consideration, and however much he inclined by nature to Cæsar's choice, and studied to be ready for the hastiest summons, a sense of infirmity taught him the wisdom of that petition in the Litany, by which we ask to be delivered from sudden death. With the majority, flesh and blood speak the same language; they had rather that the candle should burn to the socket, than the flame be blown out.—*Quarterly Review.*

From President Jefferson's Letters:

I had rather be shut up in a very modest cottage, with my books, my family, and a few old friends, dining on simple bacon, and letting the world roll on as it liked, than to occupy the most splendid post which any human power can give. You know the circumstances which led me from retirement, step by step, and from one nomination to another, up to the present. My object is a return to the same retirement.

Within a few days I retire to my family, my books, and my farms, and having gained the harbour myself, I shall look on my friends still buffetting the storm, with anxiety indeed, but not with envy. Never did a prisoner, released from his chains, feel such relief as I shall, on shaking off the shackles of power. In the bosom of my family, and surrounded by my books, I enjoy a repose to which I have long been a stranger, and feel at length the blessing of being free to say and do what I please, without being responsible for it to any mortal.

Lord Tyrawley made it his last request to be buried beside the old soldiers at Chelsea Hospital, saying, "as I have bravely lived with them in the field, I wish after death that my remains may be deposited with theirs."

An Advertisement in 1739:

"Dr. Stebbing and Mr. Whitfield." Price Eighteenpence.

"The author of this piece assures the public, 'tis the very best pamphlet written on the subject."

Abercorn, a German painter, in 1778, who failed in England, having found means to set up his trade at Altona, began his first enterprise by publishing a newspaper upon the English plan, and having republished a plain relation of the Copenhagen revolution, as he found it in the English prints, the very next day he was served with a warrant, his whole property seized, and himself thrown into prison, with no hope of ever coming out, except to be punished for high treason.

Madame de Berri, daughter of the Regent, Philip Duke of Orleans, when living in open profligacy, was seized with sudden illness, and wished for the last rites of the Church. Having indignantly refused, however, to relinquish her profligate associates, the Curé of Saint Sulplice declined administering the sacrament. An appeal was made to the Cardinal of Noailles, who approved the conduct of the Curé, and ordered him not to leave the chamber-door of the Princess, lest some more complaisant priest should administer to her privately. The Curé obeyed, and whenever he was compelled to abandon his post, he caused another clergyman to replace him. When Madame de Berri was pronounced out of danger, he retired; but not till then.

During a subsequent illness, she long refused to believe in her approaching end, which she hastened by her intemperance; but on becoming convinced of her danger, she resolved to pass from this world to the next with the pomp and solemnity suited to her rank. Laying on a bed of state, and surrounded by the hushed and attentive members of her household, the dying Princess, after bidding them all a last farewell, received the rites of the Church in their

presence. When the ceremony was over, she proudly asked one of her attendants: "Is not this dying with courage and greatness!"—*Woman in France.*

Lord Chesterfield in the decrepitude of his old age, was unable to support the rapid motion of a carriage; and when about to take an airing, said, in allusion to the foot's pace at which he crept along: "I am now going to the rehearsal of my funeral!"

Alphonso, King of Aragon, in his judgment of human life, declared that there were only four things in this world worth living for: "Old wine to drink, old wood to burn, old books to read, and old friends to converse with."

Fontenelle mentioning the long illness of Malebranche, says of him: "He was a calm spectator of his own death!"

Henry VII., according to Bacon: "Though he never knew what disaster was, felt always sad and serious, full of secret suspicions and apprehensions."

"Louis XI.," says Commines, "endured continual misery, 'few days of joy, and years of bitterness.' His

only relaxation that he carried to weariness, was the chase, and he died the death of a wild beast in his lair, of which the inaccessibility marked his fears, the gibbets his cruelty. Unrestrained by religion during life, he clung to the quackery of superstition at his death."

In a debate, when Mr. Pitt defended himself for "the atrocious crime of being young," old Horace Walpole complained of the self-sufficiency of the young men, on which Pitt began his reply in these words: "With the greatest reverence for the grey hairs of the honourable gentleman." Old Walpole instantly pulled off his wig, and showed his head covered with grey hairs, which occasioned a general laughter, in which Pitt joined. Wilkes, in his letter to the Duke of Grafton, calls Mr. Pitt, "the first orator of, or rather, the first *comedian* of his age."

Hogarth having a presentiment that his hand was about to lose its cunning, chose a subject emblematical of the coming event. His friends inquired the nature of his next design, and Hogarth replied:

"The end of all things!"

"In that case," rejoined one of the number, "there will be an end of the painter!"

What was uttered in jest, he answered in earnest, with a solemn look and a heavy sigh.

"There will," he said; "and therefore the sooner my work is done the better."

He commenced next day, laboured upon it with un-

remitting diligence, and when he had given it the last touch, seized his palette, broke it in pieces, and said, "I have finished!"

The print was published in March, under the title of "Finis;" and in October, "the curious eyes which saw the manners in the face" were closed in dust.

"If I had strength enough to hold a pen," said William Hunter, "I would write how easy and delightful it is to die."

I have read books enough, and observed and conversed with enough of eminent and splendidly-cultivated minds, too, in my time; but I assure you I have heard higher sentiments from the lips of poor, uneducated men and women, when exerting the spirit of severe, yet gentle heroism under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbours, than I ever yet met with except in the pages of the Bible.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Men become monks and women nuns, sometimes from vulgar motives, such as fashion, the desire of mutual support, the want of a maintenance, inaptitude for more active duties, satiety of the pleasures of life, or disgust at its disappointments, parental authority, family convenience, or the like; sometimes from superstitious fancies, such as the supposed sanctity of certain relics, or the expiatory value of some particular ceremonial; sometimes from nobler impulses, such as the conviction that such

solitude is essential to the purity of the soul of the recluse, or to the usefulness of his life; but always, in some degree, from other causes of still deeper root and far wider expansion. Such are the servile spirit, which desires to abdicate the burden of free will and the responsibility of free agency—and the feeble spirit, which can stand erect and make progress only when sustained by the pressure and the impulse of a crowd—and the wavering spirit, which takes refuge from the pains of doubt in the contagion of monastic unanimity.—*Sir J. Stephen.*

Perhaps, after all, the pleasure derived from a garden has some relative association with its evanescent nature and produce. We view with more delight a wreath of short-lived roses, than a crown of amaranth of everlasting flowers. However this may be, it is certain that the good and wise of all ages have enjoyed their purest and most innocent pleasures in a garden, from the beginning of time.—*Repton on Landscape Gardening,* p. 147.

You may rise early, go to bed late, study hard, read much, and devour the marrow of the best authors, and when you have done all, be as meagre in regard of true and useful knowledge as Pharaoh's lean kine after they had eaten the fat ones.—*Bishop Sanderson.*

If we do no more than take a superficial view of the Bible, and just snatch a few fragments of truth from it, even this is better than its utter neglect.

But this is not the way to gather from the Sacred Word those treasures of knowledge which it will yield.

We must not read it, but study it: we must not cast a hasty glance upon it, but meditate upon it deeply with fixed attention, with full purpose of heart, with all the energy of our minds, if we desire to become masters of the treasures of revelation; and I am sure that Scripture, thus diligently studied, read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested, and read, too, with prayer for the influence of the Holy Spirit, will furnish us with new light, open to us new views, and will appear to us in itself in a new character, adorned with a variety of beauties, with an emphasis of expression, with a power, and a vigour, and an appropriateness to our own needs, with a harvest of divine instruction and cogent truth never yielded to its careless cultivation. I have known men, and men of good understanding, who have been induced to read the Bible, and who have protested that they could make nothing of it, that they could not comprehend it; no wonder: it is a sealed book to those who neither ask nor receive the Holy Spirit.

An astronomer looks at the face of the heavens through a telescope, spangled with stars and planets, and sees an harmony, an order, a profuse display of power and wisdom. An ordinary man surveys the same sky with a naked eye, and observes nothing of all this; he has not the instrument; he wants the telescope which would reveal the wonders of the heavens to him. And so it is in reading the Bible: if a man looks at it with naked, unassisted reason, he sees little and learns nothing; he wants the instrument, the Holy Spirit, to guide his inquiries, to enlighten his understanding, to teach his heart.

But if some read the Bible and learn nothing, others read it and learn but little. They begin without prayer,

and they end without meditation. They read, but they do not inwardly digest; while others embrace its truths, seize and secure its treasures, and, to use the figure of Scripture, receive the engrafted word which is able to save their souls.—*Sir T. Fowell Buxton's Life*, p. 146.

Gross jealousy is distrust of the person loved. Delicate jealousy is distrust of one's self.

Surely, the misery that usually attends the close of life, affords one of the strongest proofs of a future state of existence. For how is it possible to suppose that the same Supreme Being, who has distributed such various and extensive happiness to his creatures, would finally conclude the whole with pain or distress? This view of the subject is the only one that can afford us any real consolation, either for the sufferings of our friends, or for those which we must experience ourselves. After a life evidently intended to exercise our virtues, and improve our moral powers, death may be considered as the last great trial of our fortitude; the display of which, as it exhibits a complete triumph over the weakness of human nature, seems the best calculated to terminate our labours in this world, and accompany us on our entrance into the next. In the meantime, we who survive are like soldiers in an army, who, as their ranks are thinned by the enemy, draw nearer to each other.—*Roscoe.*

When John Newton was in great grief, he wrote:

"I feel some severe symptoms of that mixture of pride and madness, commonly called a broken-heart."

Newton also says:

"I see in this world two heaps of human happiness and misery: now, if I can take the smallest bit from one heap, and add to the other, I carry a point."

"What shall I do," said Cowley, "to be for ever known?"

Sir Joshua Reynolds, when young, wrote rules of conduct for himself: one of his maxims was, "that the great principle of being happy in this world is, not to mind small things." To this rule he strictly adhered; and the constant habit of controlling his mind contributed greatly to that evenness of temper which enabled him to live pleasantly with persons of all descriptions. Placability of temper may be said to have been his characteristic. The happiness of possessing such a disposition was acknowledged by his friend Dr. Johnson, who said, "Reynolds is the most invulnerable man I ever knew."

Dean Lockier, one of the liveliest men of his age in England, and about the pleasantest in society, said, when in no ill-humour:

"The best of society is but just tolerable; 'tis the most we can make of it."

Oliver Cromwell's grace before dinner:

Some have meat, but cannot eat,
And some can eat, but have not meat,
And so—the Lord be praised.

George Louis Le Sage, the mathematician, who had an intense desire for accurate information, measured, with great care, the increase of a plant, day after day, in order to discover whether it would cease growing on Sunday. —*Vie de G. L. Le Sage.*

Letter from Sir Robert Murray Keith, dated Vienna:

"You are persuaded, no doubt, that in every great capital a man may, by taking some pains, find out a few companions of his own stamp and cast. An arrant mistake, my good Lord, and one which I have experienced to my cost. This city is in many respects the first in Europe. We have thousands of nobility; universities, and academies in abundance; lawyers without end; and clergymen of all colours. I have sought in vain for my fellows in all these societies; and what will surprise you more is this, that if, in the course of the last nine months, there has been handled with ability or pleasantry in either of them, any one subject of instruction, moral, civil, or political, it certainly has not been within ear-shot of your friend the Plenipo! All this is nothing; but if in the same space of time he had been witness to one joyous meeting, to one hearty laugh performed by man, woman, or child, he would have taken his share of that gaiety in lieu of the information he thirsts after, and have thought himself a gainer by the bargain. The ephemeral fly which is born in the morning to die at night, might support the conversation of one half of our most brilliant circles. The play, the dance, your horse, my coach, a pretty embroidery, or a well-fancied lining, these are the favourite topics, upon every one of which I am a numskull of the first water.

I never play at cards; *ergo*, I am not only a stupid fellow, but a useless one."

"Cards, cards, cards! You must know that I never touch them, in jest or in earnest."

"Monsieur, joue-t-il?"

"Non!"

"Comment, Monsieur, ne joue pas à aucun jeu?"

"Non!"

"Mais cela est inoui," Et puis on laisse, Monsieur, pour jamais."

"I lost thirty bowing acquaintances, male and female, in the first six weeks by the above laconic answers to two simple questions; and yet I am incorrigible, for cards and I are incompatible. I never tire, that's one thing. I can look pleasant for a week together—and feel comfortable, and laugh cheerfully when it comes to my turn, and all without cards; *ergo*, why should I play?"

"I need not remark to you that a solid and well-founded education, is, after health, the first of all blessings in every station; but I am fully of opinion that a man whose fortune is already made, stands more in need of a fund of knowledge and self-occupation, than one of any other class whatever."

"I don't know how it is, my dear friend, but the same old story which you and I talked over in a post-chaise, about "a thousand pounds a-year, a wife, and a farm," is continually toiling through my brain, and I cannot for the soul of me help thinking that in something of that kind consists the *summum bonum*."

"I myself am certainly one of the happiest of mortals, and I thank God I feel it. But if I were to be asked

which is my surest fence against the frowns of fortune, or the miseries of *ennui*, which so often follow her smiles, I should answer without hesitation, 'My love of books.'"

Every man carries his own destiny in his grasp. Why should not man possess the capacity with which the meanest worm is endowed, that of either boring the hard-grained wood, or dying at the task.—*Guerrazzi.*

Sir James Mackintosh says: "Henry VIII. perhaps approached as nearly to the ideal standard of perfect wickedness, as the infirmities of human nature would allow."

There is no action of man in this life, which is not the beginning of so long a chain of consequences, as that no human providence is high enough to give us a prospect to the end.—*Thomas of Malmesbury.*

Goëthe, the world's favourite, if one may so speak, confessed when about eighty years old, that he could not remember being in a really happy state of mind, even for a few weeks together; and that when he wished to feel comfortable, he had to veil his self-consciousness.—*Bonar.*

Archbishop Laud having once demanded of a lady, who had lately become a proselyte to Popery, the reason of the change, he received for answer, that "she hated a crowd!" Upon being further pressed to explain so dark

a saying, she said, "Your Lordship and many others are making for Rome as fast as you can, and therefore, to prevent a press I went before you."—*Roger's Essays.*

Tombs are the clothes of the dead. A grave is but a plain suit, and a rich monument is one embroidered.

Tombs ought, in some sorts, to be proportioned, not to the wealth, but deserts of the party interred. Yet, may we see some rich man of mean worth, loaden under a tomb big enough for a Prince to bear. There were officers appointed in the Grecian games, who always, by public authority, did pluck down the statues erected to the victors, if they exceeded the true symmetry and proportion of their bodies.

The shortest, plainest, and truest epitaphs are the best. Mr. Camden, in his "Remains," presents us with examples of great men who had little epitaphs. And when once I asked a witty gentleman what epitaph was fitted to be written on Mr. Camden's tomb, "Let it be," said he, "Camden's Remains." I say also, "the plainest," for except the sense lie above ground, few will trouble themselves to dig for it. Lastly, it must be "true," not, as in some monuments, where the red veins in the marble may seem to blush at the falsehoods written on it. He was a witty man that first taught a stone to speak, but he was a wicked man that taught it first to lie.—*Roger's Essays quoting Fuller* p. 33.

Madame de Ville Savia, having died at the age of ninety-three, Madame Carmel, who was only six years

younger, observed, "Alas! she was the only one left between me and death."

In the last hours of Sir Walter Scott, his biographer says, he desired to be wheeled through his rooms. And we moved him leisurely, for an hour or more, up and down the hall and the great library.

"I have seen much," he kept saying, "but nothing like my ain house. Give me one turn more." . . .

He expressed a wish that I should read to him; and when I asked from what book, he said:

"Need you ask? There is but one."

I chose the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel.

His last injunction to his son-in-law were in these words:

"I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man: be virtuous, be religious, be a good man. Nothing else will give you comfort when you come to lie here."—*Memoir.*

When Baxter was seventy years old, Judge Jeffries was with difficulty prevented by the other judges from having him whipped through the city; but he condemned him to prison, where he remained for nearly two years, hopeless of any other abode on earth; but the hope of a mansion of eternal peace and love, raised him beyond the reach of human tyranny. Happy in the review of a well-spent life, and still happier in the prospect of its early close, his spirit enjoyed a calm, for which his enemies might have joyfully resigned their mitres and their thrones. When the improved policy of the Court restored him, for a while, to bodily freedom, "He talked,"

says the younger Calamy, "about another world, like one that had been there, and was come as an express from thence to make a report concerning it." But age, sickness, and persecution, had done their work, so that his material frame gave way.

With manly truth, he rejected as affectation the wish for death to which some pretend. He assumed no stoical indifference to pain, and indulged in no unhallowed familiarity on those awful subjects which occupy the thoughts of him whose eye is closing on sublunary things, and is directed to an instant eternity. In profound lowliness, with a settled reliance on the Divine mercy; repeating, at frequent intervals, the prayer of the Redeemer, on whom his hopes reposed, and breathing out benedictions on those who encircled his dying bed, he passed away from a life of almost unequalled toil and suffering, to a new condition of existence, where he doubted not to enjoy that perfect conformity of the human to the Divine Will, to which, during his long and painful pilgrimage, it had been his ceaseless labour to attain. He left one hundred and sixty-eight printed volumes, many of which "have ceased to belong to men, and have become the property of moths."—*Sir James Stephen, K.C.B.*

I do not at all doubt the truth of what you say, when you complain of that crowd of trifling thoughts that pesters you without ceasing; but then you always have a serious thought standing at the door of your imagination, like a justice of peace with the Riot Act in his hand, ready to read it, and disperse the mob. Here is the difference between you and me. My thoughts are clad in a sober livery, for the most part as grave as that

of a Bishop's servants. They turn, too, upon spiritual subjects; but the tallest fellow, and the loudest among them all, is he who is continually crying with a loud voice, *Actum est de te periisti.* You wish for more attention; I for less. Dissipation itself would be welcome to me, so it were not a vicious one; but, however earnestly invited, it is coy, and keeps at a distance. Yet, with all this distressing gloom upon my mind, I experience, as you do, the slipperiness of the present hour, and the rapidity with which time escapes me. Everything around us, and everything that befals us, constitutes a variety, which, whether agreeable or otherwise, has still a thievish propensity, and steals from us days, months, and years, with such unparalleled address, that even while we say they are here, they are gone. From infancy to manhood is rather a tedious period, chiefly, I suppose, because at that time we act under the control of others, and are not suffered to have a will of our own. But thence downward into the vale of years is such a declivity, that we have just an opportunity to reflect upon the steepness of it, and then find ourselves at the bottom.—*Cowper.*

Christians know it to be the ordained will of God, that no living mortal shall enjoy perfect happiness, even for a single day. If we saw any one individual escape sorrow and suffering, we might begin to question whether it may not be as accidental as it often seems, that each person in existence has to bewail loss of friends, loss of fortune, loss of health, loss of fame, or of credit, for which he perhaps blames himself, or some other individual; but when we see that the endurance of grief or mortification

in the heart is as invariable as that every one has a nose on his face, we become convinced that it is so arranged by an intelligent God.

Beware of that pride which makes a parade of being humble, and avoid all occasions of showing thyself before men; feel thyself as nothing, and then wilt thou act as if self were quite put aside; speak not of thy sins; do not distinguish thyself by any unusual plainness of dress or of manner, but seek to behave in that way which will attract the least notice from others; the test of thy sincerity will be the feelings with which thou bravest, not the taunts or the scorn of others, but the neglect—the being entirely passed over by persons of whom thou thinkest with respect.—*Short Meditations, edited by Dr. Hook*, vol. iv, p. 26.

If the Christian minister asks himself what will please his hearers, rather than what will benefit them, he desecrates his calling. Is he whose very work is to reform society to take society as his rule? The Christian minister is not sent to preach cold abstractions, to talk of virtue and vice in general terms, to weave moral essays for his hearers to admire and to sleep on; but he is sent to quicken men's consciences, and to show them to themselves as they are. On all subjects where his convictions are in conflict with prevailing usages, he is bound to speak frankly but calmly. Not that he is to deal in vague and passionate denunciation, to be a common scold, a meddlesome fault-finder. But if he thinks the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits a sin against society, he

is to say so; if he believes that the sending of rum and opium to savage nations, to spread among them the worst evils of civilization, is a wanton crime, he is to declare his opinion; if he considers the maxims of the business-world hostile to integrity and benevolence, he is to expose their falseness.—*Channing*, vol. ii, p. 19.

Father Bridaine, a French itinerant preacher of the last century, who in a mixture of eccentricity and fervid eloquence combined the two most powerful agencies by which a vulgar auditory are attracted and moved, once wound up a discourse by the announcement that he would attend each of his hearers to his home, and putting himself at their head, conducted them to the house appointed for all living—a neighbouring churchyard.

The dying often dream of their habitual occupations, and construct an imaginary present from the past. Dr. Armstrong departed delivering medical precepts; Napoleon fought some battle over again, and the last words he muttered were "*tête d'armée*;" Lord Tenterden, who passed straight from the judgment-seat to his death-bed, fancied himself still presiding at a trial, and expired saying: "Gentlemen of the jury, you will now consider of your verdict;" Dr. Adam, the author of the "Roman Antiquities," imagined himself in school, distributing praise and censure among his pupils: "But it grows dark," he said; "the boys may dismiss," and instantly died. "My friends," said Fontenelle, a short time before he died, "I have no pain, only a little difficulty in keeping up life."—*Quarterly Review.*

Thousands bewail a hero, and a nation mourneth for its king,
But the whole universe lamenteth the loss of a man of prayer.
Verily, were it not for One, who sitteth on His rightful throne,
Crowned with a rainbow of emerald, the green memorial of earth;
For One, a meditating Man, that hath clad His Godhead with mortality,
And offereth prayer without ceasing, the royal Priest of nature,
Matter, and life and mind had sunk into dark annihilation,
And the lightning frown of justice withered the world into nothing.
Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.

We do not steady a ship by fixing the anchor on aught that is within the vessel; the anchorage must be without the vessel: and so of the soul, when resting, not on what it sees in itself, but on what it sees in the character of God—the certainty of His truth, the impossibility of His falsehood. Thus may I cast the anchor of my hope on the foundation which God himself hath laid in Zion, laying hold and taking refuge, not in the hope that I find to be in me, but in the hope that is set before me. I know that there is a legitimate hope, too, in the consciousness of a work of grace within me; but the primary hope, the beginning of our confidence, is of altogether an objective character, and respects God in Christ reconciling the world, and not imputing unto them their trespasses. Simplify and strengthen this confidence, and make it every day more sure and steadfast, O my God!—*Chalmers.*

We want short, sound, and judicious notes upon Scripture, without running into common-places, pursuing

controversies, or reducing these notes to an artificial method, but leaving them quite loose and native. For, certainly, as those wines which flow from the first treading of the grape are sweeter and better than those forced out by the press, which gives them the roughness of the bark and the stone, so are those doctrines best and sweetest which flow from a gentle crush of the Scriptures, and are not wrung out into controversies and common-places.—*Bacon.*

Oh! that this ceaseless current of years and of seasons were teaching us wisdom—that we were numbering our days—that we were measuring our future by our past—that we were looking back on the twinkling rapidity of the months and the weeks which are already gone—and so improving the futurity that lies before us, that when death shall lay us in our graves, we may, on the morning of the resurrection, emerge into a scene of bliss too rapturous for conception, and too magnificent for the attempts of the loftiest eloquence.—*Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers,* vol. ii, p. 41.

When one of Lady Jane Grey's attendants begged at her execution that she would bequeath some memorial to her, she gave her this last advice, "Live to die."

He that remembers not to keep the Christian Sabbath at the beginning of the week, will be in danger to forget before the end of the week that he is a Christian.—*Sir Edmund Turner.*

A Sunday well spent
Brings a week of content
And health for the toils of the morrow;
But a Sabbath profan'd
Whatsoe'er may be gain'd,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

When Pelham was Prime Minister, and some one recommended an exertion of privilege to restrain the newspapers from publishing the debates of the House of Commons, he replied:

"Let them alone; they make better speeches for us than we can for ourselves."

Curran being angry in a debate one day, put his hand on his heart, saying:

"I am the trusty guardian of my own honour."

"Then," replied Sir Boyle Roach, "I congratulate my honourable friend on the snug sinecure to which he has appointed himself."

When the Court of France went into deep mourning, it was thought necessary at one time to leave off card-playing, but M. de Maurepas restored the amusement, and produced the greatest relief by saying:

"Piquet is mourning."

Piquet was accordingly played night after night with all due gravity.

When a Member of Parliament, who had recently changed his politics, said to Canning, "I am come from

Naples to support you," the reply of that great statesman was:

"From Naples! much farther!—you are come from the other side of the House."

Bonaparte, when in Egypt, hearing from General Desaix many affecting anecdotes of the unfortunate Louis XVI. suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh! that he had had me near him."

When the great Montrose was to be executed, that no form of insult might be wanting, it was resolved to celebrate his entrance into Edinburgh with a kind of mock solemnity. Thus on Saturday the 18th of May, the magistrates met him at the gates, and led him in triumph through the streets. First appeared his officers, bound with cords, and walking two and two; then was seen the Marquis placed on a high chair in the hangman's cart, with his hands pinioned, and his hat pulled off, while the hangman himself continued covered by his side. It is alleged in a cotemporary record that the reason of his being tied to the cart was, in hope that the people would have stoned him, and that he might not be able by his hands to save his face. In all the procession, there appeared in Montrose such majesty, courage, modesty, and even somewhat more than natural, that even these women who had lost their husbands and children in his wars, and were hired to stone him, were, upon the sight of him, so astonished and moved, that their intended curses turned into tears and prayers. Of the many thousand spectators only one—Lady Jane Gordon, Countess of Haddington—was heard to scoff and laugh aloud.

Montrose himself continued to display the same serenity of temper, when at last, late in the evening, he was allowed to enter his prison, and found there a deputation from the Parliament. He merely expressed to them his satisfaction at the near approach of the Sunday as the day of rest.

"For," said he, "the compliment you put on me this day was a little tedious and fatiguing."

Montrose told his prosecutors that he was more proud to have his head fixed on the top of the prison walls than that his picture should hang in the King's bed-chamber; and that far from being troubled at his legs and arms being dispersed among the four principal cities, he only wished he had limbs to send to every city in Christendom as testimonies of his unshaken attachment to the cause in which he suffered. When Sir Archibald Johnston of Warriston, the Clerk-Register, entered the prisoner's cell, and found him employed, early in the morning, combing the long curled hair, which he wore according to the custom of the Cavaliers, the visitor muttered:

"Why is James Graham so careful of his locks?"

Montrose replied with a smile:

"While my head is my own, I will dress and adorn it; but when it becomes yours, you may treat it as you please."

Montrose, proud of the cause in which he was to suffer, clad himself, on the day of his execution, in rich attire—"more becoming a bridegroom," says one of his enemies, "than a criminal going to the gallows."

As he walked along, and beheld the instrument of his doom, his step was not seen to falter nor his eye quail; to the last he bore himself with such steadfast courage, such calm dignity, as have seldom been equalled, and

never surpassed. At the foot of the scaffold, a further and parting insult was reserved for him: the executioner brought Dr. Wishart's narrative of his exploits, and his own Manifesto, to hang around his neck, but Montrose himself assisted in binding them, and smiling at this new token of malice, merely said:

"I did not feel more honoured when his Majesty sent me the Garter."

He then asked whether they had any more indignities to put upon him, and finding there were none, he prayed for some time, with his hat before his eyes. He drew apart some of the magistrates, and spoke awhile with them, and then went up the ladder in his red scarlet cassock, in a very stately manner, and never spoke a word; but when the executioner was putting the cord about his neck, he looked down to the people upon the scaffold, and asked:

"How long shall I hang here?"

His head was affixed to a spike at the top of the Tolbooth, where it remained a ghastly spectacle, during ten years.—See *Napier's Life of Montrose.*

Look, I ask you, at the state to which our Church, so dear to us all, has been reduced. Romish doctrines taught everywhere. The Bible superseded by tradition. Justification by works, prayers for the dead, purgatory, the Real Presence, the sacrifice of the altar, the Mediation of Mary, insisted on as Catholic truths. Roman Catholic books of devotion, rosaries, and crucifixes, introduced into our churches, and invidiously finding their way into our houses, under the sanction of ministers of religion. Clergymen in this great metropolis, like school-boys,

playing at Popery, openly performing their miserable imitations of the Romish ceremonial, amidst the derisive applause of the actual adherents of the Papal See. Confessionals set up in every diocese, and confessors aptly instructed in all the dark mysteries of their art, ready to occupy them. The genuine honesty of our English youth trained to under-hand dealing and concealment, under the specious disguise of privilege to be enjoyed, or duty to be fulfilled. These principles are spread among a large body of the clergy, and are every day gaining ground. So rapidly, indeed, that I fear we are gradually becoming familiarized with error, and that unless the sound portion of our community rises up at once in defence of the truth, as a Church, we shall soon cherish it no more; it will perish from among us. No less than a hundred clergymen have recently seceded to Rome. — *Romish Sacrament, &c., by the Rev. H. Hughes, St. Pancras.*

Extracts from Wilson's Voyage round the Coasts of Scotland, Vol. i.:

Off the island of Arran, we perceived two men in a small craft, who seemed quite unconscious that the flaming chariot of the world's great eye was now almost upon them. Their little boat hung motionless on the then waveless mirror of the bay, in about ten feet depth of water; and after for a minute or thereby holding their faces close upon the surface, they seemed suddenly to pull a long pole out of the water, with something adhering to its extremity. We soon found that they were taking advantage of the glassy stillness of the water, to overlook the early walk of crabs. They no sooner saw these crusty crustaceans on the subaqueous sand, than they

poked them behind with their long staves. The crabs turned round to revenge the indignity, and like Russian gens-d'armes, seized upon the unsuspecting Poles. Those latter were slightly shaken by the fisherman, as if in pain or terror; the angry creatures clung all the closer, and were then rapidly hoisted into the boat. The moral we drew at the time, and have since maintained was, that neither crab nor Christian should ever lose his temper.—p. 27.

Hard work being the secret of Southey's cheerfulness, he advises a low-spirited friend to translate "Tristram Shandy" into Hebrew, and he would be a happy man. "I am fairly obliged," he says, at the age of thirty, "to lay writing aside, because it perplexes me in my dreams. 'Tis a vile thing to be pestered in sleep with all the books I have been reading in the day jostled together. Imagine me in this great study of mine, from breakfast till dinner, from dinner till tea, and from tea till supper, in my old black coat, my corduroys, alternately with the long worsted pantaloons and gaiters in one, and the green shade, and sitting at my desk, and you have my picture and my history. I play with Dapper, the dog, down stairs, who loves me as well as ever Cupid did, and the cat up stairs plays with me; for puss, finding my room the quietest in the house, has thought proper to share it with me. Our weather has been so wet, that I have not got out of doors for a walk once in a month. Now and then I go down to the river, which runs at the bottom of the orchard, and throw stones till my arms ache, and then saunter back again. I rouse the house to breakfast every morning, and qualify myself for a boatswain's place by

this practice; and thus one day passes like another, and never did days appear to pass so fast."—*Southey's Life*, vol. ii, p. 262.

When Frederick, Prince Palatine of the Rhine, and head of the Protestant union, wisely hesitated about accepting the Bavarian crown, his wife Elizabeth, sister of Charles I., taunted him for his fears, and in an evil day gained her object.

"You were bold enough," she said, "to marry the daughter of a King, and you hesitate to accept a crown! I had rather live on bread with a King than feast with an Elector!"

This "Queen of Hearts," the Pearl of Britain, whose lofty spirit led Frederick into danger, sustained him in defeat. Prostrated by his ruin, he was only roused to the exertion of escaping by the energy of Elizabeth; and it was full time. The stern Maximilian was at the gates, and allowed the city but eight hours to frame such terms of capitulation as might save it from the horrors of assault. Before then, or never, the young Queen must be far away over the rugged mountain passes, through the wintry snow. Nor did she hesitate, delicately nurtured as she was, and within a few weeks of her confinement, the brave Englishwoman preferred any fate to that of captivity and disgrace. One moment her voice faltered, as her devoted followers offered to set the enemy at defiance, and defend the city to the death, to cover her retreat.

"Never!" she exclaimed to Bernard, Count Thurm; "never shall the son of our best friend hazard his life to spare my fears! never shall this devoted city be exposed

to more outrageous treatment for my sake! Rather let me perish on the spot than be remembered as a curse!"

Her young son, Prince Rupert, was afterwards educated in the University of Leyden, where he became well versed in mathematics and religion, and was indeed made Jesuit-proof, so that the subtle priests with whom he had been much conversant could never make him stagger.—*Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers, by Eliot Warburton.*

Luther's death:

The thought of death had never been long absent from Luther's mind. In the year 1527 he took leave of all his friends; and ten years later, he, with his friends, gave up every hope of his restoration. And not only did the thoughts and the expectations of death often present themselves before him, but he did not even fly from its terrors; for example, during the plague in Wittemberg, he remained and personally attended on the sick. Indeed, he seemed at times to desire the death of a martyr; and particularly in his latter years, he often wished to be released from his cares.

In 1535, he says, when writing upon the subject of the union with the Swiss brethren: "If this reconciliation be confirmed, then with tears of joy I will sing, 'Now lettest thou thy servant depart, for I have seen the Church at peace.' * * * I witness this re-union after so long an estrangement with heartfelt delight, before my death, which I hope and believe is not far distant. * * * Farewell in the Lord! pray for me, that I may happily cast off the body of this death, the sins of the flesh, and enter into the joy of the Lord."

In answer to inquiries from the Elector respecting his health, Luther answered: "I am well, and better than I deserve to be; and that my head is sometimes weak is no wonder. Old age is with me, and he is always infirm and decrepit, weak and sickly. The pitcher, after long use, must at last be broken at the fountain. I have lived long enough, and only wait till God shall grant me that blessed hour when my worthless body shall be gathered to my people. I have, I am convinced, lived in the best times; all things now appear to be taking a retrograde movement."

Still in thy heart, heroic England! long
May Luther's voice and Luther's spirit live
Unsilenced and unshamed. Thou peerless home
Of liberty and laws, of arts and arms,
Of learning, love and eloquence divine,
Where Shakespeare dreamt, and sightless Milton soar'd,
Where heroes bled, and martyrs for the truth
Have died the burning death—without a groan;
Land of the beautiful, the brave, the free,
Never, oh, never, round thy yielded soul
May damming Popery its rust-worn chain
Of darkness rivet; in the might of heaven
Awake!—and, back to Rome, vile dungeon, hurl
Her shackles base and slavery abhorred!
Without the Bible, Briton's life-blood chills,
And curdles: *in* that Book and *by* that Book
Almighty—freedom can alone be kept
From age to age, in unison with Heaven.

R. Montgomery's Luther.

Roman Catholics have called the Church of England "the daughter Church," as if Britain owed to Rome its conversion; but on the contrary, when St. Augustine

landed in England, Bertha, Queen of Kent, was already a Christian, with a Christian Church and a Christian chaplain. He also found among the ancient Britons, in the West of England, a Church, with many proselytes and bishops.—*Seymour's Mornings*, p. 118.

In the Church of St. Agnes, at Rome, is an antique statue of Bacchus, now christened and worshipped as a female saint; and where anciently the temple of Mars stood the Church of St. Martina is now erected, bearing this inscription:

> Mars hence expelled; Martina, martyr'd maid
> Claims now the *worship* which to him was paid.

The Pantheon, now the noblest heathen temple remaining on the earth, exhibits this inscription over the portico: "Having been impiously dedicated of old by Agrippa to Jove and all the gods, it is now piously consecrated by Pope Boniface IV. to the Blessed Virgin and all the saints." The Popish worship still carried on there is no improvement on the Pagan, and every individual may choose the patron saint he prefers, as the different services are going on simultaneously at all the different altars to all the different demi-gods.

Soon after the magistrates of Edinburgh had called a street, after David Hume, "St. David Street," one of these functionaries happening to meet the historian, asked him to guess what honour had been conferred upon him.

Hume acknowledged his inability to conjecture.

"You will be surprised," continued the magistrate, "to hear that we have made a saint of you!"

"That," answered David, "is the very last honour I ever expected to receive!"

Perhaps many Romish saints have been canonized that quite as little deserved the distinction.

Every child of average intelligence and tolerable habits knows in the main that its education is a subject of importance—a thing of seriousness and solemnity—requiring both the diligence of the pupil and the attention of the teacher; at the same time that it gives him a degree of consequence, and that all the trouble is duly balanced by the honour of being made fit for the future man or woman. Such being the case, he does not really thank you for dressing up his studies in a trifling or jocose manner—for administering meat-nourishment in sweet jelly; but is, on the contrary, intuitively annoyed at being treated below his dignity. There is none among the many varieties of childhood's development for which this cheating-trouble system really answers. For sluggish and inert minds it is no cure; while, for quick and impetuous natures, a bit of rough and heavy road is at once the best stimulus and restraint. Like Lord Byron, a child likes to "have something *craggy*, whereon to break his mind."

Contrasted with such books of instruction as are thus supposed to be smoothed in their passage to the mind by the unction of playfulness, may be mentioned those works professedly of amusement, in which a tale is made the vehicle of smuggling in knowledge, during leisure hours. "What charming books children are supplied with now-a-days!" says a well-meaning person, taking up one of

those deceitful compositions, which, after enticing you through pleasant paths, suddenly turns you adrift in a wilderness of machinery, chemistry, or religious disquisision. "What charming books! Children can be always learning something." Very true; but, unfortunately, this is the last thing children care to do. The more thoroughly they have applied during school-hours, the more eagerly do they dismiss the matter from their minds the moment they are released; nor need we comment upon a habit which is in itself so excellent, as to be found the greatest safeguard, for health of mind and body, in all stages of life. Such books, therefore, however patronised by parents and teachers, have but little chance of popularity among the children: their bindings will invariably be found in better preservation than any other in the tiny book-case. To place such books in a child's hands is, in point of fact, only supplying him with a bundle of pages, of which he skips two out of every three. Children are not to be deceived; they are gifted with an exquisite tact for detecting dull passages, and as sure to avoid the hook as to relish the bait.—*Quarterly Review*, vol. lxi, p. 58.

In Dr. Chalmers' youthful days, when first he left his home for the wide world, to breast its angry floods, and buffet his way to fame, the day of his departure was one of mixed emotion. He was to travel on horseback to the ferry at Dundee, and the whole family turned out to bid him farewell. Having taken, as he thought, his last tender look of them all, he turned to mount the horse, which stood waiting for him at the door; but he mounted so that, when fairly on its back, his head was turned, not to the horse's head, but to the horse's tail. This was

too much for all parties, and especially for him; so wheeling round as quickly as he could, amid pursuing peals of laughter, which he most heartily re-echoed, he left Anstruther in the rear.—*Memoir of Chalmers*, vol. i, p. 24.

Dr. Chalmers placed the highest estimate on the value of every fleeting hour; and being very busily engaged, one forenoon, in his study, a man entered, who at once propitiated him under the provocation of an unexpected interruption, by telling him that he called under great distress of mind.

"Sit down, Sir: be good enough to be seated," said the Doctor, turning eagerly and full of interest from his writing-table.

The visitor explained to him that he was troubled with doubts about the Divine origin of the Christian religion; and being kindly questioned as to what these were, he gave, among others, what is said in the Bible about Melchisedek being without father and without mother, &c. Patiently and anxiously Dr. Chalmers sought to clear away each successive difficulty, as it was stated. Expressing himself as if greatly relieved in mind, and imagining that he had gained his end:

"Doctor," said the visitor, "I am in great want of a little money at present, and perhaps you could help me in that way."

At once the object of his visitor was seen. A perfect tornado of indignation burst upon the deceiver, driving him, in very quick retreat, from the study to the street-door, these words escaping, among others:

"Not, a penny, Sir; not a penny. It's too bad; it's

too bad! And to haul in your hypocrisy upon the shoulders of Melchisedek!"—*Dr. Hanna's Life of Chalmers*, vol. ii.

The calm, composed, and strictly-reasonable character of a religion, which so entirely relates to things invisible as that delivered in the Gospel, has always afforded to my mind the most conclusive internal evidence of the Divine authority of its Author. Such a system could not have emanated from an enthusiast; for the points on which the enthusiast would have enlarged and insisted the most, the Gospel absolutely excludes. Neither could such a system have proceeded from an impostor; for where the impostor could have delighted to expatiate, in attractive inventions, respecting the circumstances of the higher and unseen world, the Gospel is altogether silent. There is a certain plain, severe, direct, substantial impression of the truth stamped upon the Christian Revelation, which declares its origin to be derived from the very source of Truth. It is, at the same time, purely spiritual, and strictly practical. It represents the earth as the school for heaven; our moral duties are God's service; our domestic and social affections, purified by faith, are identified with the graces of His Spirit; and the active business of a Christian life—its labours, its temptations, and its anxieties—constitute the discipline by which we are prepared for that more exalted state of being in a better world, of which we only know that it will be a social state, and secure from the intrusion of sin, and care, and death.—*Sermons by the Rev. W. Harness*, p. 119.

As a painful instance of human frailty in matters of religion, I will lay before you the history of an idle notion respecting the Virgin Mary, which has, within these few months been raised by the present Pope into an article of faith. With that infatuated determination to exalt the Virgin Mary, which has taken such possession of the Roman Church, as to render its religion rather a form of Mariolatry, than of Christianity, its adherents have, for the last six centuries, been endeavouring to persuade themselves that the mother of our Lord was born without the taint of original sin. This doctrine was altogether unknown to the early fathers of the Church. Indeed, though they could never have anticipated the promulgation of such a notion, and could only incidentally, in treating of other matters, have let fall any passages which touched upon the subject; St. Ambrose, St. Chrysostom, St. Augustin, the Venerable Bede, St. Bernard, and others of the leading doctrinal authorities of Christendom, have in a very extraordinary manner, expressed opinions, which are most clearly and decidedly opposed to it. They have all declared, that that taint of Adam's sin, which is entailed on all his posterity, was inherited by the Virgin Mary.—*Rev. W. Harness's Sermons*, p. 38.

A young lady, lately perverted to Romanism, being asked her reasons, replied: "It is such a comfort to have a woman in Heaven to pray to!"

Henry Home, Lord Kames, was the author of an infidel work called the "Sketches of Man." A letter being brought one day to David Hume, who did not always acknowledge his infidelity, addressed, "To Hume the

Atheist," he said, after angrily glancing at the inscription, "Take that letter to Lord Kames."—*Archdeacon Sinclair's Memoirs of his Father.*

There are not many instances of freedom from selfishness and of self-denying devotion to be found in the world more striking than that which we find shown by the wife of an English peasant towards her husband. She will bear patiently with outbreaks of the most unreasonable passion, will toil herself for her children, when the father spends his earnings on a sensual life, will go without any but the plainest food, that he may have sufficient for his daily work; will screen his faults to the last, when those faults consist in the most cruel treatment to herself; will place herself in numberless difficulties in order to save him from just punishment, and yet with all this, she will be scarcely conscious of any definite feeling towards him, and in conversation, would give one the impression of indifference and want of affection.—*Monro's Parochial Work*, p. 29.

I am half entertained and half provoked by some peculiarities in the Glasgow people. The peculiarity which bears hardest on me is the incessant demand they have, upon all occasions, for the personal attendance of the ministers. They must have four to every funeral, or they do not think that it has been genteelly gone through. They must have one or more at all the committees of all the societies. They must fall into every procession. They must attend examinations innumerable, and eat of the dinners consequent upon these examinations. They have

a niche assigned to them in almost every public doing, and that niche must be filled up by them, or the doing loses all its solemnity in the eyes of the public. There seems to be a superstitious charm in the very sight of them, and such is the manifold officiality with which they are covered, that they must be paraded among all the meetings and all the institutions. I gave in to all this at first, but I am beginning to keep a suspicious eye upon these repeated demands ever since I sat nearly an hour in grave deliberation with a number of others upon a subject connected with the property of a corporation, and that subject was *a gutter*, and the question was whether it should be bought and covered up, or let alone and left to lie open. I am gradually separating myself from all this trash, and long to establish it as a doctrine, that the life of a town minister should be what the life of a country minister might be, that is, a life of intellectual leisure, with the *otium* of literary pursuits, and his entire time disposable to the purposes to which the Apostles gave themselves wholly, that is, the ministry of the word and prayer.—*Life of Chalmers*, vol. ii, p. 21.

A good man and a wise man may at times be angry with the world, at times grieved for it; but be sure no man was ever discontented with the world who did his duty in it.—*Southey's Life.*

Popery has no scruples; it will carry on a guerilla warfare by monks, and friars, and jesuits, where the regular troops of the Church would refuse or be unable to act. It will grant letters of marque to a pirate, rather

than fail to annoy an enemy. Domestic obligations lie in her way; she loosens them in a moment for the purpose of enlisting restless spirits in her militia of monastic orders. Rules of monasticism bind them up in too rigid forms for actual service, and to give flexibility and ease to their movements, she modifies and tampers with their vows and obligations. That she may have her officers everywhere under her eye, she lays down as a fundamental law, the necessity of distinguishing them by open and even indelible marks. She would brand them with the tonsure, and attire them in uniform. But a body of police in plain clothes is often useful, and therefore, Jesuitism is permitted to appear under any disguise. Popery owns no limitations; it creates laws, and the next moment dispenses with them; imposes obligations, and with the same hand contrives escapes from them; anything rather than submit to a delay, or interfere with its purpose.—*Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxi.

The practice of confession has no authority in Scripture: it had no place in the Primitive Church. Bishop Porteus says: "That private confession, in all cases, was never thought of, as a Divine command, for nine hundred years after Christ, nor determined to be such, till after twelve hundred years."

Looking at the system with reference to the constitution of the human soul, and in connection with its influence on the character, I can conceive but one inevitable consequence—the demoralization alike of the penitent and confessor.

What can be more pernicious to the healthy moral condition of the character of any clergyman than to be made

the depository of all the wicked doings and evil imaginations of his flock? He lives and breathes in an atmosphere of simulation. He can never do, or say, or look the truth. He is compelled to mingle in a society, of which, with his own heart closed, he sees the heart of every other individual laid bare and naked, and exposed in all its infirmity before him. He knows, and he only knows, that what appears noble, is mean; what generous, sordid; what pure, corrupt; and yet, bound by an oath of inviolable secrecy, he is constrained to pass about among them in an apparently friendly intercourse; to play the part of a hypocrite before all; to treat the mean as noble, the sordid as generous, the corrupt as pure! Sadly painful to any of us would it prove, to undergo the ordeal of the confessional: yet that might be endured. But I cannot conceive how any recompense, which this world might offer, could induce a man to occupy the seat of the confessor. — *Sermons by the Rev. W. Harness;* p. 70.

Bonaparte happening one day to ask a friend of Talleyrand's whether he had really ever been a bishop, the person questioned knowing that the powerful minister would be angry if he acknowledged it, and not daring to tell the Emperor a falsehood, replied: "Everybody in the world says so, and for my own part I believe them."

Prince Kaunitz, though the head of a Government, used to spend whole mornings planning new dresses. Instead of being powdered, as other people were, he had a room impregnated with powder, and walked once

through it. He was one of the coldest-hearted people that ever lived, and used to say he did not believe he had a friend in the world. He learnt the death of his sister by seeing the family in mourning; and on once being told that his most intimate acquaintance was not likely to rise from his sick bed:

"Then," said he, "let that person's name be never mentioned to me again."

By the laws of Eton, all King's scholars (those who are on the foundation) are obliged during the ten years they are there, to eat no other meat than mutton. It would be quite as allowable to make a religious duty of this custom, as of eating nothing but fish upon Fridays, for which the Bible gives no warrant, but on the contrary, censures men for "abstaining from meats," as well as "forbidding to marry."

A Jesuit may be shortly described as *an empty suit of clothes*, with another person living in them, who acts for him, thinks for him, decides for him whether he shall be a prince or a beggar, and moves him about wheresover he pleases—who allows him to exhibit the external aspect of a man, but leaves him none of the privileges—no liberty, no property, no affections, not even the power to refuse obedience when ordered to commit the most atrocious of crimes, for the more he outrages his own feelings, the greater his merits. Obedience to the superior is his only idea of virtue, and in all other respects he is a mere image.



From Mr. Wilberforce to Sir John Sinclair:

I do admire your indefatigable and inexhaustible energy; and I must say I respect that versatility in the direction of your powers, which entitles you in another way to the praise which Dr. Johnson, with all his disaffection towards dissenters, lavished on Dr. Watts: for that he, the same man, could at one time enter the lists with Locke and Leibnitz, and at another, write hymns for children of seven years old.

But, my dear Sir John, suffer me, and that with real seriousness, and real good will, to express a wish, that, as whatever may be your success in the extension of longevity, your period and mine for going hence must soon arrive, you will expend some of your attention on what will follow after we shall have stripped off this mortal coil; the rather because we are assured in that book, which, after close inquiry, I believe to be of Divine authority, that in order to secure for ourselves the happiness offered to us hereafter, there must be great labour and much diligence. But then we know that labour and diligence in that effort only, if exerted with simplicity of intention, can never fail.—*Archdeacon Sinclair's Memoirs of his Father.* p. 380.

To a clergyman:

The only popularity worth aspiring after is, a peaceful popularity—the popularity of the heart—the popularity that is won in the bosom of families, and at the side of death-beds. There is another, a high and a far-sounding popularity, which is indeed a most worthless article, felt by all who have it most, to be greatly more oppressive than gratifying—a popularity of stare, and pressure, and

Palace. The Virgin Mary is there represented treading on the head of the serpent, and carrying an infant to Jesus in her arms; but in the Holy Bible, which seems entirely set aside by Papists, it is said that "the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." Those words of Scripture should be solemnly remembered in looking at such a misrepresentation of sacred history and doctrine: "I will not give my glory to another."

A story very singularly authenticated, is told in the "Quarterly Review," as having occurred once in Australia; the particulars of which undoubtedly prove, that on the evidence of an apparition, a culprit was about ten years ago, discovered and hung for murder. The confidential steward of a wealthy settler near Sydney, suddenly announced, a few years since, that his master having been unexpectedly summoned on important business to England, the whole of his immense property had been meanwhile entrusted to his management till the proprietor returned from a hurried excursion to the old country. Not a doubt crossed any individual's mind as to the perfect accuracy of this statement, and the steward continued during several months to act as trustee for his absent master.

One evening, some time afterwards, a gentleman who had been acquainted with the English settler, was riding home through that absentee's grounds, when he became astonished to perceive his friend sitting on a stile by the roadside, and he advanced cordially to congratulate him on his speedy return. Before he could speak, however, the Englishman had risen silently from his seat, and with a mournful expression of countenance, walked slowly

towards a neighbouring pond, where he disappeared. The gentleman being on horseback could not follow, but the scene haunted his thoughts all the way home with astonishment and perplexity, therefore next morning he returned with several assistants, who perseveringly dragged the pond, when to the grief and consternation of all present, the murdered body of their departed friend was brought to light.

Immediately the whole party hurried to the deceased proprietor's house, where they arrested the steward on suspicion of murder, and he was brought to trial; but when the particulars were detailed before him of this awful apparition, he became appalled by a sense of his own guilt, and by the startling consciousness that even the grave had given up its dead to witness against him, so that he might not escape a fearfully deserved punishment. The steward then confessed that one evening, seeing his master sitting on that very stile, the whole plan had at once suggested itself to his mind, and that having come behind his victim he suddenly struck him down insensible, dragged his body to the pond, and having as he thought, buried it for ever out of sight, announced the story which had been so entirely believed of his master's sudden journey to England. The culprit suffered soon after the extreme penalty of the law, and the whole particulars may be found recorded in the journals of that period, about the year 1830, and in the public records.

Soon after the accession to power of the present Sultan of Turkey, he entered on a career of reform, opposed to the pride and the prejudice of the Turks. To arrest him in this dangerous course was the object of the Ulemas, (Turkish Jesuits), who resolved, if possible, to work on

the young despot's mind by exciting his superstitious fears. One day, as he was on his knees, according to custom, in his father's tomb, he heard a low voice reiterating from beneath, "I burn, I burn!" The next time he prayed there, the same terrible words were uttered in the earth, and none other. The Sultan applied to the chief of the Imauns for an interpretation of this strange phenomena, and was told that his father had been a great reformer, and was now probably suffering the penalty of his imprudent course.

The young sovereign, scarcely crediting his own ears, then sent his brother-in-law to pray in the same spot, and afterwards several others of his household. They went, and each time the words, "I burn!" sounded in their ears as though from the grave of the buried king.

At length the Sultan proclaimed his intention of going in a procession of state to his father's tomb. He went with a magnificent train, accompanied by the principal doctors of Mohammedan law, and again during his devotions, the words being heard, "I burn!" all trembled except the Sultan. Rising from his prayer-carpet, he called in his guards, and commanded them to dig up the pavement and remove the tomb. It was in vain that the muftis interposed, reprobating so great a profanation, and uttered dreadful warnings as to its consequences. The Sultan persisted. The foundations of the tomb were laid bare, and in a cavity skilfully left, among them was found, not a burning Sultan, but a dervish. The young monarch regarded him for a time fixedly and in silence, and then said, without any further remark, or the slightest expression of anger, "You burn? you must cool in the Bosphorus." In a few minutes more, the dervish was in a bag, and the bag immediately

after was in the Bosphorus; while the Sultan rode back to his palace, accompanied by his household and ministers, who ceased not all the way to ejaculate, "Mashallah! Allah is great!—there is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God!"—*Picturesque Sketches by Aubrey de Vere.*

If the Sultan could pay a visit to Rome, and legislate over the winking pictures and weeping statues belonging to the Popish Church, he would give a very short and clear explanation of the modern miracles there, and probably consign all the wax images in a bag to the Tiber.

A Jesuit priest used to be considered in England an almost fabulous being, whom the British people no more expected to see on their shores than a ghost; but it is singular that now most of the converts to Romanism join that sect of Papists which has been banished from almost every other country where Popery itself is most rampant, and even by many former Popes from Rome itself. The Romanists boast of unity, but they have the sects of the Benedictines, the Franciscans, the Carmelites, and many more, besides the Jesuits, whose religion consists in obedience to the superior of their own Order. No man can be considered truthful who is ready to tell a falsehood at the bidding of another; or honest, who is ready to practise any deceit at the command of his master; but the truth, honesty, and virtue of a Jesuit are not his own to practise, without the permission of another man, mortal and sinful like himself. He may be ordered to creep into houses in a false character; to talk, or even to preach, as a Protestant minister; to live like a prince one day, and to be a beggar the next; yet with an

unflinching submission, which, were it shown to God rather than to man, would be most desirable in a better cause; the Jesuit must give a cheerful, unhesitating obedience to any course of sin or of suffering—of mental, moral, or bodily degradation, that may be pointed out for the good of his Order. The Jesuit looks not to the steps of the ladder, which may be all crime or suffering, but only to the end—that of extending the temporal power of that corporation to which he belongs; and it is so difficult for an open-faced, honest-hearted Englishman to believe in the existence of such a mere puppet to do evil, that, till the infection is secretly introduced into his own family circle, he cannot be brought to consider the danger as real, or to guard, in his choice of books and schools, or of tutors for his children, against the first approach of a misfortune, the growth of which no subsequent exercise of authority can stop.

Every day brings out new instances in which the clandestine machinations of the Jesuits have acquired fresh converts, especially among the young and enthusiastic, charmed with superstitious illusions, satisfying their consciences by voluntary privations, delighting in the prostration of reason before imagination, and pleased with the romantic idea, which originated in the days of chivalry, that their reliance for Heaven rests on female mediation.

To these attractions of Jesuitism is added the sight of these splendidly-adorned images (many of them dressed in old court-dresses) which a fervid mind almost endows with life, the fragrant censers, the choral sounds, and the fascinations of the priests themselves, concealed probably, quite *incognito*, under the characters of laymen, with the most refined manners of society, the deepest

experience in human character, and an acuteness in argument, practised and exercised with ceaseless diligence. Instead of wondering if some victims be caught by such wiles, the wonder is if any escape.

The house is in a bustle. Books gone—pictures packing—people surveying the house. This does look like a change! All my sacred corners—a naked house—no longer a home! Until I build up a corner elsewhere, with my familiar things about me, I shall be like a bird whose nest is in a boy's hat. I leave no enemy behind me. Why, then, as they say, go? Because there is a time, and that time draws near. London is a place to live in, but not to die in.

After an absence of thirty-two years from Edinburgh, every remarkable object, every street and corner, brought to my recollection some circumstance important to life, and I seemed to walk in a city of tombs. I accused myself of romance, and found no one who would sympathise or join in visiting old places, and seeing old faces, which once were young; and truly it is surprising the different effect of years on different people. Often I feel as in a dream! The old stories and the old names—name, place, and character the same—with younger faces, the girls in the places of their mothers. Gratification there is, but also pain, in looking back on the characters and lives of many; how easy is it to say why they did not succeed in the game of life! The manner, the propensity, or passion, pride, jealousy, bad temper, have reduced many who might have risen, if measured by their abilities or acquirements; yet how difficult to change that one trait on which all depends!—*Sir Charles Bell.*

The object of a library is not so much to make books, or readers of books, as to make students. Never is any real benefit produced by reading for mere amusement. Cribbage, with its "fifteen-twos, fifteen-fours, and a pair six," is an intellectual amusement of nearly as much dignity as such reading. The tempting facilities offered by public libraries, like machinery in manufactures, increase production, at the expense of the strength of the staple. The article is not made for wear, but for the shop-window. Instead of the pattern being woven in the damask-silk, which would stand alone, it is printed on mock-muslin. It is not enough to visit the bank of the stream, you must sail down it; and, unless the writer familiarises himself to the whole course of the subjects of study, by going along with them upwards and downwards, he will never feel their true connection with each other, or enter into their interest.

Give us the *one* dear book, cheaply picked from the stall by the price of the dinner; thumbed and dog's-eared; cracked in the back, and broken in the corner; noted on the fly-leaf, and scrawled on the margin; sullied and scorched, torn and worn; smoothed in the pocket, and grimed on the hearth; damped by the grass, and dusted amongst the cinders; over which you have dreamt in the grove, and dosed before the embers; but read again, again, and again, from cover to cover. It is by this one book, and its three or four single successors, that more real cultivation has been imparted, than by all the myriads which bear down the mile-long, bulging, bending shelves of the Bodleian.—*Quarterly Review.*

As for Catholic emancipation, I am not a bigot in religious matters, nor a friend to persecution; but if a



particular sect of religionists are *ipse facto* connected with foreign politics, and placed under the spiritual direction of a class of priests, whose unrivalled dexterity and activity are increased by the rules which detach them from the rest of the world, I humbly think that we may be excused from entrusting to them those places in the state where the influence of such a clergy, who act under the direction of a passive tool of our worst foe, is likely to be attended with the worst consequences. If a gentleman chooses to walk about with a couple of pounds of gunpowder in his pocket, if I give him the shelter of my roof, I may at least be permitted to exclude him from the seat next the fire.—*Sir Walter Scott's Life*, vol. ii, p. 134.

When Lord Cobham was led forth to the form of trial which preceded his execution, nothing shook the constancy of his resolved mind, but the taunts and mockery of the brutal audience somewhat disturbed his equanimity, and moved in him the noblest emotion recorded in history.

Arundel begun the tragedy by offering him absolution if he would humbly beg it of the Church.

"Nay, forsooth, will I not," he replied, "for I never yet trespassed against you." Then kneeling on the pavement, and holding up his hands towards heaven, he exclaimed: "I shrive me here unto Thee, my eternal, living God, that in my youth I offended Thee, O Lord, most grievously in pride, wrath, gluttony, and covetousness! God, I ask Thee mercy!" Then standing up, he said with a mighty voice: "Lo, good people! for the breaking of God's law and His commandments they never

yet cursed me; but for their own laws and traditions most cruelly do they handle both me and other men; and therefore both they and their laws, by the promise of God, shall utterly be destroyed."—*Southey.*

During the eighteen years that Mr. Manners Sutton was Speaker, he was only two nights absent from his post. One of these occasions was on the death of his father, and the other on the death of his mother.

The Jesuits not allowed to justify themselves even if falsely accused:

It happened that the pious and learned Jerome Platus, whilst he was Master of Novices, thinking Aloysius's perpetual application to prayer and study prejudicial to his health, ordered him to spend, in conversing with others after dinner, not only the hour allotted for all, but also the half-hour longer which is allotted to those who dined at the second table. Father Minister, not knowing this order, punished him for it, and obliged him publicly to confess his fault, which he underwent without offering any excuse. The Minister, learning afterwards how the matter was, admired very much his silence, but, for his greater merit, enjoined him another penalty for not telling him the order of his master.—*Butler's Saints' Lives—Aloys.*

It is surely as much a falsehood to let yourself be thought guilty when innocent, as to pretend innocence when guilty. Both are lies.

In Bath, after Prior College was consumed by fire, circulars were issued promising to every one who contri-

buted five guineas towards the rebuilding, mass offered up for himself or his friends in Purgatory once a day; to every one who contributed one guinea, a mass once a week; and to every one who contributed a sum below a guinea, remembrance in the general prayers of the faithful.—*Cumming's Lectures*, p. 87.

On the 26th day of February, 1546, the Governor and Cardinal, with the Earl of Argyll, Justice-General of Scotland, condemned to death and caused to be hung four honest men for eating a goose in Lent. Likewise they caused to be drowned a young woman, because she would not pray to our Lady and other saints.—*Chronicles of Scotland, by Lindsay of Pitscottie*, vol. ii, p. 453.

Sigouri's work, recommended by Cardinal Wiseman, contains things connected with the confession of sins so horrible, so atrocious, so pestilential, so offensive to every sense of delicacy, and every feeling of religion, that their horribleness is their only and impenetrable shelter. I dare not read them.—*Cumming's Lectures*, p. 55.

Contrast of the Romish and Apostolic Churches. From Dr. Cumming's Lectures, p. 135.

The Apostolic Church said, "We break our bread;" the Romish Church says—we break no bread at all, for the communion element ceases to be bread, and becomes flesh and blood.

The Apostolic Church said, "*Bodily exercise profiteth little.*" The Church of Rome says it profiteth much, for

in the sacrament of penance, it leads to the forgiveness of sins. The Apostolic Church said, "*Scripture is profitable for all.*" The Romish Church says, "It is not profitable to the laity; the fourth rule of the Council of Trent, containing these words, that 'inasmuch as greater evil than good results from the indiscriminate perusal of the Scriptures,' the laity are forbidden to have them, except with the written permission of the Bishop or inquisitor." Again the Apostolic Church said, "*Prove all things;*" the Romish Church says, "Prove nothing, but believe everything." The Apostolic Church said, "Marriage is honourable in all;" the Romish Church says "marriage is not honourable in priests." The Apostolic said, "A Bishop must be the husband of one wife;" the Romish Church says, "He must be the husband of no wife at all." The Apostolic Church said, "The wages of sin is death;" the Romish Church says (as every Roman Catholic will find in the well-known Catechism, called the "Abridgment of Christian Doctrine,") "Venial sin is a light offence, such as the stealing of an apple or a pin, which does not break charity between man and man, much less between man and God." The illustration here derived from an apple, one cannot help remarking is a most unfortunate one, for it was stealing an apple that

Brought death into the world and all our woe.

The Apostolic Church said, "There is one sacrifice once for all, for the sins of all that believe;" the Romish Church says, "There are many sacrifices, and many priests, always trying and never able to take away sin," &c., &c.

When the Honourable Mr. Luttrell, M.P., disowned in a Parliamentary speech any intention to "clog the wheels" of Lord North's government, that singularly good-humoured Premier said in reply: "So far am I from entertaining the most distant idea of the honourable member's clogging the wheels of government, that I am persuaded he no more clogs them than the fly in the fable, who, sitting on the chariot-wheel, thought she raised the dust with which she was surrounded; whereas, poor innocent thing, she fixed where she had a right to fix, and did not in the least incommode either the action of the wheels, or the quiet of the person who rode within-side."

"A Scotch kirk, with its short spire, such as we see in the parish churches near Abbotsford," said Sir Walter Scott, "always looks to me like a little hump-backed man with a walking-stick thrust down his back." — *Dean Ramsay's Architectural Essay.*

"It was early seen in the Revolution," said Louvet, "that the men with poniards would sooner or later carry the day against the men with principles, and that the latter upon the first reverse, must prepare for exile or death."— *Alison's Europe,* vol. i, p. 432.

Napoleon said of the Bourbons, after the Restoration: "Ils n'ont rien appris, ils n'ont rien oublié!"—*Alison,* p. 814.

Lord Wilmington observed of the Duke of Newcastle, the Prime Minister: "He loses half an hour every morning, and runs after it during all the day, without being able to overtake it."—*George Selwyn's Memoirs*, vol. vii, p. 284.

The late Lord Carlisle said: "In private life I never knew any one interfere with other people's disputes but that he heartily repented of it."—*Selwyn's Memoirs*, vol. iii, p. 299.

Lord Mansfield, being on circuit in a rural district, a poor woman was indicted before him for witchcraft. The inhabitants of the place were furiously exasperated against her. Some witnesses deposed that they had seen her walk in the air, with her feet upwards and her head downwards! Lord Mansfield heard the evidence with great solemnity, and perceiving the temper of the people, whom it would not have been prudent to irritate, he thus addressed them in a speech which at once appeased the whole auditory: "I do not doubt, since you have all seen it, that this woman has walked in the air, with her feet upwards and her head downwards; but she has the honour to be born in England as well as you and I, and consequently cannot be judged but by the laws of the country, nor punished but in proportion as she has violated them. Now I know not one law that forbids walking in the air with the feet upwards. We have all a right to do it with impunity. I see no reason, therefore, for this prosecution, and this poor woman may return home when she pleases." —*Life of Lord Mansfield.*

Monsieur Constant said, after hearing some tedious orators speak at great length in favour of sinecures: "They economize neither money nor words."

When some gentlemen were discussing the ability of Mr. ——, a very dull M.P. who spoke often in Parliament, one of the party said: "I have heard an oyster speak better fifty times."

Dr. Parr, playing once at whist with a very unskilful partner, impatiently exclaimed, after losing every point: "How was it possible for me to win, when I had three adversaries."

The celebrated Dr. Blair, having been entrusted to select a tutor for the late Sir John Sinclair, appointed that pleasing poet and eminent divine, Dr. Logan, to the situation, whose speech and manners were not so refined as his diction. Sir John's mother, Lady Janet Sinclair, apprehensive that her son might catch in some degree the rusticity and uncouthness of his talented preceptor, stated to Dr. Blair her anxiety to place her son in other hands. The accomplished professor of rhetoric, however, took a different view of the matter: "Your Ladyship," said he, "in selecting a tutor for your son, should prefer a scholar to a dancing-master."—*Archdeacon Sinclair's Memoir of Sir J. Sinclair,* vol. i, p. 15.

The Tower Ghost. Communicated by Sir David Brewster to Professor Gregory. *See* "Letters on Animal Magnetism," p. 494:

At the trial of Queen Caroline, in 1821, the guards of the Tower were doubled; and Colonel S——, the keeper of the Regalia, was quartered there with his family. Towards twilight one evening, and before dark, he, his wife, son and daughter, were sitting, listening to the sentinels, who were singing and answering one another, on the beats above and below. The evening was sultry, and the door stood ajar, when something suddenly rolled in through the open space. Colonel S—— at first thought it was a cloud of smoke, but it assumed the shape of a pyramid of dark, thick gray, with something working towards its centre. Mrs. S—— saw a form. Miss S—— felt an indescribable sensation of chill and horror. The son sat at the window, staring at the terrified and agitated party, but saw nothing. Mrs. S—— threw her head down upon her arms on the table and screamed. The Colonel took a chair, and hurled it at the phantom, through which it passed. The cloud seemed to him to revolve round the room, and then disappear, as it came, through the door. He had scarcely risen from his chair to follow, when he heard a loud shriek, and a heavy fall at the bottom of the stair. He stopped to listen, and in a few minutes the guard came up and challenged the poor sentry, who had been so lately singing, but who now lay at the entrance in a swoon. The serjeant shook him rudely, declared he was asleep at his post, and put him under arrest. Next day, the soldier was brought to a court-martial, when Colonel S—— appeared on his behalf, to testify that he could not have been asleep, for that he had been singing, and the

Colonel's family had been listening, ten minutes before. The man declared that, while walking towards the stair-entrance, a dreadful figure had issued from the door-way, which he took at first for an escaped bear on its hind legs. It passed him, and scowled upon him with a human face, and the expression of a demon, disappearing over the Barbican. He was so frightened that he became giddy, and knew no more. His story of course was not credited by his judges, but he was believed to have had an attack of vertigo, and was acquitted and released on Colonel S——'s evidence.

That evening Colonel S—— went to congratulate the man, but he was so changed that he did not know him. From a glow of rude health in his handsome face, he had become of the colour of bad paste. Colonel S—— said to him:

"Why do you look so dejected, my lad? I think I have done you a great favour in getting you off; and I would advise you in future to continue your habit of singing."

"Colonel," replied the sentry, "you have saved my character, and I thank you; but as far as anything else, it little signifies. From the moment I saw that infernal demon, I felt I was a dead man."

He never recovered his spirits, and died next day, forty-eight hours after he had seen the spectre. Colonel S—— had conversed with the serjeant about it, who quietly remarked:

"It was a bad job, but he was only a recruit, and must get used to it like the rest."

"What!" said Colonel S——, "have you heard of others seeing the same?"

"Oh, yes," answered the serjeant, "there are many

queer, unaccountable things seen here, I assure you, and many of our recruits faint a time or two, but they get used to it, and it don't hurt them."

Mrs. S—— never got used to it. She remained in a state of dejection for six weeks, and then died. Colonel S—— was long in recovering from the impression, and was reluctant to speak of it; but he said he would never deny the thing he had seen.

When Handel once undertook in a crowded church to play the dismissal on a very fine organ there, the whole congregation became so entranced with delight, that not an individual could stir, till at length the usual organist came impatiently forward himself, and took his seat, saying in a tone of acknowledged superiority:

"You cannot dismiss a congregation! See how soon I can disperse them."

When a gentleman once remarked in company how very liberally those persons talk of what their neighbours should give away, who are least apt to give anything themselves, Sidney Smith replied:

"Yes! no sooner does A fall into difficulties than B begins to consider what C ought to do for him."

A kind and worthy man, one of the City missionaries now in London, has endeared himself to the whole of his district, and especially to the younger population. One evening, having put on a new coat, he went, about dusk, through a remote street, and was instantly marked as a victim by a rapacious little pickpocket. The urchin did

not know him in his new attire, and therefore, without hesitation relieved his pockets of their contents. The missionary did not discover his loss, nor the boy his friend, until, in his flight, he had reached the end of the street. He then looked round, and recognized, in the distance, his kind teacher, and he instantly ran back to him in breathless haste, exclaiming: "Holloa, Sir! is it you? I did not know you in your new coat; here's your handkerchief for you!"

Mr. Wellesley Pole used to say that it was impossible to live like a gentleman in England under forty thousand a-year; and Mr. Brummel told a lady, who asked him how much she ought to allow her son for dress, that it might be done for eight hundred a-year, *with strict economy*.

A curious instance of second-sight and fortune-telling occurred about fifty years ago to the late Countess of Moray. She was a girl about twelve years old, the daughter of Mr. Lockhart, of Carnwatt, in Lanarkshire, when a gipsey announced to her that she would be twice greatly married; that she would shortly before her death pass through a forest newly cut down, and that she would be driven in a carriage drawn by a piebald horse to the house where her fate would be sealed. In due course of time, Miss Lockhart married first the Earl of Aboyne; then the Earl of Moray. About the time of her death she paid some visits in the Highlands, and unexpectedly passed through the forest of Glenmore when it was falling beneath the axe; but as she travelled with her own four horses, there seemed little danger of the piebald horse

appearing. Next morning, however, the coachman intimated that one of the horses had suddenly died in the night, and that he had been obliged to borrow another in the neighbourhood. When the carriage came round, the new leader was a piebald horse, which drew the Countess to Culloden House, where she was taken ill, and after a short illness expired.—*Daily Records.*

M. Ostewald, the French banker, who died in 1790, worth one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds, first began to make his fortune by carrying home from a tavern every night, all the bottle corks he could collect, and after continuing this during eight years, he sold the collection for twelve louis-d'ors.

The mock doctor in Molière's farce, having cured a man's daughter supposed to be dumb, she exercises her tongue so fluently that the father offers him a second fee to take from her the power of speech again. "Impossible!" replies the doctor; "I cannot do that; but if you please I could undertake to make you deaf!"

Letter of President Adams, inviting Sir John Sinclair to the United States:

This is the only rising country in the world, and it rises with a rapidity that outstrips all calculation. If you, Sir John, will do us the honour to come and see us, you will be treated with a cordial civility (notwithstanding your title), and no man shall be more happy to see you than, Sir, your most obedient servant, John Adams.—*Archdeacon Sinclair's Memoir of his Father,* vol. i, p. 335.

Wilkes, though virulent to Tories and to Scotsmen, said, when conversing with Sir John Sinclair on the prominent peculiarities of the leading speakers in the House of Commons: "Fox has most logic; Burke most fancy; Sheridan most real wit; Pitt excels in command of words and ingenuity of argument; but Dundas (Lord Melville), with all the disadvantage of being a Scotsman, is our greatest orator. There is much sound sense and no rubbish in his speeches!"—*Archdeacon Sinclair's Memoir of his Father.*

The converts to Romanism have gone to a Church in which men pray to saints with the same form of words in which they pray to God; a Church in which men are taught to worship images with the same worship with which they worship God and Christ, or him or her, whose image it may be; to a C urch in which they may be absolved from their vows to God, their oaths to the Sovereign, their promises to man, and in some cases their duty to their parents. They are gone to a Church which pretends to be infallible, and yet is infinitely deceived in many particulars, and endures no contradiction, and is impatient if her children inquire into anything her priests obtrude. They are gone from receiving a whole sacrament to a mutilated rite; from Christ's institution to a human invention; and from ancient traditions to new pretences; from confidence in God to rely upon creatures; and from entire dependence upon inward acts to the dangerous temptation of resting too much in outward ministries, and in the external work of sacraments and sacramentals. They are gone from a Church of which the worship is simple, Christian, apostolic, to a Church

where men's consciences are laden with a burden of ceremonies greater than that which pressed so intolerably on the children of Israel.—*Bishop Taylor.*

From the Rev. T. Scott's Life:

I cannot but wonder to think of my former castle-building frame of mind, when, with eager hopes and sanguine expectations, I was forming schemes of satisfying and durable happiness in such a vain uncertain world. My dreams and visions are now vanished like a morning cloud. I find now that neither riches, nor preferment, nor reputation, nor pleasure, nor any worldly good can afford that happiness I was seeking. I bless the Lord I did not discover the cheat nor lose the shadow before I found the substance. I did not discover all else to be vanity and vexation of spirit until I found out that to fear God and keep His commandments is the whole of man. Oh! how many thousands, that (like him in the Bible, who never lifted up his eyes till in hell) never find their sad mistake till it is too late.

Dr. Babington related that, after having been many years from Ireland, an irresistible desire again to see his native soil, made him determine, during a certain vacation, to revisit it, and off he set alone on his expedition. From the route which he had taken, in order to reach his native village, it was necessary for him to cross a river by a ferry. Years before, he had passed at this spot a thousand times, and as he sat in the boat, vivid recollections of his youth recurred, filling his mind with mingled sentiments of pleasure and pain. After some minutes' silence,

he inquired of the ferryman if he had known Mr. Babington, the former rector of the place.

"Did I know him, is it you ask?—is it Mr. Babington you ask me if I knew? Faith, and I did; for the kindest of men he was to us all."

"He was my father," said Dr. Babington.

"Was he!" exclaimed Paddy, wrought up to a pitch of enthusiasm. "Then I'll take you nearer to the falls than any man ever showed his nose before!"

At once, in accordance with his complimentary intention, he set himself vigorously to work, and the boat rapidly neared the dangerous torrent. The consternation of Dr. Babington, as may be readily expected, was much greater than his gratitude for this act of kindness, and he exclaimed:

"I think, my dear man, you cannot show a greater attachment to my father's son, than by just taking me in the opposite direction."

After much demurring, the course of the boat was changed and the Doctor was landed on the opposite shore.—*Memoirs of Sir Astley Cooper.*

Epitaph on General Wolfe:

Let not a tear upon his grave be shed,
The common tribute to the common dead;
But let the good, the pious and the brave,
With noble envy sigh for such a grave.

Hannah More mentions the very interesting last hours of a young friend of her own whom she attended, and describes her as having been previously shy, reserved,

cold, and so hesitating in her natural manner, that few ever discovered as she did the accomplished mind hid beneath so thick a veil of humility; but during eighteen days that she knew herself to be given over by the doctors, she acquired, in so near a view of eternity, a sort of righteous courage, an animated manner, and a ready eloquence, which shone with lustre to the last night of her life. She observed that it was a strange situation to be an inhabitant of no world; for she had done with this, and was not yet permitted to enter upon a better; and on the night in which she died, she summoned all her friends round her, and said, with an energy of spirit quite unlike herself:

"Be witnesses, all of you, that I bear my dying testimony to my Christian profession. I am divinely supported, and have almost a foretaste of heaven. Oh! this is not pain, but pleasure."

A Danish prince once undertook, for a bet, to cast anchor in the whirlpool of Corryvreken, but perished there.

When the late Queen of Prussia died, the King's despairing exclamation was:

"Had she belonged to any other, she would have lived; but because she is mine, she must die."—*Russell's Travels.*

The Emperor Paul once gave a splendid review, at which he prohibited any but generals to be present. Mr. Dunning went to it as *Attorney-general.*

Frederick the Great and Marshal Loudon were often opposed to each other in battle, but at the peace, the King asked him to a splendid entertainment, and observing that the Marshal was going to place himself on the opposite side of the table, desired him to sit by him, saying: "I prefer having the Marshal by my side, rather than *vis-à-vis*."

When I look around upon a busy, bustling world, eagerly pursuing vanity and courting disappointment, neglecting nothing so much as the one thing needful; and who, in order to have their portion in this life, disregard the world to come, and only treasure up wrath against the day of wrath; it makes me think of a farmer, who should, with vast labour, cultivate his lands, and gather in his crop, and thresh it out, and separate the corn from the chaff, and then sweep the corn out upon the dunghill, and carefully lay by the chaff. Such a person would be supposed mad; but how faint a shadow would this be of *his* madness, who labours for the meat that perishes, but neglects that which endureth unto everlasting life. It is a madness the whole race of men labour under, unless, and until divine grace works the cure.—*Life of Rev. T. Scott.*

George the Second's daughter, Princess Amelia, was so ambitious, that one day telling the Queen how much she lamented having brothers, she said, "she could die to-morrow, to be Queen to-day." Such a person would have said, like Milton's Satan: "Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven."

Frederick, Prince of Wales, was very indignant at his brother, the Duke of Cumberland being appointed to lead the army against Prince Charles, and when the Royal army lay before Carlisle, the Prince ordered for his dessert one day, a representation of the citadel of Carlisle, in paste, which he and the maids of honour bombarded with sugar-plums.

Chateaubriand said, that if the cocked hat and surtout of Napoleon were placed on a stick on the shores of Brest, it would cause Europe to run to arms from one end to the other.—*Alison*, p. 842.

I lament much that there is so little spirit of intercession amongst the professors of religion. If ever it became general, religion would spread in families, as fire in a sheaf. "Where two agree on earth as touching anything that they ask, it shall be done for them." Try the experiment . . . Though it is very proper to drop a word now and then, yet I would advise you to be sparing in it, as it will be misconstrued into assuming and preaching. Meekness, attention, affection, and every expression of honour and respect; a mixture of seriousness and cheerfulness (which be sure you aim at—nothing prejudices more than an appearance of melancholy) now and then a pertinent text of Scripture; a hint dropped and opportunities watched, when people are more willing to hear than at other times; this, accompanied with many prayers, is the line I would mark out, but *the Lord giveth wisdom.* —*Life of Rev. T. Scott.*

Riding, one day, with Mr. Commissary Marriott, the Duke of Marlborough was overtaken by a shower of rain. The Commissary called for and obtained his cloak from his servant, who was on horseback behind him. The Duke also asked for his cloak; his servant not bringing it, the Duke asked for it again; when the man, who was puzzling about the straps, answered him, in a surly tone:

"You must stay, if it rains cats and dogs, till I get at it."

The Duke only turned to Marriott, saying:

"I would not be of that fellow's temper, for the world." —*Mrs. Thomson's Life of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough*, vol. ii, p. 230.

The Duke once wrote as follows to a friend:

"I am in very odd distress—too much ready-money. I have now £100,000 dead, and shall have £50,000 more next week."—*Ibid*, p. 330.

The Duchess of Marlborough having quarrelled with her grand-daughter, Lady Anne Egerton, procured her picture, of which she blackened the face over, and writing on the frame, "She is much blacker within," placed it in her own sitting-room, for the edification and amusement of all visitors.—*Ibid*, vol. ii, p. 413.

The Duchess of Marlborough cut off her fair and luxuriant hair, to provoke her husband, when he had one day offended her.—*Ibid*, vol. ii, p. 429.

The Duchess took the following method to defeat the election of an Irish Peer for St. Alban's. His Lordship had formerly written and printed a play, which was condemned. The Peer bought it up, but a few copies escaped being reclaimed, and were sold at a guinea a-piece. Expensive as they were, the Duchess resolved to collect all she could at that price. She was even at the expense of having a second edition printed, and hundreds of these being distributed among the electors, the scale was turned against the nobleman, and he lost the election. —*Mrs. Thomson's Life of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough,* vol. ii, p. 469.

The Duchess having lain a great while ill without speaking, her physicians said she must be blistered, or she would die. She called out: "I won't be blistered, and I won't die."—*Ibid,* vol. ii, p. 477.

The Duchess left £30,000 per annum to her grandson, Lord John Spencer; but the bequest was made void, if ever he became surety for any one.—*Ibid,* vol. ii, p. 504.

The proud Duke of Somerset married twice. His second Duchess once tapped him familiarly on the shoulder with her fan; he turned round, and with an indignant countenance, said:

"My first Duchess was a Percy, and she never took such a liberty."—*Ibid,* vol. ii, p. 374.

The same Peer always intimated his commands to his

servants by signs, not vouchsafing to speak to them. His children never sat down in his presence; it was even his custom, when he slept in the afternoon, to insist upon one of his daughters standing on each side of him during his slumber. On one occasion, Lady Charlotte Seymour being tired, ventured to sit down, and he left her, in consequence, £20,000 less than her sister.—*Mrs. Thomson's Life of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough,* vol. ii, p. 371.

The Prince of Saxe-Hildburghhausen, when retiring to rest, had men posted, who pulled off his wig and clothes, so that he was ready for his bed by the time he got to the door of his bedchamber.—*Swinburne's Letters,* vol. i, p. 340.

One day, when Prince Kaunitz carried his portfolio to the Empress (Maria Theresa) she began to upbraid him with the scandal of his conduct. "Madame," said he, "je suis venu ici pour parler des affaires de votre Majesté, non des miennes."—*Ibid,* p. 362.

When the Grand Duke Leopold was to be married at Inspruck, to the King of Spain's daughter, Prince Kaunitz went thither beforehand, to see that everything was in order for the *fête*. The Opera, among the rest, engaged his attention, and he questioned Glück about it. The composer assured him that the performers, singers, and decorations, were perfect.

"Well, then," said the Prince, "let us have the Opera directly."

"How!" exclaimed Glück, "without an audience?"

"Monsieur Glück," he replied, "sachez que la qualité vaut bien la quantité; je suis moi seul une audience."—*Life of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.*

Louis XIV. said: "L'état, c'est moi!"

When Pius VII. visited the Imperial printing-offices, one of the workmen was ill-bred enough to keep on his hat in the presence of his Holiness. A murmur of disapprobation arose among the crowd, which the Pope observing, stepped forward, and said, with the most benevolent aspect: "Uncover yourself, young man, that I may give you my benediction: no one was ever the worse of the blessing of an old man."—*Bourrienne,* vol. vi, p. 227.

No man more frequently quoted, or referred to, Adam Smith, than Fox, but he had never read "The Wealth of Nations."—*Alison's Europe,* vol. ii, p. 717.

General Avitabile, the Governor of Peshawur, under the Maharajah of the Punjaub, had a singular manner of making himself acquainted with public grievances. From the back of his house, a case like a letter-box was lowered by a chain into the street. Above it was an inscription in the native tongue, to the effect that whosoever had any grievance or petition, should drop it into this box; it was drawn up at night, and the contents submitted to the general's consideration, who kept the key himself.—*Allen on Scinde,* 362.

When Sir Samuel Romilly was making £12,000 a-year at the bar, the seventh day of rest was never broken in upon by his labours.—*Alison's Europe,* vol viii, p. 68.

Bonaparte boasted that his dynasty would soon be the oldest in Europe.—*Ibid,* vol. ix, p. 291.

When Lord Holland was dying, George Selwyn called at Holland House, and left his card. It was carried to the dying statesman. Glancing at it for a moment, he observed with a mournful pleasantry: "If Mr. Selwyn calls again, shew him up; if I am alive I shall be delighted to see him; and if I am dead he would like to see me."—*Selwyn's Memoirs,* vol. iii, p. 50.

The Abbé Raynal presented himself at the bar of the National Assembly, and sternly and fearlessly remonstrated with that dreaded tribunal on the rash and iniquitous course which they were pursuing. The line of arguments which he adopted was sufficiently curious. One of his principal charges against the Assembly was: "That they had *literally* followed *his* principles; that they had reduced to practice the reveries and abstracted ideas of a philosopher, without having previously adapted and accommodated them to men, times, and circumstances."—*Ibid,* p. 370.

When Cardinal Richelieu afforded to all succeeding ages the model of a great and sagacious minister, his chief solicitude was to be thought a good poet; and he tortured

himself to write wretched tragedies, which, after his death were waste paper.—*Tour of a German Prince*, vol. ii, p. 52.

When it was remarked to Sir Thomas Picton that it was strange that his services had not been rewarded with a peerage, he answered: "Put your coronet into a battery, and I would get it as well as my neighbours."—*Sir C. Napier's Speech, 17th April*, 1844.

When Bishop Leighton was one day lost in meditation in his own sequestered walk at Dumblane, a fair young widow came up to him, and told him it was ordered that he should marry her, for that she had dreamed thrice that she was married to him. The Bishop answered: "Very well, whenever I shall dream thrice that I am married to you, I shall let you know, and then the union will take place."—*Mrs. Grant's Correspondence*, vol. iii, p. 78.

One evening, when two or three friends of Mrs. Fox were drinking tea with her, in South Street, the door opened, and Charles James came skipping into the room, in most unusual spirits; they were on the point of inquiring the cause, but he saved them the trouble by exclaiming, as he continued his capers, which he cut all round the room: "Great run, great run! vingt-et-un; lucky dog; to-morrow morning pay the Jews—pay them all!" Unfortunately for him, and for them too, it was Friday night, which in the excess of his honesty and hap-

piness, he did not recollect. Of course, the next day no Israelite would come for his cash; and that night the monies were carried to the club, and there lost—the love of powerful excitement, and the insatiable craving of the gamester's heart overcoming that great man's better feelings, and good but transient resolutions.—*Life of Brummell*, vol. i, p. 168.

Great results sometimes proceed from small beginnings, and mighty causes are put into operation by trivial incidents. This was exemplified in the case of that great and good man, the late Rev. Lewis Way. He was one day riding by the walls of a garden belonging to a certain lady in the county of Devon, when some one said to him, "That woman must have been a very peculiar character, for she left a request in her will, that some of the trees in her garden might not be cut down till the Jews were restored to their own land." This circumstance led that excellent man to reflect upon the subject, and to read the Scriptures with reference to the Jews; and as he read, his mind became deeply impressed with the thought, that they were emphatically the people of God; that they were a people beloved for their fathers' sake, and that in the Divine purposes they were destined to exhibit the unchangeable faithfulness of Jehovah in their future restoration to their own land, and in their conversion to their own Messiah. Thus was the seed lodged in that man's mind, which took deep root, and which has already produced abundant fruit. He became the warm and devoted friend of the "seed of Abraham," and by his noble contribution of £10,000, was instrumental, in the hands of Divine Providence, in preserving from ruin,

and placing on a stable foundation that excellent institution, "The London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews."—*Bannister's Palestine,* p. 7.

The abolition of titles of honour in democratic communities is the result, not of a contempt for, but an inordinate desire for such distinctions; they injure, when enjoyed by a few, the self-love of those who do not possess them; and since the majority cannot enjoy that advantage, for if so, it would cease to be one, they are resolved that none shall.—*Alison,* p. 629.

Burke talked of "that digest of anarchy, called the Rights of Man."—*Ibid,* p. 346.

The stability of free constitutions arises from the counteracting nature of the forces which they constantly bring into action on each other, not the wisdom or patriotism with which either party is animated.—*Ibid,* p. 430.

Clement XIV. suppressed the Society of Jesuits in 1773, to the satisfaction of all Christendom.—*M. de Pombal,* p. 87.

About that time, a law was made, restraining his most faithful Majesty's subjects from charging their estates with the payment of any sums of money for masses for the souls of the dead.—P. 116.

Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse: but to *weigh and consider.—Lord Bacon.*

An *overbearing* traveller is a most insufferable companion. Talk to him of music, he cuts you short with a history of the first singer at Naples. Of painting, he runs you down with a description of the Florence Gallery. Of archictecture, and he overwhelms you with the dimensions of the great church at Antwerp. Mention a river, and he deluges you with the Rhine; or a hill, and he makes you dizzy with the height of Etna.

Physical or military courage may be had for sixpence a-day, but moral courage which leads us to act, or to suffer with resolution, is very different, and very superior.

The first English settlers in the West Indies were frightened away by the fire-flies, for, seeing a number of lights glancing among the trees, they supposed that the Spaniards were advancing upon them, and took to their ships.

Some Italian banditti having robbed a travelling carriage in the Alps, seized the owner, Mr. Pendarvis, to be kept as a hostage for some large ransom. His wife then distractedly rushed out of the carriage, and threw herself into his arms, saying that nothing should separate them, on hearing which, the robber chief, after giving a

glance at the lady, jestingly said, "Rather than be forced to keep Mrs. Pendarvis, I would much prefer liberating Mr. Pendarvis," on saying which, he hurriedly thrust them both back into the carriage, and hastily departed.

During the general depression in 1825, Lord Dudley remarked to a friend, that his coal-mining income had fallen off during one year thirty thousand pounds; "But," added he, "I am a moderate man, and don't feel it. Lord Durham, they tell me, has not bread!"—*Quarterly Review.*

India House traditions mention, that when a young aspirant for distinction there, requested one of the Chairs to inform him what was the proper style of writing political despatches, the Director made answer, "the style we prefer is the hum-drum."

When the celebrated actor, Mathews, was under three years old, he was shown to Garrick, who, taking him in his arms, burst into a fit of laughter and said: "Why! his face laughs all over!" The boy soon became pre-eminent as a mimic, and amused himself once in taking off a man who daily walked the Strand, crying eels with a gutteral voice—"threepence a-pound, e-e-e-e-e-e-ls"—e-elongating the word, as Mathews describes, from Craven to Hungerford Street, till people used to say, "What a long eel!" The boy having mimicked him to the great satisfaction of many auditors, including even his father, was ambitious enough to court the approval of the original himself, whom accordingly he one day awaited and

saluted with the imitation. But the itinerant had no taste for mimicry, and placing his basket deliberately on the ground, he hunted the boy into his father's shop, and felled him with a gigantic blow, "Next time," said the angry man, "as you twists your little wry mouth about, and cuts your mugs at a respectable tradesman, I'll skin you like an e-e-e-l." Snatching up his basket, he finished the monosyllable, about nine doors off. Lewis, when describing Mathews, said: "He's the tallest man in the world, and the funniest. He has no regular mouth, but speaks from a little hole in his cheek."

A provincial newspaper, gives an account of a recent hurricane, in these words: "It shattered mountains, tore up oaks by the roots, dismantled churches, laid villages waste, and overturned a hay-stack."

The agent for a charitable subscription having stopped the Duke of —— to ask for contributions, his Grace impatiently exclaimed: "Put me down for what you please, but don't keep me standing here in the cold."

Captain Martin Scott, in the United States, was so celebrated a shot, that even the animals became aware of it. He went one morning with his rifle, and spying a racoon upon the upper branches of a high tree, brought his gun up to his shoulder, when the racoon perceiving it, raised his paw up for a parley.

"I beg your pardon, Mister," said the racoon, very politely, "but may I ask if your name is Scott?"

"Yes," replied the Captain.

"Martin Scott?" continued the racoon.

"Yes," replied the Captain.

"Captain Martin Scott?" still continued the animal.

"Yes," replied the Captain. "Captain Martin Scott."

"Oh! then," says the animal, "I may just as well come down at once, I'm a gone 'coon."—*American Travels.*

A gentleman was expatiating to Mr. Canning on the merits of the French language, when he exclaimed in reply, "Why, what on earth, Sir, can you say for a language which has but one word for *liking* and *loving*, and puts a fine woman and a joint of roast mutton on a par—'J'aime Julie,—J'aime un gigot.'"

When Madame Le Brun became a candidate for fame, as an artist in London, on the strength of two bad French portraits of the lioness of the day, Sir Joshua Reynolds, with quiet, good-humoured irony, held the following characteristic dialogue with Northcote:

Northcote. Pray, what do you think of them, Sir Joshua?

Reynolds. That they are very fine.

Northcote. How! Fine?

Reynolds. As fine as those of any painter.

Northcote. Do you mean living or dead?

Reynolds, (*sharply*). Either living or dead.

Northcote. What! as fine as Vandyke?

Reynolds. Yes, and finer."

Dr. Parr once politely told Lord Erskine, that his admiration of him was such that he meant, should he

survive, to write his epitaph, when Erskine replied: "Such a promise almost tempts me to commit suicide!"

Theodore Hook being asked what he meant to do with a man who had grossly vilified him, replied: "Do with him? Why I mean to let him alone *most severely*."

Dialogue between Dr. Abernethy and a lady who knew his peculiar love of brevity and distinctness.

Patient holds out her finger.

Doctor. Cut?

Patient. Bite.

Doctor. Dog?

Patient. Parrot.

Doctor. Go home and poultice.

Second day; finger held out again.

Doctor. Better?

Patient. Worse.

Doctor. Poultice again.

Third day:

Doctor. Better?

Patient. Well!

Doctor. You're the most sensible woman I ever met. Good bye. Get out.

Another time she shows her arm, saying:

"Burned!"

Doctor. I see it.

A lotion prescribed, and she returns the second day. Shows her arm and says:

"Better."

Doctor. I know it.

Third day, again shows her arm, saying:

"Well!"

Doctor. Any fool can tell that. What do you come again for? Get away.

When Victor Hugo was an aspirant for the honours of the Académie, and called on the learned and accomplished Royer Collard to ask his vote, the sturdy veteran in literature professed an entire ignorance of his name.

"I am the author of 'Notre Dame de Paris,' 'Les Derniers Jours d'un Condamné,' 'Marion Delorme,' &c., &c."

"I never heard of any of them."

"Will you do me the honour of accepting a copy of my works?"

"I never read new books."

Exit Hugo!

When Alderman Harley in a rage threatened Wilkes that he would take the sense of the Livery on some question, on which, as usual, they differed in opinion, Wilkes laughed heartily, saying: "Do so, Mr. Harley, and I will take their nonsense."

Sir Thomas Lawrence being consulted as to the probability of finishing a lady's picture at forty, which he had begun at twenty, answered, with some humour: "Nothing could be more easy; I have only to take off a ringlet, and add a wrinkle for each intervening year, and the likeness will continue as progressive as the lady."

A traveller from the North of Europe, dining at a London Club, called before dinner, for dried fish, cheese and caviaré; observing which, old Lord Muskerry exclaimed, with humorous astonishment, "Why, there is a gentleman eating his dinner backward!"

In the "Almanach des Gourmands," it is said, in recommending a sauce: "Lorsque cette sauce est bien traitée, elle ferait manger un éléphant."

Count —— used to say, that as he could not afford to keep a carriage, he was determined to have the handsomest umbrella in Europe.

A prosing, tedious old gentleman, who had been tolerated occasionally in the country by George Selwyn, seeing him hurrying past one day in London, stopped him, saying:

"Surely you remember me?"

"Yes!" answered Selwyn, breaking away, "and when next we meet in the country, I shall be glad to renew the acquaintance."

Edinburgh is entirely deserted now by the Scottish nobility; and no more Peers are to be met there than at a republican town in the New World. A Scottish gentleman, who had shown much hospitality in the Northern metropolis to Sidney Smith, said to him at parting:

"I am happy to think, how much you seem to have enjoyed the society of Edinburgh."

"Yes!" replied Sidney Smith, "it always reminds me of a game at whist, without any court cards."

John Clerk, Lord Eldin, when a young man, pleading a case before the House of Lords, happened to say, in his usual broad Scotch accent:

"In plain English, my Lords!"

"Or in plain Scotch, you mean," interrupted Lord Eldon.

"No matter! It is in plain common sense, my Lords," continued the ready advocate, "and that's the same in all languages."

A physician once boasted to Sir Henry Halford, saying: "I was the first to discover the Asiatic cholera, and communicate it to the public!"

An Irishman telling Grattan of an officer who was supposed to be deficient in courage, and that he never fought, was answered: "But I know of his having fought often, for he has, on many occasions, *fought shy*."

A gentleman of rather un-domestic habits being asked his intentions about marrying a young lady whom he greatly admired, hesitated some moments, and answered: "But where should I spend my evenings?"

Memory might be compared to a cistern, which retains all that it receives; but imagination to a spring, which can never be exhausted.

When I am Czarina of some undiscovered region, one of my first edicts shall be, that any of my subjects who are incapable of being amused in a rational and elegant way shall work hard from morning till night.—*Mrs. Grant.*

Admiral Keppel was sent to the Dey of Algiers for the purpose of negociating the restoration of some English vessels which had been captured by the Dey's piratical subjects. He is said to have advocated the cause entrusted to him with a warmth and spirit which completely confounded the Dey's preconceived ideas of what was due to absolute power.

"I wonder," said "he, at the King of England's insolence in sending me such a foolish, beardless boy."

"Had my master," retorted Keppel, "considered that wisdom was to be measured by the length of the beard, he would have sent you a he-goat."—*George Selwyn's Memoirs,* vol. iv, p. 144.

Writing of London, Sir Walter Scott says: "The immense length of the streets separates the objects you are interested in so widely from each other, that three-fourths of your time are passed in endeavouring to dispose of the fourth to some advantage."—*Scott's Life,* vol. ii, p. 393.

Twelve ships of the Spanish Armada were named after the twelve Apostles. It was an article in the general

instructions of the Spanish fleet, that every ship should be supplied with a chest or cask full of stones, to hurl down upon the boarders.—*Barrow's Life of Drake*, p. 271.

Ants use a species of aphides as cows, and regularly milk them of the juices they gather on the leaves of the ash-tree, which are their pasture.

Sharks are almost always attended by a couple of "pilot-fish," eight or nine inches long, of which very interesting accounts are given; there are also "sucking-fish" generally fastened on their bodies (like the ichneumons in insects), which live by suction.

Marmontel says, it may be doubted whether they are most to blame who cease to please or who cease to be pleased.

Occupation was one of the pleasures of Paradise, and we cannot be happy without it.

A man who is always forgetting his best intentions may be said to be a thoroughfare of good resolutions.

It is said that every man ought to think there is but one good wife in the world, and that he is the happy possessor of that treasure.

St. Patrick scooped out Loch Neagh, and having thrown the mud into the Irish Channel, created the Isle of Man, which would, it is said, still fit exactly into the basin of Loch Neagh, if replaced.

In working the quarries at Oreston to procure stones for the Plymouth Breakwater, an extraordinary discovery was made in the midst of the substrata. At the depth of sixty-five feet from the surface, and twenty-five feet from the margin of the sea, a nodule of clay, twenty-five feet in length by about twelve feet thick, was imbedded in the limestone. Enveloped in this clay were found the bones of a rhinoceros, in a more perfect state than they have yet been met with in any other place.—*Devonshire Illustrated.*

Sir G. Head mentions an effect of a very low temperature which he says is by no means unusual, viz., that the clothes become charged with electric fluid, and emit sparks. Even the comb which he passed through his hair did the same.—*Forest Scenes,* p. 166.

The cloud of condensed vapour proceeding from the Falls of Niagara is visible forty miles off.—*Ibid,* p. 175.

The great utility of the bark of the birch-tree is very remarkable. Not only are the canoes, in which the American Indians trust themselves on a lake sufficiently

boisterous some miles from the shore, made of it, but also all sorts of small cups and dishes. Besides it burns like pitch; splits into threads which serve for twine; and the flimsy part, near the outside, may be written upon in pencil, making no bad substitute for paper.—*Ibid*, p. 283.

When Lord and Lady Aylmer were returning from Canada in the 'Pique' (Captain Rous), there arose a terrific storm, in which they were nearly lost; but they were unconscious till after they had landed that the great danger arose from a leak in the vessel, into which the suction of the water drew an immense bag of biscuits, which effectually and providentially stopped up the hole.

It is but to be able to say that they have been to such a place, or have seen such a thing, that, more than any real taste for it, induces the majority of the world to incur the trouble and fatigue of travelling.—*Marryatt's America*, vol. ii, p. 179.

Colonel Davidson says, after a bad day's sport:

"Candour compels me to acknowledge, that we brought nothing but disappointment home with us."—*Davidson's Travels in India*, vol. ii, p. 243.

Washington Irving says:

"Power attracts power, and fortune creates fortune."—*Conq. of Granada*, vol. ii., p. 171.

The same author says:

"An unfortunate death atones with the world for a multitude of errors."—*Ibid,* p. 170.

The same author describes the people of Granada as being at their wits' end to devise some new combination or arrangement, by which an efficient government might be wrought out of two bad kings.—*Ibid,* p. 280.

There is much danger in allowing talent to atone for dangerous opinions.—*Mrs. Grant's Letters,* vol. ii, p. 37.

Mrs. Grant says to a friend:

"You have relations to lose, whose value would be trebled in your estimation, were you deprived of them."—*Ibid,* vol. ii, p. 72.

Brummell said:

"Were I to see a man and dog drowning together in the same pond, and no one looking on, I would prefer saving the dog."—*Brummell's Memoirs,* vol. ii., p. 161.

Sir Robert Godschall hearing of a gentleman who twice had the small-pox, and died of it, inquired with anxiety:

"Did he die the first time or the second?"

A gentleman who had been puzzling over a black letter

copy of Chaucer at last threw it down in despair, saying to Charles Lamb:

"In these old books, there is sometimes a great deal of indifferent spelling."

It might be curious to know whether the pronunciation of our ancestors was as different as their spelling from modern times, and whether a man of the present day could have understood the spoken more than the written speech of his own ancestors. Probably not, but this is a point that there is no means of proving either way.

A very arbitrary member of the —— Club was asked one day what had become of the committee which had been appointed to assist him in managing it. He avoided as long as possible making any reply, but on the question being pressed, he answered:

"I found they were all unanimous against me, so I abolished the committee."

During the horrors of the French Revolution, a man who kept a ménagerie at Paris had a tiger from Bengal, of the largest species, commonly called the Royal Tiger. But when everything royal became abolished, he was afraid of a charge of incivism, and instead of "Tigre Royal," put on his sign-board, "Tigre National." (An excellent symbol of the spirit of the mob).—*Scott's Napoleon.*

Sterne, speaking of giving charity to a beggar, wrote:

"I felt ashamed to think how much it was *then*, and blush to think how little it was now."

A well-trained wit lays his plan like a general—foresees the circumstances of the conversation—surveys the ground and contingencies—and starts a question to draw you into the ambuscade of his ready-made joke.—*Sheridan.*

An undecided person often finds it a misfortune that there are not *three* sides to a question.

When Talleyrand made a few days' tour in England, he wrote this note to a gentleman connected with the Treasury:

"My dear Sir,

"Would you give *a short quarter of an hour*, to explain to me the financial system of your country?

"Always yours,

"TALLEYRAND."

Aristotle describes a democracy as an aristocracy of orators, sometimes interrupted by the monarchy of a single orator.—*Alison*, p. 431.

When an Arab warrior fell in battle, it was said of him that "the bird of life had fled from the nest of his brain."

An actual question asked at an Oxford examination:

"Who dragged who round the walls of what?" Also, "Who were all the Prime Ministers coeval with Cardinal Wolsey throughout Europe?"

During the battle of Copenhagen, a Newfoundland dog on board the 'Bellona,' kept on deck, running backward and forward with so brave an anger, that he became a greater favourite with the men than ever. When the ship was paid off, after the peace of Amiens, the sailors had a parting dinner on shore. Victor was placed in the chair, and fed with roast beef and plum-pudding, and the bill was made out in Victor's name.—*Southey.*

When Voltaire called on Congreve because he was a great dramatic writer, the author said he wished to be called on as a gentleman; which elicited from his visitor the sarcastic retort, "If you had been only a gentleman, I never should have called on you at all!"

A saddler at Oxford having forgotten to which of his customers he had sold a saddle, desired his clerk to charge it in the bills of all his customers, and he afterwards acknowledged, that two-and-thirty of them paid for it.

At the Tavistock Hotel all remarks by the waiters were to be written down for the landlord on a slate, and one morning he found this inserted among the rest:

"No. 23. Dead in his bed."

An American traveller having heard that English ser-

vants in country houses expected a present, saw at a gentleman's place where he visited, a watch-pocket hung above his pillow, in bed, which he never doubted was there to receive his contribution; therefore, he dropped in a shilling. Great was his surprise on returning the following year to find his shilling still there.

Sidney Smith being annoyed one evening by the familiarity of a young gentleman, who, though a new acquaintance, was encouraged by the Dean's jocular reputation, to address him by his surname alone; and hearing him tell that he must go that evening to visit for the first time the Archbishop of Canterbury, the reverend gentleman pathetically said:

"Pray don't clap him on the back and call him 'Howley!'"

When Kean played at Birmingham, for his own benefit, the play of "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," he was greatly irritated to see scarcely any spectators; and therefore, after pronouncing the last words of the comedy, "Take her!" he suddenly added, "and the Birmingham audience into the bargain."

In America, one rogue meeting another, asked him what he had done that morning. "Not much," was the reply, "I've only realized this umbrella."

The Duchess of Newcastle, who wrote thirteen volumes upon speculative subjects, inquired of the Bishop of Ches-

ter, who had attempted to show the possibility of a voyage to the moon, where she was to stop and bait, supposing she were to undertake the journey. "Madam," replied the Bishop, "of all people in the world, I should least have expected that question from you, who have built so many castles in the air, that you might sleep every night in one of them."

At the recent dinner of a Provincial Law Society, the president called upon the senior solicitor present to give as a toast, the person whom he considered the best friend of the profession; on which he replied, "Then I propose, the man who makes his own will."

Lady —— apologised for her extreme love of diamonds and precious stones, saying: "They are the only bright things which never fade."

Sir Astley Cooper desired his coachman to attend every market morning at Smithfield, and purchase all the lame young horses exposed for sale, which he thought might possibly be convertible into carriage or saddle horses, should they recover from their defects. He was never to give more than £7 for each, but £5 was the average price. In this manner thirty or forty horses were sometimes collected at Gadesbridge, his farm. On a stated morning every week the blacksmith came up from the village, and the horses were in successive order caught, haltered, and brought to him for inspection. Having discovered the cause of their lameness, he proceeded to perform whatever seemed to him necessary for the cure. The improvement

produced in a short time by good feeding and medical attendance, such as few horses before or since have enjoyed, appeared truly wonderful. Horses which were at first with difficulty driven to pasture, because of their halt, were now with as much difficulty restrained from running away. Even one fortnight at Gadesbridge would frequently produce such an alteration in some of them, that it required no unskilful eye in the former owner himself to recognise the animal which he had sold but a few weeks before. Fifty guineas were paid for one of these animals, which turned out a very good bargain, and Sir Astley's carriage was for years drawn by a pair of horses which together cost him only £12 10*s*.—*Life of Sir A. Cooper*, vol. ii., p. 105.

A young Irish student at the Veterinary College, being asked "If a broken-winded horse were brought to him for cure, what he would advise," promptly replied: "To sell him as soon as possible."

A clergyman, being applied to in less than a year after his appointment to put a stove in the church, asked how long his predecessor had been there, and when answered: "Twelve years;" he said:

"Well, you never had a fire in the church during his time."

"No, Sir," replied the applicants, "but we had fire in the pulpit."

When Landseer exhibited a picture, which he called "The Free Church," in which a great many shepherds'

dogs were introduced, according to the pastoral custom in Scotland, beside their masters in the pew, a gentleman said: "I suppose the clergyman will preach on *dogmatical* theology."

The celebrated Edward Irving was a remarkably tall, powerful-looking man, with a most portentous squint. Having once hired a sitting-room for a week in a Highland inn, he found on his return from a long walk four or five young Englishmen established in his private apartment. At first he spoke to them with great politeness, but finding them incorrigibly insolent and saucy, he turned to his travelling companion, as gigantic as himself, and throwing up the sash, called out: "Hamilton! will you undertake the kicking down stairs, while I toss the others out of the window!" In two seconds the Englishmen had vanished.

Lessing, the German philosopher, being remarkably absent, knocked at his own door one evening, when the servant looking out of the window, and not recognizing him, said:

"The Professor is not at home!"

"Oh! very well!" replied Lessing composedly, walking away. "I shall call another time."

Dr. Abernethy used to tell his pupils that all human maladies originate from two causes—"stuffing and fretting!"

Dr. Garth being pressed to remain late at an agreeable

party, drew out the list of his engagements, amounting to fifteen, and said: "It is no great matter, indeed, whether I see them to-night or not. Nine have such bad constitutions that all the physicians on earth cannot save them, and the other six have such excellent constitutions that all the physicians on earth cannot kill them."

Dr. Parr, when a boy at Harrow, had so very old a face for his age, that one day his cotemporary, Sir William Jones, said, looking hard at him: "Parr, if you should have the good luck to live forty years, you may stand a chance of overtaking your face."

Mr. Alderman Falkener, of convivial memory, one night when he expected his guests to sit late, and try the strength of his claret and his head, took the precaution of placing in his wine-glass a strawberry, which his doctor, he said, had recommended to him on account of its cooling qualities, and which he kept all night at the bottom of his glass. On the faith of the specific, he drank even more deeply, and, as might be expected, was carried away at an earlier period, and in rather a worse state, than was usual with him. When some of his friends condoled with him next day, and attributed his misfortune to six bottles of claret which he had imbibed, the Alderman was extremely indignant. "The claret!" he said; "it was sound, and never could do any man any harm; my discomfiture was altogether caused by the unfortunate strawberry!"—*Quarterly Review.*

When Mr. Gandy, the architect, showed Lord Dudley the Grecian elevation of his house, his Lordship remarked: "Very fine! just the thing for a Pagan god; but a private gentleman can't do so well without a scullery."

When Muley Abon Hassan, King of Granada, was making a foray into the lands of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, he was surprised and defeated by Pedro de Vayas, Alcayde of Gibraltar, while encumbered with the vast cavalcade swept from the pastures of the Campana of Tarifa. With all his fierceness, old Muley Abon Hassan had a gleam of warlike courtesy, and admired the hardy and soldier-like character of Pedro de Vayas. He summoned two Christian captives, and demanded what were the revenues of the Alcayde of Gibraltar. They told him, that, among other things, he was entitled to one out of every drove of cattle that passed his boundaries.

"Allah forbid," cried the old monarch, "that so brave a cavalier should be defrauded of his right!"

He immediately chose twelve of the finest cattle from the twelve droves which formed the cavalgada. These he gave in charge to an alfagin, to deliver them to Pedro de Vayas.

"Tell him," said he, "that I crave pardon for not having sent these cattle sooner; but I have this moment learned the nature of his rights, and I hasten to satisfy them with the punctuality due to so worthy a cavalier. Tell him, at the same time, that I had no idea the Alcayde of Gibraltar was so active and vigilant in collecting

his tolls.—*Washington Irving's Conquest of Granada*, vol. i. p. 103.

When Brummell was residing at the Hotel d'Angleterre (Caen), he one morning laid aside all etiquette, and without waiting for an introduction, made the acquaintance of a poor little mouse, that had taken up its abode in the wainscot of his sitting-room. To this tiny creature he became very much attached, and, by dint of careful and gentle training, taught it to crawl up his leg, on to the breakfast-table, and eat out of his hand. It became, at length, like Baron Trenck's spider, quite a companion, and made its appearance regularly every morning at the same hour. One day, while Brummell was paying his accustomed visit to a lady, she observed that he was very much out of spirits; and on her inquiring the reason, he told her, with great embarrassment in his manner, that the *garçon* had that morning thrown a boot-jack at his little favourite, and killed it. — *Brummell's Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 160.

The late Duchess of York had such a passion for dogs, that she is said to have had upwards of a hundred of them at Oatlands, and she sometimes erected monuments over her especial favourites; they are grouped round a fountain, in the grounds, in front of a grotto, to which, during the summer months, she frequently retired with her work, or a book.—*Brummell's Life*, vol. i. p. 277.

Wilson mentions a parrot, which he kept in a cage, along with a companion, which unfortunately died. For some time, poor Poll seemed inconsolable for her loss, till Mr. Wilson thought of placing a looking-glass beside the place where her companion used to sit. At sight of her own image, all her former fondness seemed to return, so that she could scarcely absent herself from the spot, and it was evident that she was completely deceived into the belief that her friend was restored to her.—*Constable's Miscellany*, vol. lxviii. p. 125.

In America, crows have been employed to catch crows, by the following stratagem: A live crow is pinned by the wings down to the ground, on its back, by means of two sharp, forked sticks. Thus situated, his cries are loud and incessant, particularly if any other crows are within view. These, sweeping down about him, are instantly grappled by the prostrate prisoner, by the same instinctive impulse that urges a drowning person to grasp at everything within his reach. Having disengaged the game from his clutches, the trap is again ready for another experiment; and by pinning down each captive, successively, as soon as taken, in a short time you will probably have a large flock screaming above you, in concert with the outrageous prisoners below.—*Constable's Miscellany*, vol. lxviii. p. 243.

Captain Hall gives the following catalogue of the contents of a shark, caught on board the "Alceste:" "A number of ducks and hens, which had died in the night, and were thrown overboard; several baskets, some bundles of shavings and bits of cordage, and, last of all, the hide

of a buffalo, killed on board that day for dinner. A sailor, seeing it, exclaimed: "There, my lads, d'ye see that? He has swallowed a buffalo, but he could not dis-gest the hide."—*Hall's Fragments.*

Extract from Lady Grosvenor's Yacht Voyage, vol. ii. p. 202:

In one of our walks lately, we saw, at a door in the Strada Chiaga, a soup in preparation for the family repast, consisting of snails in their shells, and parsley, simmering together in a saucepan, over a smart fire.

The noise and number of the grasshoppers in the environs of Smyrna, is something appalling; and as they fly, the effect of their crimson wings, which look like small red-hot coals, seem to add to the warmth of the heated atmosphere.—*Ibid,* vol. i. p. 72.

The Pariah dogs at Kandahar have a singular habit, which I have never seen elsewhere. To avoid, as I suppose, the extreme heat of the streets during the hot weather, and to enjoy the breeze, they have learned to ascend to the tops of the houses by the different staircases; and so expert are they, that I have seen them on the very summit of the lofty dome of Char-soo. It is highly amusing to watch their pranks. Three or four will occasionally possess themselves of a higher elevation, and obstinately contest the right of any others to come up, and the fights which ensue are often savage in the extreme. —*Rev. I. N. Allen on Affghanistan,* p. 189.

1773. The clothes of the late Diana Boswell, Queen of the Gypsies, value £50, were burned in the middle of the Mint, Southwark, by her principal courtiers, according to ancient custom; it being too great an honour for her subjects to be clothed in robes of state, and too great a disgrace for her successor to appear in second-hand royalty. Two hundred of her loyal subjects were present at her interment in Newington church-yard.

Do we perceive the thunder, whilst it strikes through all things which oppose it? Do we distinguish the winds, whilst they are tearing up all before them in our view? Our soul itself, with which we are so intimate, which moves and actuates us, is it visible? Can we behold it? The great God, who has formed the universe, and supports the stupendous work in all its goodness and harmony, makes Himself sufficiently visible by the endless wonders of which He is the Author, but continues always invisible Himself.

The origin of saying grace before and after dinner was, that the Romans had their household gods at their tables *always*, and prayed to them, which served as a check upon licentious conversation afterwards. Our God is *always* present, though invisible.

The Egyptians not only worshipped bulls, *cats*, apes and storks, but also *leeks*, *onions*, and *parsley!* which they invoked in cases of necessity. In a famine once, they rather eat *one another* than any of these imaginary ties. The ichneumon they adored, because it destroyed

crocodiles by leaping down their throats while they slept, and then eating their way out through the intestines.

"Might your name be Smith?" asked a countryman of Mr. Pringle at Philadelphia.

"Yes, it might; but it aint."

A magistrate hearing that he was unpopular, said that being no man's enemy, he could scarcely believe that a mob had actually assembled to burn down his house.

"But," he said, "the fatal rock on which I split is, that I never can find a way to make both parties win."

A lawyer once remarked that he had often failed when he had a good case, and as often succeeded when he had a bad one, "and so justice is done."

Lords Eldon and Ellenborough belonged to the Lincoln's Inn volunteers during that period when the military fever raged among all classes. They were not soldiers very long, as no drill-serjeant could succeed in "setting them up" for the ranks, and they were eventually turned out of the "awkward squad, for awkardness."

Sidney Smith said of a great talker that it would greatly improve him, if he had, now and then, "a few flashes of silence."

A small Highland laird, who boasted often of his great acquaintances to his country neighbours, used to claim an intimacy with Napoleon, and he one day said:

"When Bonaparte found himself obliged at last, most unwillingly, to retreat from Moscow, his first exclamation was, 'What will Mac' say?'"

A clever American lawyer said once:

"There are three points in this case. In the first place, we contend that the kettle was cracked when we borrowed it; secondly, that it was whole when we returned it, and thirdly, that we never had it."

Talleyrand, speaking of a well-known lady, said emphatically:

"She is insufferable."

Then, as if relenting, he added:

"But that is her only fault."

An Englishman and a Highlander disputing which came from the largest kingdom, the Scotchman said:

"Our's is a mountainous, your's a flat country. Now, if all our hills were rolled out flat, we should beat you by many square miles."

When Sir Francis Blake wished to build an addition to the house of Fowberry in Northumberland, he excavated a story below it, supporting the whole house on wooden posts till the wall could be inserted.

Mr. Lewis Morgan, who died in his 98th year, left his whole fortune to his housekeeper, with this remark written in the will:

"She is a tolerable good woman, but would be much better if she had not so clamorous a tongue."

He had been determined to get the last word.

A very awkward-looking public singer once told Bannister that his voice had been much improved ever since he accidentally swallowed some train-oil. "Then," rejoined his friend, "how unlucky that you did not accidentally swallow a dancing-master also!"

M. le Comte de Coigny was one day at Madame Geoffrin's table, telling stories which had no end. Some dish was set before him, and he took a little clasp-knife out of his pocket to help himself, still continuing his tale. Madame Geoffrin at last impetuously exclaimed: "M. le Comte, you should have longer knives and shorter stories." —*Baron de Grimm.*

After Mr. Pitt's celebrated Speech on the Slave-Trade, Mr. Beaufoy was in the chair of the Committee of the whole House, and as usual had his hair plastered down close to his head; when Lord Carhampton, speaking of some atrocities which were suffered to pass unreprehended, said: "Scenes like these would make even *your* hair stand on end, Mr. Beaufoy."

Doddington was very lethargic. Falling asleep one day, after dinner, with Sir Richard Temple, Lord Cobham, and

the General, the latter reproached Doddington with his drowsiness. Doddington denied having been asleep, and, to prove he had not, offered to repeat all Lord Cobham had been saying. Cobham challenged him to do so. Doddington repeated a story, and Lord Cobham owned he had been telling it. "Well," said Doddington, "and yet I did not hear a word of it; but I went to sleep because I knew that about this time of the day you would tell that story."

Monsieur Vestris, the celebrated opera-dancer, used to say, with the most unaffected sincerity: "I know only three men in Europe at the present day, who are *unique* in their line—the King of Prussia, Voltaire, and myself."

A Mrs. Forbes went to a shop in Paris, many years ago, to which she was in the habit of resorting, to purchase curiosities and articles of *virtu*, when her attention was caught by a dingy old picture, which was hanging on the door; and she asked if it was to be disposed of. The shopman said it was, and that the price of it was five francs (four shillings and twopence). Mrs. Forbes, who wished to get a bargain, declared that that was too much, and left the shop, resolving to return next day to complete the purchase. The following day, Sir Colin Campbell, Aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington, happening to be caught in a shower of rain, took refuge in this identical shop; and being a connoisseur in pictures, was immediately struck with the one on the door, and inquired its price. "Eight francs," was the reply; as the man began

to smoke that he was possessed of a more valuable picture than he had imagined. Sir Colin immediately paid down the price, and the picture was sent home to him. Next day, he sent for a dealer in pictures, and got him to clean up and renovate his new purchase, and both Sir Colin and he agreed that it must be the work of a very old Master, and that it would be worth while to endeavour to trace its history. The picture-dealer accordingly set his wits to work, and, by taking indefatigable pains, discovered that this was no less than a portrait of Edward the Black Prince, supposed to be the only one he ever sat for. It had belonged to the French Government, but at the time of the Revolution, it had disappeared; and from one hand to another, it had last been possessed by some monks, who sold it for a trifle to the owner of the shop, where Sir Colin had seen it.

The fame of this discovery soon spread, and Sir Colin was offered eight hundred Napoleons for it, which he refused. A deputation from the French Government afterwards waited on him, to represent that this was a Government picture, and that they had no objection to give Sir Colin any reasonable remuneration, but that he must relinquish his prize. This he stoutly refused, saying that it was a perfectly fair purchase on his part, and that they had no right to deprive him of his property. The Government then got the English Ambassador to reiterate the demand, but he met with no better success, and they had to give up the point.

Sir Colin, who was under very great obligations to the Duke of Wellington, afterwards presented this celebrated picture to his Grace, and it now adorns the walls of Strathfieldsaye.—*Quarterly Review.*

West had no small share of vanity. When he was walking with Charles Fox in the Louvre, he fancied that the crowds that followed were attracted by his own reputation of English art, and expressed himself much gratified at exciting such a sensation, without a thought of the great statesman his companion.

In Belzoni's tomb, and many others still extant, all the gods and goddesses are represented as *pea-green*.

A man at Rome being asked what his profession was, he answered: "Painting Salvator Rosa's for the English."

It is a peculiarity of Murillo's pictures that he always introduces the face of an idiot into them. At Pampeluna, where the largest collection of his paintings is, they all have an idiot in some corner or other.

Many years ago, Sir Thomas Lawrence consulted Fuseli whether a picture said to be by Correggio (of Christ's agony in the garden) was genuine. Fuseli answered that whoever was the master, it certainly was not Correggio, and that the original was in the Escurial at Madrid. Notwithstanding this information, Sir Thomas still considered it genuine, and recommended Mr. Angerstein to purchase it, which he did at the cost of several thousand pounds. Some time afterwards, it was discovered that the Duke of Wellington had a duplicate of it; and on inquiry, it appeared that at the battle of Vittoria, the carriage of Joseph Buonaparte was seized;

on the top of which was this identical picture, together with some others of similar value, which the ex-King had hastily cut out of their frames at the Escurial, and packed on the top of his carriage like an Imperial. The Duke of Wellington very honestly wrote to Ferdinand VII. offering to restore them, but he, with equal generosity, presented them to the conqueror.

One day, when Northcote was calling on Sir Joshua Reynolds, Venloo, a great judge of pictures, and an attaché to the French Embassy, came in, when Sir Joshua told him that he wanted to consult him about a great bargain he had picked up, and which he supposed to be a head by Rembrandt. Venloo said that if there was a master in the world with whose pictures he was more familiar than another, it was with Rembrandt's. The picture was exhibited in every light, and after mature deliberation, was pronounced by him to be genuine, to Sir Joshua's great delight. However, after Venloo's departure, Northcote said to Sir Joshua, that however painful it was to undeceive him, it was yet necessary to explain that he had good reason to know that the picture was a copy, for that it was painted by himself, and showed his name in an obscure corner of the picture.

A gentleman who had picked up a fine picture very cheap, employed a friend to ask Northcote whether it was by him, as he thought it rather in his style. Northcote said that he would have been too happy to claim it, but that he was sorry to say that he had never painted so well.

The gentleman pursued his inquiries, and applied to

Mr. Smirke, in hopes that he might assist him to find out who it was done by. Mr. Smirke immediately pronounced it to be by Northcote, and mentioned the very person whose portrait it was, so that at last the artist recognized his own work, and was very proud of it.

The last King of Poland was so fond of Correggio's Magdalene, one of the forty pictures he bought of the Duke of Modena, that wherever he went, this picture accompanied him in a case, and was hung up in his apartments.—*Swinburne's Letters*, vol. i, p. 349.

Marshal Soult, from the rich spoils of the Andalusian convents, formed the noble collection of paintings by Murillo and Velasquez, which now adorns his hotel in Paris.—*Alison's Europe*, vol. ix, p. 758.

Murillo was a native of Seville. Of all the pictures of this extraordinary man, one of the least celebrated is that which always wrought on me the most profound impression. I allude to the Guardian Angel (Angel de la Guardia), a small picture which stands at the bottom of the church, and looks up the principal aisle. The angel, holding a flaming sword in his right hand, is conducting the child. The child is, in my opinion, the most wonderful of all the creations of Murillo; the form is that of an infant about five years of age, and the expression of the countenance is quite infantine, but the tread—it is the tread of a conqueror, of a god, of the Creator of the universe; and the earthly globe appears to tremble beneath its majesty.—*Bible in Spain*, vol. iii, p. 196.

The famious Magdalene of Correggio was some time ago carried off by thieves, for the sake of the richly-jewelled frame in which it was, but on a reward being offered for its recovery, a letter was received from the robbers, saying that it would be found in a cave near Saltzburg, where it was discovered, but without the frame.—*Howitt's Germany*, p. 405.

Southey mentions a dog belonging to his grandfather, which had such a sense of time as to count the days of the week, and trudged two miles every Saturday to market, to cater for himself in the shambles.—*Omniana.*

When Smith O'Brien was condemned to death for treason, a gentleman said: "No fear of the traitor being hanged, but, depend upon it, the jury will be murdered; so, one way or other, blood enough will be shed."

A Glasgow manufacturer having claimed a hive of bees, which had taken refuge in a neighbour's garden, swore to their identity, when the counsel on the opposite side asked how he could recognize them, and satirically inquired, "Had they muslin wings?"

Lord Guillamore being tired of hearing testimonials to the character of a man tried before him for stealing a sheep, said to the jury, when at last he was to sum up the evidence: "Gentlemen, here is an honest man, who stole a sheep!"

One of the chief titles of distinction in the Scotch law is "the Dean of Faculty;" and when Sidney Smith, Dean of St. Paul's, first met a gentleman bearing that title, in company, he assumed a reverential expression in looking at him, and said: "A most surprising title! for, in England, the Deans have no faculties."

An attorney in Dublin having died exceedingly poor, his funeral expenses were to be paid by a shilling subscription. When Lord Norbury was asked to contribute his mite, he exclaimed: "Only a shilling to bury an attorney! Here is a guinea; go and bury one-and-twenty of them." —*Twiss's Life of Lord Eldon.*

Curran's advice to orators: "When you can't talk sense, talk metaphors."

Lord Ellenborough, who felt strongly the efficacy of temporal rewards, as incentives to exertion, disliked any work of fiction which kept these motives out of sight, and said: "Of all things in the world, I abominate a novel that ends unhappily."

A leading actor at the Opera having fallen sick the first night of the representation of a new play, an inferior one was chosen to supply his place. He sang, and was hissed; but, without being disconcerted, he looked steadfastly at the pit, and said: "Gentlemen, I don't understand this. Do you think, that for only six hundred livres per annum, I can afford to give you a two thousand crown voice?"

Voltaire held people in great aversion who asked many questions, and his model of the interrogating Bailiff, in the "Droit du Seigneur," was copied from an inhabitant of Geneva, to whom he said, one day, when they accidentally met: "Sir, I am well-pleased to see you; but I inform you before-hand, that I know nothing about what you are going to ask."

When the witty Lord Elibank was first told of Johnson's celebrated definition of the word "oats," as being the food of men in Scotland, and of horses in England, he answered, with happy readiness: "Very true: and where will you find such horses and such men?"

When a worthy old lady told Dr. Paley that she and her husband had lived forty years together, without having a difference, he said: "How very dull and insipid that must have been!"

An old woman, who was present at a sermon, where the whole congregation were in tears, except herself, being asked the reason why she remained so unmoved, quietly answered: "I belong to a different parish."

In ancient times the tenants of Lord Breadalbane having applied for a reduction of rent, had occasion to dine togtether, before their landlord and chief had sent in his answer; therefore, they gave his health in these cautious words: "Breadalbane, *till we see.*"

Old Lady Kent once agreed with Sir Edward Herbert, that he should come to her when she sent for him, and stay with her as long as she chose, to which he signed his consent; but demanded, in return, a written promise, that he should go away when he pleased, and stay away as long as he liked.

A Gascon who was at a loss for a dinner, seeing Frère Romain, the celebrated architect, superintending the operations of the bridge of the Tuilleries, determined to to dine at his expense. He kept looking attentively at the work, as if he had been a connoisseur, muttered between his teeth, measured what had been erected, walked with great gravity across, and seemed to be engaged in an elaborate criticism of the whole. Frère Romain, a little uneasy, went up to, and asked what he thought of it:

"Friend," said the Gascon, "I have some important information to communicate about the bridge, but I am too hungry, and must dine first."

Frère Romain immediately offered him a dinner, and when that was over, the impatient architect led his guest back to the bridge.

The Gascon walked up and down for several minutes, and then turning to his host, observed:

"My friend! you have done wisely in building this bridge across the river, for if you had tried to build it the long way, it would never have succeeded."

When the congress of kings in 1814 were assembled in London, two gentlemen-like personages walked into a shop, and after giving some orders, said:

"Do you know who I am? The Emperor of Russia!"
The other added:
"And I am the King of Prussia!"
The shopkeeper not believing them, though it was perfectly true, laughed heartily, saying:
"And do you know who I am? The Emperor of China!"

A splendid snuff-box of Brummell's being handed round after dinner once, a gentleman of the party attempted to open it, but finding the lid rather stiff, he tried to facilitate the operation by help of a dessert-knife. On seeing this, Brummell, who was not acquainted with the culprit, turned hastily to his host, saying: "Will you do me the favour to tell your friend that my snuff-box is not an oyster!"

A grenadier of the regiment of Champagne, was retreating from the ranks mortally wounded.
"Where is that grenadier going?" cried the officer, as he passed.
"To die!" replied the soldier, turning round, and instantly expired.

Rossini unexpectedly met his old friend Sir Henry Bishop once, but having at the moment forgotten his name, after puzzling and stammering for some time, he at length took him by the hand, and sung a few bars to prove he identified him of Bishop's beautiful song, "Blow gentle gales."

Lord Sundon, a Commissioner of the Treasury with Bubb Doddington and Winnington, was very dull. One Thursday, as they left the Board, Lord Sundon laughed heartily at something Doddington said; and when gone, Winnington observed:

"Doddington, you are very ungrateful; you call Sundon stupid and slow, and yet you see how quickly he took what you said."

"Oh no!" replied Doddington, "he was only laughing now at what I said last Treasury day."—*Lord Walpole.*

A Gascon, when proving his nobility, asserted that in his father's castle they used no other firewood than the batons of the Maréchals of France of his family.

The Marechal d'Etrees, aged one hundred and three, heard of the death of the Duke de Tresme, at the age of ninety-three, and exclaimed: "I am very sorry for it, but not surprised; he was a poor, worn-out creature; I always said that man would never live long."

At a crowded French theatre, a woman fell from the gallery into the pit, and being picked up by the surrounding spectators, who were anxious to ascertain what injury had been suffered, she merely exclaimed: "Ah! what a good place I lost!"

When Smith, author of the "Rejected Addresses," was confined to an arm-chair with the gout once, at a country-house, one of his friends came up to him and proposed a quiet stroll in the garden.

"A stroll!" exclaimed Mr. Smith, who was noted for his dislike of country ruralities; "Look at my gouty shoe!"

"Well! I see it, and wish I had brought one myself; but our host is out of the way now."

"What difference does that make?"

"My dear friend! you don't mean to say that you have in real earnest got a fit of the gout! I thought you had merely worn that shoe to escape from being shown over the improvements."

The Abbé Coyar, a very tedious talker, having come to visit Voltaire, with an intention to remain some months, the philosopher bore the infliction with tolerable politeness the first day, but next morning he interrupted him in a long prosing narrative, saying, in a tone which disenchanted his visitor, and caused his immediate departure: "Do you know the difference, M. l'Abbé, between Don Quixote and yourself? It is, that Don Quixote mistook inns for castles, and you mistake private residences for inns!"

A silver cup having been voted to an officer once for some gallant action, a dinner was given to celebrate it, and after the cloth had been removed, the whole assembled company waited with interest to hear the eloquence that should attend the presentation.

The President rose, and thrusting the cup towards the officer, said:

"There's the jug."

To which the other replied, taking it up with pleasure, and examining it:

"Is this the mug?"

Sheridan being accused by an elderly lady of having gone out to walk after he had told her that the weather was too bad for any one, he replied: "It cleared up enough for one, but not for two."

A French bonnet-maker told Lady D—, on her remonstrating with him on the price of a hat, "Indeed, Madam, it cost me three sleepless nights merely to imagine!"

Another French man-milliner was denied to visitors with this reason assigned, "He is composing."

A third modestly accounted for the graceful position of a plume, by saying, "I fixed it in a moment of enthusiasm."

Mr. Trenchard, a neighbour of Bubb Doddington's, telling him that though his pinery was expensive, he contrived, by applying the fire to other purposes, to make it so advantageous, that he believed he got a shilling by every pine-apple he ate. "Sir," said Doddington, "I would eat them for half the money."

Lord —— said one day to Lord Brougham, when they were voting for once on the same side in the House of Lords:

"This is the only time you and I have rowed in the same boat."

"Yes," replied Lord Brougham, "But we use very different *sculls!*"—*Daily Records.*

Garrick and a French actor had a rivalship who could most naturally represent intoxication, and the Frenchman

after exciting the approbation of several spectators, asked Garrick himself to say what he thought of the imitation: "Very good," replied Garrick, dubiously, "but your legs were not drunk!"

A German Prince, when an Englishman was introduced to him, thought the best thing he could say to him, was to remark that "it was bad weather:" upon which the Englishman shrugged up his shoulders and replied:

"Yes—but it is better than none!"

Bonaparte's celerity was the most remarkable feature of his military tactics; to this he sacrificed the lives and comforts of his soldiers without hesitation, and thus spread wonder and panic amongst his enemies, while the dead whom he had left on the road could make no complaints, and the living forgot amidst the triumph of victory all the hardships that had led them to it. If an officer asked for time to perform any manœuvre, his extraordinary answer always was, "Ask me *anything* but time."

Bonaparte heaped honours and titles on his Marshals, but never treated them with familiarity, for fear it might remind them of his original equality; but to the common soldier he was extremely accessible, listened to their complaints and petitions, and after a battle he often consulted the regiments who amongst them merited the Legion of Honour; this gained their hearts.

Lord Walsingham wrote so very illegible a hand, that when Princess Augusta obtained a frank from him once, her letter wandered all over the kingdom without finding its destination, and being eventually opened at the post-office was returned to her. She reproached him with this inconvenience, and he then took great pains to make the direction quite legible, but in two days the letter again came back, with the signature of Lord Walsingham endorsed, "A Forgery!"

Two rival painters had undertaken a house; the first had done part when the other came, who was taken round the house, and seeing a door of real oak which he fancied done by his rival, he said: "Unless I could do it better than that, I would throw away my brush."

One of Bonaparte's pleasures was, after dinner to fix upon three or four persons to support a proposition, and as many to oppose it. He thus studied the minds of those whom he had an interest in knowing well, and he gave the preference over those who could support an absurd proposition best. One day it was whether the planets were inhabited; another day, the truth or fallacy of presentiments, and the interpretation of dreams.

La Place was appointed a Minister by Bonaparte, but he who was so admirable in science, was incompetent to the most trifling matters in administration. We must not aim at, or hope for every kind of talent.

When the allied Sovereigns heard of Bonaparte's escape from Elba, their first impulse was to burst into a simultaneous fit of laughter, but they soon found the joke was a serious one.

When the Bourbons had drawn up their army under Marshal Macdonald to fight against Bonaparte, and they all waited for the Imperial army to advance against them, a galloping of horse was suddenly heard, an *open* carriage appeared, surrounded by a few hussars, and drawn by four horses. It came on at full speed, and Napoleon, jumping from the vehicle, was in the midst of the ranks which had been formed to oppose him, the effect was instantaneous, and a general shout arose of "Vive Napoléon!"

When Nadir Shah returned from India, he published a proclamation, permitting the followers of his army to return to their homes. It is narrated that thirty thousand of those who belonged to Cushan and Isfahan, applied to this monarch for a guard of a hundred musketeers to escort them safe to their wives and children. "Cowards!" exclaimed he, in a fury: "Would I were a robber again, for the sake of waylaying and plundering you all."—*Sketches in Persia.*

In the trial of Lord Huntingdon *versus* Lord Hastings, the parish registers of the Earldom of Huntingdon were discovered to be very much mutilated, and a tombstone quite broken down. Mr. Bell, counsel for Lord Huntingdon, heard of this, and set off for the church-yard in the night time with a lantorn, (though the place was said to

be haunted by a man in armour), and with great difficulty he gathered all the fragments of the stone, and built them up so as to be able to read and take a copy of the inscription. He had just finished, when he felt something *breathing* upon him, but on looking round discovered that it was only an ass, who gave such a start and kick upon seeing him, that he had almost knocked him down as well as the stone, but fortunately he escaped with his copy of the inscription, which was one of the grea proofs brought forward on the trial.

Whoever has sat on a sunny stone in the midst of a stream, and played with the osier-twigs and running waters, must, if he have a soul, remember that day, should he live a hundred years; and to return to such a spot, after twenty years of a struggling life in the great world of man's invention—to come back thus to Nature in her simple guise—again to look up to the same dark hill—again to the same trees, still in their youth and freshness —the same clear running waters—if he can do this, and think himself better than a cork floating on the stream, he has more conceit than I.—*Sir Charles Bell.*

The last words of a young man at Hoxton, who said with his expiring groan: "Paine's 'Age of Reason' has ruined my soul."

Men may live infidels; but even fools cannot die infidels.

Tom Paine, in his last hours, invoked the name of that

Saviour whom in his writings he blasphemed, in a tone so loud and earnest as to alarm the house; and so deep was his mental gloom, that he exclaimed: "I think *I* can say what they make Jesus Christ to say: 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'"

Hobbes gloomily remarked, as he drew near the grave, that he was about to take a leap in the dark, and should be glad to find a hole to creep out of the world at.

When D'Alembert, in his last illness, wished to see a clergyman, Condorcet ferociously denied admission to the Rector of St. Germains, afterwards remarking: "Had I not been there, D'Alembert would have flinched!"

The Hon. Mrs. J—— died very young, saying: "If this be death, it is a pleasant passage to a better life."

Uncertainty of Tradition:

"Peter, seeing John, saith to Jesus, Lord, and what shall this man do? Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? follow thou me. Then *went this saying abroad* (a tradition) among the brethren, that that disciple should not die." We are continually warned in Scripture to be on our guard against the traditions of men.—*Canning's Lectures.*

Mr. H. Drummond had occasion some years ago to refer to the highest authority among the Jesuits on the subject of the "real presence." The Jesuit told

him he must believe that there was *no* bread present after consecration. Mr. Drummond asked whether, if the bread were chemically analyzed, the ashes would contain animal and not vegetable products? The father had the grace to *blush*, but replied, that "if such an act of profanation were to be committed, no doubt the Holy presence would be withdrawn, and the elements would be as they were before."—*Edinburgh Review*, No. 190, p. 537.

Comyn, Bishop of Durham, having quarrelled with his clergy, they mixed poison with the wine of the Eucharist, and gave it him. He perceived the poison, but yet, with misguided devotion, he drank it and died.

A monk who had retired to a monastery for peaceful seclusion and leisurely meditation, confessed soon after to his superior that he was haunted by evil thoughts to so fearful an excess that his life had become a burden to him, he was wasting away with misery, and he daily wished himself dead. The superior listened with grave attention, but said nothing, and seemed much less interested in the matter than his melancholy penitent had expected, but dismissed him with a short admonition.

Next morning the unhappy monk became surprised at the sudden perversity of temper that seemed to have seized on all his brethren: one flatly contradicted him in conversation; another disbelieved what he said, and accused him of falsehood; a third would not speak to him at all. Nothing he could say but it gave offence, nothing he could do but it was angrily censured. The poor monk was at his wit's end, and tried every method of concilia-

tion, but in vain. He had not a friend now in the whole monastery who took his part, and yet he thought incessantly over all that had passed, and could not recollect a single occasion on which he had justly or wilfully given offence. Nothing is so difficult to bear as injustice; and the monk at length, after suffering this mental agony for several weeks, went to his superior to consult him under so great a trial.

"And," asked the superior, "have you besides the continual anguish of being tormented with evil thoughts?"

"No; strange to say, these have entirely vanished. The mental torture I have undergone of late has left me no leisure to think on any other subject."

"Then my remedy has succeeded," replied the superior, smiling. "It is by my command that you have been thus persecuted, in order to occupy your attention by immediate cares, that shall extinguish those which are imaginary."

The superior of the Jesuits resembles the manager of a theatre. All his subordinates are to take the part assigned them, and to have no scruple in appearing as Quakers, beggars, Princes, Presbyterians, or Turks. They must speak in character, and neither think their own thoughts, feel their own emotions, nor speak their own ideas; but their lives are to be one long masquerade —the mask never to be removed! May the strong sense and sound integrity of Englishmen preserve them from being enlisted in this company of comedians. Had God required such mere mechanical puppets to act their mechanical parts, according to invisible wires directed by another, they would have been an inferior order of crea-

tion to man, who stands himself alone in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made his people free, accountable to God for all his actions, and to be acquitted or condemned according to the faith that is in him, as well as the obedience to God's own decrees, which is the fruit of that faith.

Every little girl has once had a wax doll, that winked in a most astonishing manner, but there was no danger of her falling down reverentially before it as an idol, because she pulled the wire herself, and knew how the trick is played. It is only older children at Rome, who seeing larger dolls winking, and not seeing the wires, are induced to fall down and worship waxen images, the work of men's hands. Nothing astonished the Persian Princes so much in London as the hair-dressers' wig-blocks in the shop-windows; but they would have been still more interested had they known that in Rome such figures are worshipped by the enlightened inhabitants of an enlightened country, and are said to perform miracles!

A footman once offered himself to Voltaire, who said he had come from the service of the tragic author, M. Clément.

"Rascal!" exclaimed Voltaire, contemptuously, "you look quite capable of having written the first three acts of his Mérope."

When Captain —— of the 1st Regiment had his leg shot off in battle, he exclaimed:

"There goes the handsomest leg in the British army."

An old gentleman said one day to a little child:

"How do you do?"

"Very well, thank you, Sir," was the reply.

"But my dear," continued he, "you should be polite, and say how do *you* do, Sir?"

"But," answered his young friend, "I don't care to know."

Mr. Gurney of Earlham, who was a strict preserver of game, when walking once in his park heard a shot in a neighbouring wood—he hurried to the spot, and his naturally placid temper was considerably ruffled on seeing a young officer with a pheasant at his feet, deliberately re-loading his gun. As the young man, however, replied to his rather warm expressions by a polite apology, Mr. Gurney's wrath was somewhat allayed; but he could not refrain from asking the intruder what *he* would do, if he caught a man trespassing on his premises:

"I would ask him to luncheon," was the reply.

The serenity of this impudence was not to be resisted. Mr. Gurney not only invited him to luncheon, but supplied him with dogs and a game-keeper, and secured him excellent sport for the remainder of the day.—*Life of Buxton*, p. 8.

Cooke, the translator of Hesiod, was so strange a person as to introduce Foote to his club, in the following singular manner:

"This is the nephew of the gentleman who was lately hung in chains for murdering his brother."—*Boswell.*

Lord Byron relates of Monk Lewis that being excessively fond of great acquaintances, he was observed one morning to have his eyes red and his air sentimental. He was asked why, and replied:

"When people say anything kind it affects me deeply, and just now the Duchess of York has said something so kind to me." Here his tears again began to flow, when Colonel Armstrong said, "'Never mind, Lewis, never mind—don't cry—she could not mean it.'"

A proprietor in the county of Rutland once said in a friendly moment to the late Duke of Argyle:

"How I wish your estate were in my county."

"If it were," answered his Grace, "there would be no room for yours."

An author having mentioned that he was about to write a work on Popular Ignorance, his friend replied:

"There is no man on earth more fit to do that."

There lived in the west of England, a few years since, an enthusiastic geologist—a Doctor of Divinity, and Chairman of the Quarter Sessions. A farmer, who had seen him presiding on the bench, overtook him shortly afterwards, while seated by the roadside on a heap of stones, which he was busily breaking in search of fossils. The farmer reined up his horse, gazed at him for a minute, shook his head in commiseration of the mutability of human things, then exclaimed, in mingled tones of pity and surprise: "What, Doctor! be *you* come to this a'ready?"—*Quarterly Review.*

A naval captain having applied to Sir George Cockburn for employment, and being told that he had not a chance of any, turned away, muttering to himself:

"Then I must get married."

"What did you say, Sir?" asked Sir George, earnestly.

"Nothing of consequence."

"But I insist on knowing what you did say?"

"I merely said, Sir George, that if I were idle, I must marry."

"Indeed! Well, rather than drive you to that, I shall give you an appointment."

The Captain was afloat in a fortnight.

A butcher, who had made his fortune, and retired to a rural villa, passing by the Horse Guards, stopped to admire the sentry in his box; and at last said to him, that he wished to have exactly such a place to put in his garden, for smoking in, and asked where such things were bought. The soldier replied, that this was the last day his sentry-box was to be used; and as the last guard who kept watch there had a right to the old one, he would gladly sell it for twenty-five shillings. The butcher, enchanted at his good luck, pulled out his purse, and paid the money. Next day, returning to claim the purchase, he found a different sentry, who knew nothing of his bargain, and laughed at the butcher for being so imposed upon; but at length the story was investigated, and the humourous sentry obliged to refund his ill-gotten gain.

Sergeant Onslow was changing horses at the White Horse, at Reigate, one day, when the landlady persisted in addressing him as "Captain." The learned counsel's servant corrected her each time in a side whisper, till at length she answered with a confidential wink: "I know he is only a sergeant, but they like to be called captains."

When a lawyer once asked "the Prince of English Physicians," Dr. Sydenham, what he would recommend as good medical reading, he replied: "Read Don Quixote, Sir."

During the trial of Thelwall for treason, he saw so many important points of which he was fearful his counsel, Erskine, could not avail himself, that he thought he would undertake his own defence. Accordingly he passed a little slip of paper to Erskine, on which was written:

"I think I will plead my own cause!"

To which Erskine replied:

"If you do you'll be hanged!"

Thelwall instantly returned:

"Then I'll be hanged if I do."

The day before a great law-suit for a large sum of money once, the plaintiff and defendant, who had been old friends, happening to meet, agreed to dine together, and over a glass of wine they settled the whole case in an amicable manner, quite satisfactory to both parties.

Next day they appeared at the trial sitting together, and the contending lawyers spoke with prodigious energy and talent, till at length the cause having gone against the defendant, his counsel advanced to tell him with expressions of the deepest regret that they had lost.

"Oh, no matter!" replied the defendant, "we arranged it all between ourselves yesterday, but we both thought that, as we must pay for your speeches at any rate, we should like to hear them spoken."

At an earthly tribunal, if a criminal be tried for his offences, it is not accepted as any palliation of his guilt that an another man instigated the deed, nor will the punishment be either transferred to him, nor diminished. So in the awful day of a last judgment, the Jesuit would plead in vain that he had acted falsely or deceitfully at the bidding of his superior. When Eve threw the blame of her sin upon the serpent, and Adam cast the blame of his sin upon Eve, the pretext was vain, for all were punished together, as each was responsible for his own conduct; and nothing is more odious to God and man than falsehood. The blush that dyes the cheek of a child on its first departure from truth, is the testimony of God on the nature of man to the guilt and danger of a lie; yet nothing amuses children more than to act suppositious characters, and like the Jesuits, to play at being kings or queens, tutors or governesses, princes or beggars, Papists or Protestants, as may suit the humour of those who direct the game.

When Count Orloff ordered a picture of the Russian Admiral who would not leave his burning ship, but shared its fate, the artist objected that he could not paint this, as he had never seen a ship blown up. The Count immediately bought an old man-of-war, and blew it up for the artist's instruction.

Democracy: "In every village there will arise a miscreant, to establish the most grinding tyranny, by calling himself "*the people!*"—*Peel.*

THE END.

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